

HOMETOWN CHRONICLES



FRANK
RAYMOND
HARRIS

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Hometown Chronicles

Based on the
CHRONICLES OF GREENFIELD AND THE
COUNTY McARTHUR

Ohio

1870 — 1949

with addenda to
1955

★ ★

By

FRANK RAYMOND HARRIS

Author of

"Itchin' Feet: Around the World in Fifty Years"

"A Greene Countrie Towne"

Published by

THE GREENFIELD PRINTING & PUBLISHING COMPANY

GREENFIELD, OHIO

1955

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DEDICATION

I would like to dedicate this volume to my friends and contemporaries who are usually referred to as

THE OLDER GENERATION.

The members of this generation remember and may even have participated in some of the incidents recorded in this book. They are acutely aware that they are living in a world quite different from the world in which they were born, a new world with a new set of values, a new standard of conduct, a new way of life. A nostalgic longing for the days that are no more may sometimes lead them to doubt the ability of a younger generation to carry on in an increasingly complex world. Although a member of the Older Generation, I am assailed by no such doubts. Every generation since Adam has insisted upon making its own mistakes in its own way. I am sure that we can leave to the Younger Generation the privilege of making its own mistakes and the necessity of solving its own problems in its own way. After all a world without a problem would be a dull world in which to live.

F. R. HARRIS

June 1, 1955

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE	ii
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS	v
DEDICATION	vi
TABLE OF CONTENTS	vii

INTRODUCTION

LOOKING FORWARD	viii
-----------------------	------

HOMETOWN CHRONICLES

Part I

HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS	1
1870—1890	

Part II

GROWING UP IN GREENFIELD	63
1880—1900	

Part III

GAY NINETIES	91
1890—1900	

Part IV

HORSELESS CARRIAGE DAYS	117
1900—1915	

Part V

SCHOOL DAYS	159
1900—1949	

Part VI

WAR AND PEACE	185
1915—1949	

APPENDIX

"MADE IN GREENFIELD"	236
INDEX	237
MAIN STREET 1897	244
MAIN STREET 1955	245

POEMS

HOMETOWN	2
MY MEMORY BOOK	64
HAPPY HILLS OF HIGHLAND	90
OCTOBER IN OHIO	92
TO A PINE TREE	118
WORDS OF DEDICATION	160
PEACE	186

ILLUSTRATIONS

130 PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTIONS OF SCENES IN GREENFIELD
 PAST AND PRESENT — 7 PEN AND INK SKETCHES —
 4 MAPS AND CHARTS.

Looking Forward

This book and its predecessor, *A Greene Countrie Towne*, trace the history of a small Midwestern hamlet from its founding in 1799 to its Sesquicentennial in 1949. Hometown is Greenfield, a Southern Ohio village which thus far has resisted the temptation to join the smaller cities of Ohio by the annexation of its suburban areas. By shifting the locale and changing the names of persons and places it might be any one of a thousand American towns and villages whose existence is a matter of indifference to many millions of Americans. In spite of that indifference, the small town has played a vital role in the development and the preservation of our American institutions and liberties. It is the source from which our urban centers derive the man-power and the brain-power which have made them great cities. It is the bulwark of our American democracy, the last barrier, perhaps, behind which we will be called upon to defend the American Way of Life.

Greenfield is a typical Ohio town. And Ohio—to paraphrase Louis Bromfield—is the farthest East of the West, the farthest West of the East and the farthest North of the South, and it is the North. Lacking the mint-julep romance of the South, the intellectual snobbery of New England and the cowboy-frontier tradition of the West, it is the most typical of all the forty-eight states since, of all the states, it is the least touched by sectionalism. It is “the All-American state,” according to *Holiday*, “where virtue is enshrined, where the great middle class is royalty, and the good abundant life is part of the heritage.” In a very special sense, Greenfield is *Hometown, USA*.

This is the story of a town and, incidentally, of the people who have lived in that town for one hundred and fifty years. It is the story of its institutions, their growth and development and sometimes their decay; the economic, social and political problems which have agitated and sometimes divided its people; and, to a lesser extent, the impact of national and world events upon its way of life and thinking. We have included many trivial and inconsequential things in these Chronicles in the hope that they might add some of the flavor and savor of everyday life. In our opinion, an anecdote is worth a hundred eulogies in any Chronicle. By bringing together unsavory episodes, scattered over a period of decades, this book might have become a faint replica of *Main Street* or *King's Row*, or even *Saronia, Texas*. The small town, however, no matter what its limitations may be, is not a forcing bed of frustrations, prejudice and spite, as many writers would have us believe. Nor is it a sort of pastoral sympathy, a vision of sweetness and light. It is just a place that has seen “a heap o' livin'.”

The period covered by these two volumes has witnessed a

bewildering change in the American scene. We have been living in a world so filled with unfolding wonders that we have almost lost the capacity to wonder. The man who has passed his allotted three score years and ten has seen the full fruition of thousands of years of discovery and experimentation. He has seen the fulfillment of the most extravagant prophecies of the past—that man would ride in carriages without horses, that he would sail in boats beneath the sea, that he would even fly through the air as the birds fly. No longer do we measure time in years and centuries but in split seconds. No longer do we compute distances in miles and furlongs but in the width of continents and oceans. We are fast recapturing the time lost by horses and sailing ships.

We have leapt from the ox-cart to the airplane, from the frail little crate which wobbled on its wings for a few minutes at Kitty Hawk to the supersonic jet. We have come all the way from the stereoscope to the motion picture; from flickering shadows on a silver screen to cinerama and television; from the music box to the phonograph; from the phonograph to radio; from the kerosene lamp to neon lights; from the dinky locomotive to the diesel engine; from the scoop-shovel to the bulldozer; from the horse and buggy to the limousine; from calomel to penicillin; from a stick of dynamite to the split atom. We get our music from a whirling disk, our drama from a celluloid film, our entertainment from the atmosphere by the simple twirling of a dial. We make our utensils out of new metals and alloys, our dyes out of coal tars, rayon out of cornstalks, fabrics out of spun glass, plastics out of soy beans, even a purse out of a sow's ear.

In the social and political spheres, we have witnessed many fundamental and sometimes disturbing changes—Votes for Women, Prohibition, Social Security, Old-Age Pensions, Child-centered Schools, Panics, Depressions, the New Deal, the Welfare State. We have seen the minds of men assailed by strange new isms and ideologies—Communism, Facism, Brain-washings, Book-burnings, Big Lies, Poisoned Propaganda, Fifth Columns, Hot and Cold Wars. We have multiplied our instruments of destruction—superdreadnaughts, supersonic planes, radar, jet propulsion, atomic bombs. We have adandoned the traditional isolation of a Washington for an amazing series of entangling alliances which, apparently, bind no one but ourselves. The sun never sets today on the American GI as he stands on guard in forty different countries.

Even more disturbing to an Oldtimer of the vintage of the Eighties is the Doctrine of Waste which seems to have infiltrated every level of society. We are told that we need not worry about the depletion of our coal and oil reserves. We can split the atom and harness the rays of the sun for power and energy. We have no need to worry about the ores we have wasted and the forests we have destroyed. Technological advancement will solve all our

problems. When the fields cease to yield sufficient food to feed the teeming millions, we will find plenty of provender in the algae of the seas. Panics, Depressions, Poverty, even Work as we have known it in the past, have no place in this Happy New World.

The changing American scene has naturally affected the small town as well as the larger centers of population. The great cities, creeping out along the highways, have swallowed up many of the smaller towns and villages and converted them into colorless suburban areas. Greenfield at least has escaped this fate. It is near enough to several large cities to enjoy all the cultural advantages they offer in this automotive age; far enough removed to still retain its own identity and a bit of the individuality which characterized its earlier years. It has been forced to rely upon its own resources for survival. It has no state or national institutions to bolster its economy. It has never received a library from a Carnegie, a church from a Rockefeller, a college from a Duke, a subsidy from a paternalistic government or even a roadside park from a benevolent highway department. It has been forced to depend upon its own resources and, particularly, upon the ingenuity and the generosity of its own citizens. But it hasn't fared badly after all. No small city offers a better opportunity to study the operation of the great American principle of "free enterprise."

The Chronicles are finished although many chapters remain unwritten. Every house has its memories, every family its annals, every man his paragraph. We are offering this study of Greenfield's first one hundred and fifty years as an experiment in local and regional history, an almost virgin field for historical research. It has required many months to search out and assemble the facts recorded in these Chronicles. We have frequently been assailed by doubts and questionings about the value of such an intensive study of such a small bit of Ohioana. We have never been assailed by any doubts about the pleasure and personal satisfaction to be derived from a journey backward through the years. We have met many delightful people along the way.

*Not with a band of steel
But with the silver thread
Of memory
The Past has power to bind us;
But when all we have to say is said
The vanished years remind us,
The best is yet to be,
The Golden Age still lies ahead,
Not behind us.*

HORSE AND BUGGY DAYS



1870-1890

Gene Eley

HOMETOWN

In time to come when you return
 To Hometown, U.S.A.,
New fires will on your altars burn,
 New faces line the way;
And curious eyes will stare at you
 As you wander up and down —
You're just a stranger passing through
 The old hometown.
But if you'll linger for a while,
 I know that you will find
They'll greet you with as warm a smile
 As those you left behind.
They're putting on a bigger show
 Than we did in the past;
They use the same scenario
 But with a different cast.
They've added lots of scenery
 Since you and I were here,
But it's just the town it used to be
 Beneath its new veneer.
But be it new or be it old,
 Whatever it may be,
The old hometown we'll ever hold
 Enshrined in memory.

— F. R. HARRIS

1.

Horse-and-Buggy Days

Horse-and-buggy days had a charm all their own, a leisurely tempo which we miss in this automotive age. The people did not travel as fast or as far as they do today but they had more time to contemplate the scenery and to pass the time of day with their friends along the way. There were no garages and filling stations, no billboards to obstruct the view. There were no superhighways with their bewildering array of markers, only meandering country roads. People confined their travel within definite limited areas which could be comfortably negotiated by old Dobbin. Small towns enjoyed a semi-isolation which had a tendency to create highly individualistic — and sometimes mutually antagonistic — communities.

A considerable portion of Greenfield's business was engaged in catering to the horse — blacksmith shops, feed stores, livery barns, harness and saddlery shops and carriage manufacturies. J. P. Lowe and C. R. Patterson & Sons manufactured high grade vehicles ranging all the way from the "one-hoss shay" to the fashionable barouche. There were "surreys with the fringe on top," carriages, pony carts, buggies, buckboards and nifty phaetons gaily painted to suit the fancy of the young bloods of the period. A classy rig was an important factor in courtship. There were "speed demons" even in those leisurely days. When Tom tried to pass Harry on the highway, the countryside was treated to a spectacle of cracking whips and flying hoofs. Everybody insisted that "something ought to be done about it."

The horse-and-buggy was the symbol of an era which now exists only in the memories of an older generation. It was not an era of ease and leisure, however unhurried its tempo may have been. It had its hardships and privations but it possessed a quality of gracious living, a peace and contentment which we might envy today. Without the horse the pioneer could never have conquered the wilderness, cleared the land, plowed the fields and built his home. It is estimated that there were ten million horses in the United States in 1880. The horse was still the chief source of power. Its only rival, Steam, paid it the compliment of estimating its own energy in terms of horse power.

If you didn't happen to have your own outfit you could always hire a classy turnout at one of the numerous livery stables which catered to the traveling public. Main Street was lined with hitching racks. Every church had its own parking lot. Every house had its hitching post, ranging all the way from a simple wooden post with an iron ring in it to an elaborate iron post surmounted by

a horse's head, quite in harmony with the cast-iron dog or deer which adorned the lawn. Many houses had a stepping stone, set along the curb, to assist a horse-back rider in mounting his steed. One of those stepping stones can still be seen in front of Dr. Paul Minich's residence on South Washington street. In spite of all the provisions made for horses, country folk coming into town on Saturday afternoon frequently had trouble finding a parking space for their "one-hoss shay."

Horses ranged all the way from skittish colts and spirited thoroughbreds to broken down old nags hardly able to draw their heavy burdens. A runaway caused an occasional flurry on the streets of Greenfield but most of the horses were tried and tested old family retainers. Old Dobbin was gentle and tractable. He was fat and sleek from many a full measure of oats. He knew the family's habits well. The Bonners lived on a farm north of town. Every Sunday, rain or shine, summer or winter, they went to church in their carriage drawn by two horses. Their schedule never varied even to the hour of departure. One Sunday, however, something detained them. The horses, which were parked at the entrance, started for the church promptly at the appointed hour without the family. They trotted down the driveway and out on to the road. They followed every bend in the road. They turned at the proper intersections in town and arrived at their usual hitching rack right on the dot.

Ever since Job Wright invented the hair sieve there have been citizens of Greenfield of an inventive turn of mind. One of these was Pete Milner, an original genius who hailed from the Centerfield sector. Pete wanted to do something for the horse so he invented a thing-a-ma-jig which was intended to prevent mishap to the driver of a vehicle in the case of a runaway. It consisted of a leather strap which, when jerked, would free the horse from the buggy. One day when Pete was driving hell-bent down Main Street, someone shouted to him to pull the strap. Pete pulled the strap as he was told. It did the trick as far as releasing the horse from the buggy was concerned, but it well-nigh wrecked the buggy. The shafts dropped suddenly, causing Pete to somersault out of the vehicle. Pete never marketed his "Pull-em-strap."

2.

Greenfield in 1870

In 1870 Greenfield was still "a greene countrie towne," lighted at nights by kerosene lamps placed on ten-foot poles; an attractive town with flagstone walks and tree-shaded streets, lined with little wooden cottages, old buildings built of native stone or brick burned in the local brickyards and a few impressive mansions, set in spa-

cious grounds, their columned porticos in the best tradition of the Old Dominion which had provided the town with many of its early settlers. It was a quiet town judging from an item which appeared in the *Highland Chief*, Greenfield's weekly newspaper: "Were it not for the great array of G. I. Rucker's teams running hourly on our streets and the noise of machinery in Lumbeck's planing mill, Greenfield at this time might be considered by a stranger a rather quiet town."

The Mayor and the Council administered the affairs of Greenfield from the cramped quarters of the Calaboose which they shared with occasional malefactors who had imbibed too freely in the numerous saloons on East Main Street. Citizens were provided with water from their own private wells and cisterns or from the public wells spotted at certain street intersections. The Bucket Brigade quickly responded to fire alarms with its hook and ladder wagon housed in a rakish-looking shed in the rear of the Calaboose. On the alley — now Midway Avenue — was the town pond, a high stockade where livestock found wandering about the streets was incarcerated by an ever vigilant Marshal.

Greenfield in 1870 had 1710 inhabitants. Of this number 1582 were native-born, 187 were negroes and 130 foreign-born, chiefly Irish and German with a few English. It was just a small market town largely dependent upon its agricultural community for support. Its industries were few in number, small in size and usually operated by family groups with a few "hired hands." The most important commercial activity had to do with the handling of raw materials produced on neighboring farms and their transportation to the city markets. Huckster wagons scoured the more remote rural areas, bartering pots and pans for butter, eggs and poultry. The tanneries still processed huge quantities of hides. The woolen mills were definitely on their way out. They found it hard to compete with the large and well-capitalized textile mills of the East. There were a number of small industries which have since disappeared. John Mader owned and operated a small match factory on the ground where the Murray Mortuary now stands. A man named Sherman made squirrel rifles in a shed back of the match factory. After these industries ceased operation, a German immigrant by the name of Hertig moved in and used the site for the storage of junk. He was the ancestor of the Hertigs of theatrical fame.

There were several saw and planing mills in and around Greenfield where many thousand feet of timber were processed into lumber. Some of the older Oldtimers may remember the flaming kilns in the western end of town. An excellent quality of surface clay was molded into drainage tile and burned in large circular kilns. So much clay was removed that a large pool was formed which was very popular for skating in the winter. The town's most important industry was still the stone quarries which employed forty or fifty

men. Their product found a ready market in Cincinnati and other near-by towns and cities. Greenfield was hard hit by the great panic which swept the United States in the early Seventies. The failure of a New York bank precipitated a crisis in the *Citizens Bank* of Greenfield which held a good deal of the New York bank's paper. After striving desperately to cover the losses, the local bank failed, bringing with it great distress to the whole community, general distrust and lack of confidence in business circles. The community which had been slowly recovering from the effects of the Civil War suffered a severe reverse.

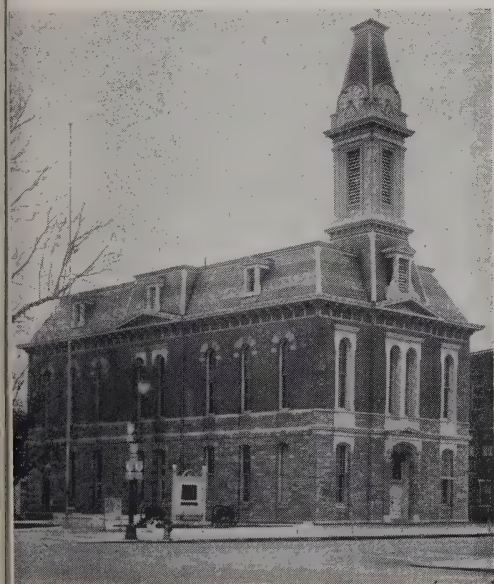
A determined effort was made to improve the roads leading into Greenfield which up until 1870 were best described as "mud roads." The poor quality of the gravel with which the roads were surfaced caused the gravel to quickly disintegrate into dust and the dust into mud whenever it rained. Twenty bushels of wheat were considered a heavy load for a two-horse team on those roads. A state law passed in 1869, permitting the taxing of the lands along the roads for the expense of the improvement, enabled the citizens of Greenfield and vicinity to secure better roads. By 1874 ten of the twelve roads leading into the town had been macadamized. Some of the farmers bitterly fought the tax levy in the courts but without success.

In 1870 Greenfield had better passenger service on the railroads than it has today. There were several "accommodation trains" every day to Cincinnati and Chillicothe and points east. Dollar excursions to the "City," as Cincinnati was always called, provided a pleasant and inexpensive outing. Those who wished to travel to distant points could make the journey in luxurious parlor cars, gaily decorated in red and gold leaf and upholstered in rich plush. The conductor who took up the tickets always wore a pink in the lapel of his blue serge frock coat and greeted the passengers with the courtly grace of a Chesterfield. Those were the days!

Some of the well-to-do of an earlier period had become rich in a period when ten thousand dollars was considered great wealth. There was a sprinkling of the very poor, the shiftless, the unfortunate and the happy-go-lucky who had no ambition to accumulate material things. But the vast majority of the people were neither rich nor poor. They earned their living by the sweat of their brows. In 1870 one farm family was able to support only one additional family. In 1954 one farm family could support seven families besides itself. Greenfield was a friendly town. The excitement came from the little, inconsequential things which happened in the town. Everybody knew everything about everybody else. There was plenty of gossip but it was friendly gossip, motivated by a genuine interest in the welfare of others. When misfortune befell a household everybody pitched in and helped out. The home in those days had a stability which we might envy today. Statistics for the year 1876 in



Early Views of Greenfield



Main Street east of Second, the oldest section of Greenfield, looks today very much as it looked seventy years ago. We present on the following pages several rare panoramic views of Greenfield taken by W. L. DeVoss from the top of the Town Hall Steeple in 1884.



Looking Westward 1884



Looking Eastward 1884



Looking Southward 1884

Highland County show that only seven divorces were granted in that year. In 1947, with almost three thousand fewer people, 137 divorces were granted.

3.

A Celebrated Case

The most celebrated of all Greenfield's criminal cases involved Mary Ann Lovell, a dressmaker, and John S. Blackburn, scion of a prominent Greenfield family and brother of C. H. Blackburn, the most famous criminal lawyer in the Mid-West. It had all the elements of Theodore Dreisser's *American Tragedy*. March 20, 1871, was a rainy, blustering day, such a day that no one in his right mind would have dreamt of making an excursion into the country. Nevertheless on the evening of that day, after it had grown quite dark, John Blackburn and Mary Ann Lovell met and proceeded on foot to the home of Hugh Milligan, Blackburn's brother-in-law, just south of town. There Blackburn procured a horse without the knowledge of its owner, mounted it, placed Miss Lovell in front of him and rode toward *Cliff run* along the Rocky Forge road. Arriving at *Cliff run*, Blackburn turned the horse's head into the woods, dismounted, tied the horse to a tree. The two walked to a point where *Cliff run* flows into *Paint creek*.

Blackburn returned to the home of his brother-in-law alone and there spent the night. On the next day, Blackburn said to Mr. Milligan, "I am afraid that that woman is dead." Milligan at first paid little attention to him but, as more and more was said, he became alarmed and set out for the spot described by Blackburn. There he found the body of Mary Ann Lovell. All about were footprints, the delicate, fashionable shoe prints of a woman and the heavier tracks of a man. The Greenfield Marshal and the Coroner were summoned and Blackburn placed under arrest. The trial began November 21, 1871, at Chillicothe and proved to be one of the most notable criminal trials in the annals of Ohio with one of the greatest arrays of legal talent ever assembled. Directing the defense was C. H. Blackburn, brother of the accused man and in his day as famous a criminal lawyer as Clarence Darrow at a later period.

The prosecution showed that an analysis of the stomach of the woman indicated the presence of a dark liquor, resembling port wine, also a quantity of strychnine sufficient to cause death. It also established that the defendant had exhibited a small phial, such as chemists use for dangerous drugs, and had made mysterious allusions to it; that the throat of the deceased showed marks of compression resembling the imprint of fingers; that the ground showed signs of a struggle. The prosecution contended that the woman

had come to her death by the combined effects of poison and strangulation. It established as a motive for the murder the illicit relations which existed between the two. The theory of the state was that the woman had been enticed to that lonely spot and forced to take the poison. The defense contended that it was a case of suicide, the motive being unrequited love. The defense also introduced evidence to prove the insanity of the accused.

After a trial extending over a period of three weeks, the case went to the jury which returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. The decision was appealed and eventually reached the Supreme Court of Ohio which reversed the verdict on a technical point and ordered a retrial of the case. Pending the new trial, the state legislature passed a law permitting the court of common pleas to appoint, in such a case, a commission in lunacy. Application was immediately made by the defense for such a commission. After a protracted inquiry, the commission declared the prisoner insane and directed that he be confined to an asylum. He was afterwards discharged, went west and disappeared from view, leaving unanswered the question, "How did Mary Ann Lovell meet her death?"

As the years went by, C. H. Blackburn attained wealth and fame as a criminal lawyer. His fees were said to have aggregated more than a million dollars in a period when a million dollars represented great wealth. He spent freely and gave huge sums to many worthy causes. He died, a comparatively poor man, and was buried in the Greenfield Cemetery.

4.

The Old Climax Team

Ball games were popular in America long before the white man came. The Mayans built magnificent courts in Chichen Itza where they played a game which, in many of its essentials, resembled the modern game of basketball. When the early settlers arrived in Ohio they found the Indians playing a game of football which seems to have been a combination of soccer and rugby. A quaint survival of those early days is the account of a football game witnessed by a group of pioneers in 1798. It was played by two teams consisting of one hundred Indian bucks on one side and one hundred Indian squaws on the other. The squaws won the game.

From the earliest days Greenfield boys played a game of baseball, not the highly scientific game of today but an earlier version called *One Old Cat*. If no better ball was available they made their own ball out of string and twine. During the Civil War, baseball became a popular sport among the soldiers and, when the armies were demobilized, the soldiers brought back home with them a real love of the sport. Soon youngsters were playing the game on

every available sandlot. Baseball as we know it today began on the Fourth of July, 1867, when Cincinnati and Louisville inaugurated the *Union Cricket and Baseball Grounds* in Cincinnati, Cincinnati winning the game by a score of 60 to 24. This has been called "the starting gun for organized baseball." Cincinnati followed up its initial victory by winning the pennant in the newly organized *National League* in 1869.

In 1870 Greenfield boys organized the famous *Climax Baseball Team* which reached its heyday in 1874 and 1875. It wasn't a professional or semi-professional team. The boys played for the love of the sport, paying their own expenses, if necessary, and providing their own equipment. The catcher caught the game without a glove, a mask or a chest protector. All the members of the team played the game not only barehanded but in their stocking feet. It was a rough, tough game. In the early games, the pitcher used an underhand delivery as was the practice even in the professional games of that period. It was in a game with Washington C. H. that the overhand style of pitching was first employed by the Climax moundsman. It isn't recorded who pitched the first curved ball. The early games were played on the field behind the old Seminary building, now occupied by the American Pad & Textile Company's plant.

From an old photograph, yellowed with age, we learn the names of the members of this celebrated outfit: William "Button" Waddell, second base; Charles "June" Nelson, catcher; Samuel Dunlap, center field; Harry "Shucks" Waddell, right field; Bob Blackburn, third base; "Dud" Squier, left field; Charles Blackburn, pitcher; L. T. "Botsy" Kinkead, shortstop; Tom Southward, first base. A later recruit was William "Bunk" Cork whose admirers insisted that he could throw the ball farther than any living man, a distinction actually held today — officially — by a Greenfield boy, Don Grate. The last survivor of this celebrated team was Samuel Dunlap of West Lafayette, Indiana, who died in 1945 in his ninetieth year. Mr. Dunlap always paid a special tribute to "June" Nelson who, according to Mr. Dunlap, was born several decades too soon: "If he were living today he would be drawing a salary equal to a railroad President's. He could run like a jackrabbit and throw a ball like a shot out of a gun."

The old Climax team was a real championship outfit. It took on all comers, suffering hardly a setback over a period of years. In one of its less successful years it won 19 out of 21 games. Having decisively disposed of the teams of all the surrounding towns and looking for new worlds to conquer, the team challenged the professional Cincinnati Red Sox but the management of the Reds, having no doubt learned about the prowess of the Climax outfit, refused to schedule a game. At least that is what everybody in Greenfield thought. We pay all honor to the old *Climax Baseball Team*, apparently the first team to represent Greenfield in competitive sports.

5.

The New Cemetery

In the course of the years, the Old Burial Ground had become inadequate for the needs of a rapidly expanding community. On June 16, 1868, the Town Council took the first steps to remedy the situation. According to the minutes, the councilmen were authorized to visit in a body different locations adjacent to the village with a view to purchasing a site for a new cemetery. That trip cost the taxpayers exactly \$4.00. The minutes record that "an order was granted to Mr. Franklin for \$4.00 for the use of team for Council to visit and inspect cemetery grounds, all members voting affirmatively." On June 23, we learn from the minutes that Council had made its tour of inspection and recommended that 6 107/160 acres be purchased from John Anderson, 4 acres from Isaac B. Claypool, 12½ acres from J. & R. Smith, in all slightly more than 23 acres. The purchase price was fixed at \$3875. To finance the initial stages bonds in the amount of \$2000 were issued, apparently the first bond issue in the history of the town. The rest of the amount was raised by auctioning off lots as soon as the cemetery was platted.

Leo Waltz of Wilmington was employed to lay out the grounds, construct walks and driveways, and to landscape the area. The auction of lots was held on October 11, 1868. The site of the new cemetery was a stretch of rolling ground extending from Washington street to the banks of *Paint creek*. It had been a cow pasture for many years. Tilly Dunlap and Mary Harper had milked their cows there in the days before the *Civil War*. Tilly, who became Mrs. Lou Watts, used to relate the story of how she would raid her father's medicine cabinet for the empty medicine containers which resembled ordinary milk crocks. These were used to collect the milk. Sometimes she and Mary would leave these crocks, filled with milk, in an old culvert where they remained safely until the next day. The grounds had also been the source of the clay from which bricks used in building the Smart building were made.

Isaac Finch was selected as the first sexton. He was succeeded by Fred Marks who had some ideas of his own on the subject of landscaping. He would gather up boulders from all parts of the town and along *Paint creek* and pile them up in pyramids in different parts of the cemetery. This fad spread to the people of the town and soon no lawn was complete without its pyramid of boulders. Within a few years, the pyramids disappeared. Some of Greenfield's rock gardens may be lineal descendants of those stone pyramids. Mark Dwyer was the first burial in the new cemetery. It is a curious fact that the new cemetery has a link which directly connects it with the Old Burial Ground. The remains of William Bell, the first adult buried in the Old Burial Ground (1801) and the

first recorded burial in Highland county, were disinterred and re-buried in the Bell family burial plot.

St. Joseph's cemetery which adjoins the new cemetery was established during the pastorate of Father Michael Hayes which extended from 1881 to 1886. In the course of time all the land extending to the Washington pike was added to the new cemetery. In this area a marble Mausoleum was built in 1917. The cemetery also has the only private Mausoleum in Highland county. It was erected by the Wright family in 1873. The entrance to the cemetery is adorned by a beautiful chapel erected with funds provided in the will of Mrs. Augusta A. Jones. Facing the entrance is the magnificent Soldiers' Monument erected by James and Hortense Freshour. In the Freshour burial plot Greenfield's only Real Daughter of the American Revolution—Juliana White Freshour 1815-1907—lies buried. In Greenfield's three burial grounds sleep the men and women who founded the town and made it what it is. You will find their names recorded in a recently published book, *The Complete List of All the Cemetery Inscriptions in Highland County*, compiled by D. N. & J. N. McBride, in every sense of the word a monumental work.

Several thousand persons who once walked the streets of Greenfield now "sleep their last sleep" in our beautiful cemeteries, more in fact than walk our streets today. During the 34 years that Charles Hayes was Superintendent of the Greenfield Cemetery, there were 3,400 burials, ranging all the way from infants which died a minute after birth to George Braxton, an ex-slave, whose recorded age was 115 years.

6.

The High School

The state of Ohio at one time was dotted with academies which served as preparatory schools for the colleges. They were privately owned institutions, supported by tuition fees and contributions from private sources. With the advent of the tax-supported high school, the academies began to disappear. One of the last survivors was the *South Salem Academy* whose fame and prestige carried it well into the Twentieth century. After the *Greenfield Seminary* closed its doors, if an ambitious young man wished to continue his education beyond the Grammar school, he had to hitch up old Dobbin and drive over to South Salem where he enrolled in the Academy.

In response to an insistent public demand for better educational facilities, the Greenfield Board of Education finally set aside several rooms in the old Seminary building for high school purposes and on February 27, 1869, drew up a three year course of study, heavily weighted with Latin and Mathematics. A fourth

year was not added to the curriculum until 1898. The course offered Introductory Latin, Algebra, Analysis, Higher Arithmetic and Natural Philosophy in the First Year; Latin Reader and Grammar, Geometry, Chemistry, Zoology, Caesar and Prose Composition, Physiology and Botany in the Second Year; and Virgil, Trigonometry, Rhetoric, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Astronomy, Essays and Original Addresses in the Third Year. The high school opened in the Fall of 1869 with Superintendent Yarnell in charge.

The first class was graduated in 1871. Thanks to a copy of the *Highland Chief*, under date of June 3, 1871, we have a full account of the First Commencement, written in the dignified and complimentary style in which Rankin Sprung, the editor, reported these important annual events for thirty years or more:

"The 26th of May marked a new era in our Union Schools. The trustees of the Methodist church had generously granted its use for the occasion and, capacious as it is, we found on going at an early hour the audience room well filled, the Musical Society occupying the gallery. The program began with *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls* which, upon the entrance of the graduates, greeted a large and attentive audience. The Invocation, offered by Rev. J. Chambers, was able and appropriate, followed by a fine choral by the Society. Then came the first essay, *There's Plenty of Room Upstairs* by Miss Laura McGarraugh. The happy invention and treatment of the subject, the fine figures introduced, and the elegant style employed, the smooth, full and impressive enunciation, the beautiful in composition, added to the graceful appearance of the reader—all combined to heighten the effect of this excellent production.

"Then followed Mr. Herbert C. Jones who treated his subject, *Everyone the Architect of His Own Fortune*, in a very clear, cogent and masterly manner. Our young friend has all of manhood's prime ahead of him and, from his proof of present attainments, bids to win the highest degree of honor. The next essay, *Heart Pictures*, by Miss Kate M. Dwyer, was a delightful, captivating picture, complete in every particular, displaying the hand of the skilled artist and the reflections of a Christian heart; the gentle tintings of so fair a scene, blending its beautiful hues with brighter light and shade, withal so finely finished, made it a picture well worthy of a prominent place in the evening's program."

The *Highland Chief* also had much to say about the fine music and the grand address by Rev. R. C. Galbreath on the *American Boy* and the tender, touching speech by Rev. Robert K. Campbell when he presented the diplomas to the graduates. However, there were a few things behind the scenes which the *Highland Chief* failed to report. Miss McGarraugh later confessed that she was so afflicted with stage fright that she could scarcely speak. Just before leaving home, a friend advised her to break an egg and swal-

low it at a single gulp. She tried this heroic remedy and it worked like magic. Kate's essay deserved all the praise which the paper heaped upon it but the poor girl, according to Mr. Jones, was so frightened that she could hardly read it audibly. These first graduates of the old Greenfield High School amply justified in after life the encomiums of the local editor. The two young ladies gave many years of devoted service to the schools of Greenfield. In 1871 Miss Kate Dwyer became the first high school principal. The following year she resigned her position to continue her education at a higher institution. Later on she returned as a teacher in the primary grades. Miss Laura McGarraugh succeeded her as high school principal, retaining that position until 1897. She brought to her work a brilliant mind, a winning personality, and unusual tact. Herbert Jones became a noted physician. He never lost interest in his old home town nor in his high school. He returned several times for the annual banquets, his last appearance being the occasion of the presentation of the bronze tablet commemorating the gift of the new high school to Greenfield by Mr. E. L. McClain.

Today Commencement is an important event but it is just one of many important events which we celebrate each year. It is hard for us to realize the all-important place it held in horse-and-buggy days when Greenfield was semi-isolated from the outside world and had to depend largely upon its own resources for amusement, relaxation and mental and moral uplift. After the Town Hall was built the Commencements were held in the new Auditorium. On Commencement evening, the crowds began to gather before sundown in order to be able to secure desirable seats. As soon as the doors were opened, the crowds surged up the stairs, having willingly paid fifty cents for a ticket of admission. Soon the hall was packed and jammed. Additional chairs were placed in the aisles, filling the Auditorium completely. There were no fire regulations in those days to prevent such over-crowding.

As there was no back entrance, the graduates, accompanied by the Superintendent and the Principal had to pick their way gingerly down the crowded aisle to the stage which was already occupied by the President of the Board of Education who would have the rather dubious pleasure of presenting the diplomas to the graduates. He usually forgot what he had planned to say, much to the amusement of the audience. The program consisted of orations by the graduates on such weighty topics as *A Small Leak Will Sink A Great Ship*, *What Becomes of All the Pins*, and *Plant Trees—They Will Be Growing While You Are Sleeping*. It was the practice in the early days for everyone to bring a basket or a bouquet of flowers for some one of the sweet girl graduates. After each one had delivered her oration and was still taking her bows, several little girls, selected and dressed for the occasion, would rise in their seats and pass through the aisles, gathering up the flowers and re-

laying them to the stage. Some of the girls received oceans of flowers, others scarcely any. Some pupils, it was said, dropped out of school rather than face the humiliation of a Commencement night without flowers. Some girls, it was intimated, bought flowers and had them sent to themselves. Eventually, the practice was discontinued.

7.

School Days

Friday afternoons, according to Oldtimers, were occasions of mingled joy and trepidation. The students welcomed the break in the routine of school work. The student body gathered in a large room upstairs to hear the oratorical efforts of their fellow students. The programs consisted of literary exercises, essays, declamations and debates. The more articulate ones actually enjoyed these appearances but most of the students were overcome with fear and confusion when their names were posted on the bulletin board for an early appearance on the Friday afternoon program. Some even failed to appear and their names were published in the *Highland Chief* on a *Delinquent Roll*, much to the sorrow and shame of their fond parents and friends. Until comparatively recent years, the Friday afternoon exercises were an integral part of the high school program.

In the early days there was one event which created even greater consternation than Friday Afternoon — the Public Examinations at the close of each school term. Dr. Herbert Jones has left us a fine description of pupil reaction to these examinations. "As the end of our Senior year approached," he writes, "there was the seething foment of revolution in the atmosphere of the upper rooms and high school for the edict of the trustees had gone forth that final examinations were to be held in Baldwin's Hall by a committee and before the public. If it had not been for parental restraint there would have been open rebellion." The *Highland Chief* reports the big event in detail:

"The entire week was occupied in public examinations of the various departments at the Hall and from the Examining Committee we learn that all passed off satisfactorily and highly creditably for both pupils and teachers. Without particularizing it was remarked that many visiting friends were observed rapt in close attention as they elucidated certain topics in mental and moral philosophy." We can't help speculating upon how a modern high school Senior would stack up in an examination in Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Those who are inclined to look upon the *Honor Roll* as a comparatively recent institution will be surprised to learn that it is as old as the high school itself. In the *Highland Chief*, under date of

January 7, 1871, appears the *Honor Roll* for the month of December, 1870. The Females on the roll — they were thus designated in the paper — far outstrip the Males both in numbers and in grades as will be seen from the following: FEMALES — L. L. Baldwin 100%; A. M. Strain 98½%; L. C. McGarraugh 98¼%; M. K. Dwyer 98%. MALES — G. H. Young 94½%; H. C. Jones 91¾%. The custom of designating pupils by their initials seems rather quaint today. Equally quaint was the custom of addressing these teenagers in the classrooms as "Miss" and "Mister." Fractional grades would seem to indicate that the teachers were inclined to split hairs and that there was a good deal of competition on the part of the pupils for high grades. The *Highland Chief* also printed the *Delinquent Roll* which included those who had been unnecessarily absent from school and those who had neglected to present their Literary Exercises on the regular Friday Afternoon programs. We refuse to publish this list of Delinquents — somebody's grandfather might be on it.

Few writers have better expressed the longing for the days of Auld Lang Syne than Elizabeth Hyer Neff, distinguished alumna of the Greenfield High School, Class of 1873, and author of such popular novels as *Altars to Mammon* and *Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sheriff*. "The scent of locust blossoms," she writes, "seems to come sweet through the windows and it is May again, the May of long ago, as I sit before a scarred old desk in which the names of my predecessors have been carved as a galaxy of fame. It is a long bare room with a blackboard at the end. Dear Laura McGarraugh is sitting on the platform, her great beautiful eyes glowing with the enthusiasm she transmitted to her pupils, her sweet voice ringing in its clear characteristic words—would that I could do justice to the work that she did so modestly and well! Her memory is a glorified one, for the tastes that she inspired have been the ones that prevailed.

"The dreams that come true! Some of them do — but many do not. We are schoolmates yet, passing on from year to year and still dreaming of the lessons learned and the lessons yet to come. Pity those who have no dreams, to whom never come radiant visions of the future, glorified visions of the past. After all our Castles in Spain are our surest possessions, untransferable and indestructible. Those were the solemn days, the days we spent in high school, weighted with a world responsibility. There we fought the battles of life on mythological plains, there we regulated the Universe, there we subdued the ogres of Latin grammar and paid tribute to Caesar. How serious in anticipation are the problems that do not bother us at all when we face them on their own ground. It is a fine thing that we must find out in Trigonometry how to measure the angles and the distance of celestial bodies or we would never know it at all.

"We had our sensations, immensely funny at the time. There

was the day the stove blew up and we had a holiday in consequence. Nor do we forget the time that the curly-headed boy at the end of the row tipped his wooden chair too far back and went over in it. And no one can tell afterwards why those little things are so excruciatingly funny at the time of happening. Ah, the fun is in us, repressed and looking for a vent. One thing that helped to conquer our merriment was our exceeding dignity and our wide knowledge. We looked with mild pity upon the unfortunates who had not 'sung of arms and the hero' in the original Latin nor analyzed that ponderous first sentence of *Paradise Lost* which had no subject at all. It is a vision rare and sweet, our Araby the Blest, the class of faces so familiar and like no other faces since known, the Commencement night, the beautiful old town all a green fragrant bower under its shady trees — the picture rises fresh until a mist comes to obscure it, a mist which one dashes away quickly lest the picture be marred. But it never can be marred, it stands out clearly forever."

8.

Baldwin's Hall

Up until the close of the Civil War, Smart's Hall was the popular gathering place in Greenfield. It was succeeded by Baldwin's Hall on the second floor of a building which stood on the present site of the Peoples Bank Building. The amusements were almost all of a local character in the days before the old "Op'ry House" brought road shows to Greenfield. There were home talent plays, exhibitions and concerts with an occasional "professional entertainment." We find this advertisement in the *Highland Chief*. "Coming! French's New Sensation at Baldwin's Hall, February 19th. Fred Sabin, the great negro comedian and banjoist—A. B. French, Necromancer—Anna M. French in her aerial suspension. Admission 25 cents." The Frenches were residents of Greenfield in the winter. During the summer they traveled with their own circus.

School exhibitions were a popular part of every year's entertainment program. They were not only designed to reveal the manifold talents of Greenfield's youngsters but to raise money for such a worthy cause as the school library. A faded program of one of these exhibitions is still extant. Fifty-seven pupils participated including a boy by the name of Eddie McClain who gave a declamation entitled, *The Doctor and the Undertaker*. Madame Katharine Gray conducted a class in elocution, directed plays, cantatas and exhibitions. According to an old program the doors opened at 7½ and the program began at 8¼. Madame Gray would lead her pupils up onto the stage in platoons of five or six. After they had performed, they would make a more or less graceful bow and retire while the Madame was ushering another platoon to the platform.

Although the pupils had been carefully rehearsed in the art of making a bow, it usually degenerated into a quick backward kick and an outstretch of the hands.

Greenfield had a Thespian Society, according to an item in the *Highland Chief* in its issue of January 7, 1871: "We dropped in at Baldwin's Hall a few evenings ago and were much pleased with the improvements which are going on in the same. The Thespian Society, which gives its first exhibition on Monday eve, has erected a large and beautiful stage which is provided with beautiful curtains and beautifully painted sceneries, painted expressly for the above occasion. Composed as this society is of young citizens of Greenfield, the entertainment to be given being one of a moral and instructive character, we cannot see why they should not have a full house."

9.

The Praying Crusade

In the early weeks of 1874 the state of Ohio was swept by an emotional hurricane without parallel in the annals of the commonwealth. The *Praying Crusade*, started in neighboring Hillsboro, spread like wildfire among near-by communities. It was a militant movement directed against the saloons, but unlike the earlier Women's Raid in Greenfield, its militancy was confined to prayers and did not include hatchets and axes. Within three days the movement had spread to Greenfield. At a great mass meeting on January 9, a permanent organization was set up for "the suppression of the illegal traffic in intoxicating liquors, either malt or spirituous within a radius of three miles of Greenfield." It was known as the *Greenfield Temperance and Ladies League*. Mrs. Smart was elected president and Kate Dwyer, a teacher in the schools, secretary. The minutes of the League, interspersed with numerous biblical quotations, were written by Miss Kate Dwyer and were published in full in the *Highland Chief*. We give a few excerpts from the minutes:

January 17. Saturday was a bright day not only for pleasure seekers but for the noble workers in the temperance cause. In the early part of the day, our streets were filled with persons from far and near, and at about ten o'clock the young ladies appointed at a former meeting to circulate the Personal Pledge entered upon their duties. In less than two hours they obtained 200 signatures. While this kind of work was going on, the Ladies of the League were not idle but, armed for a noble purpose and sustained by prayer, they were on their mission of peace, joined by a goodly number of ladies from the country.

January 19. With holy thoughts in our hearts, we have this

day entered upon the second week of the work of our Lord. Our first mission was abundantly blessed. This was Mr. Doggett's saloon. He has given up his business and intends to work at his trade, the tailoring business, again.

January 20. Dr. McGarraugh was again too much engaged in regulating the temperature of the room and preparing drugs to pay much attention to the ladies. Mr. Powell still continues to withstand our appeal.

January 21. Mr. Crothers', Mr. Clinton's and Mr. Kaiser's establishments were visited but they still persist in their traffic. Although the weather has been so inclement, this gloom has not extended further than the outside world for the Word of God has been our light.

January 22. It seemed as though the very presence of the Lord could be felt as we walked softly toward the house of Mr. H. Binder. Devout prayers were offered and songs were sung; then the Pledge presented but still the prayers and entreaties of God's people in his behalf are unanswered. As slowly and solemnly the procession proceeded from there to Mr. Hirn's, he too heeded not the appeal. Again finding Mr. Powell's door locked, we made known the request of our hearts to God in prayer and song upon the sidewalk. The next place visited was Mr. Clinton's drug store. He professed to be unmoved temporally or spiritually. In the afternoon we visited Mr. Stauss' establishment. He being absent we presented our appeal to his clerk and held devotional exercises.

Apparently the Crusade had accomplished little during the first fortnight. The strategy of the saloon keepers seems to have been to ignore the Crusade. The ladies were received with affable courtesy. If they wished to use the premises for a prayer meeting, they were welcome to do so. After the departure of the ladies, the "business as usual" sign was hung out, the customers would come out of hiding, glasses would clink and everything proceeded happily until the next invasion. The saloon keepers evidently believed that the ladies would soon abandon such an unprofitable undertaking as a *Praying Crusade*. Some of the dealers in spirituous liquors found it convenient to be out of town when the ladies called. One sent word that he was sitting up with a sick friend. One promised to close his saloon as soon as he had disposed of all his liquor; another, when his lease expired. Jim Leonard, Mr. Doggett and Mrs. Becker signed the pledge.

The *Praying Crusade* soon spread to almost every town and hamlet in the state of Ohio. The crusaders weren't always accorded the courteous treatment they received in Greenfield. There were many acts of violence. The metropolitan newspapers devoted many columns to the progress of the Crusade and particularly to its casualties. Bulletins from the various towns in which the Crusade was being waged sometimes read like communiques from

the field of battle. Miss Kate Dwyer continued to report the daily activities of the local Ladies League in the columns of the *Highland Chief*.

January 30. We proceeded to Mr. Clinton's. He says that it is a trial of endurance. Still Mr. Kaiser is visited by those that follow after strong drink and will not be persuaded to turn from the error of their ways. The last place visited was Mr. Powell's. We sang and prayed and presented our appeal. God grant that the desire of our hearts shall be accomplished and that our hopes and hearts shall be crushed by these things nevermore! "Rise up, ye women who are at ease; hear My voice, ye careless daughters!"

January 31. The whole afternoon was spent in the different drinking establishments clustered around the faithful old town pump where Adam's Ale flows so copiously and can be obtained without money and without price; yet strange to tell, this heaven-sent treasure which it brings up from the earth was sought after only by a few. While we passed from one saloon to another we not only saw scores of our fellow men in these iniquitous dens but beheld with our own eyes some of these sin-benighted brethren whom they lure with their own snares draining the cup of that which will make them more like the master they serve instead of fitting their bodies to be the temples of the living God as they were created. Our visits were very well received as they were in the early afternoon but being long protracted and oft repeated and some of the customers leaving without contributing anything to fill their coffers, the hosts grew weary. Mr. Kaiser asked us not to come any more on Saturday as we spoiled his custom. Mr. Crothers said that our visits were a plot of the League to injure him in business. These men seem very slow in finding out that this has been our object from the first. Mr. Hirn said that his regular customers wanted to drink and play billiards and they must be accommodated. The clicking of ivory balls in the billiard room contrasted widely with the voice of song and prayer.

Apparently the Crusade was beginning to get under the skin of the saloon keepers. In the minutes of February 10, Miss Dwyer sums up the results of the Crusade: "Four weeks of labor in the cause of temperance have been recorded in the lives of the citizens of our village, weeks of sacrifice and prayers and toil. We feel assured that everyone will say our labor has not been in vain. On and before Monday, January 12, there were fourteen establishments in our town where liquor dealers dealt out promiscuously to those who wished to satisfy the demands of a depraved appetite. Today there are six such places and by the grace of God before another month has passed we hope to have spent many days in a temperance community."

As the days and the weeks passed, the people of Greenfield became accustomed to the long line of women, clad in black, marching

silently down the street in single file. As the weather was bitterly cold, they wore long "waterproofs" and their heads were swathed in long brown veils. As they passed the schoolhouse, children crowded to the windows to catch a glimpse of the strange procession. They were unrebuked by their teachers who were sympathetic to the cause. The tempers of the saloon keepers, who had held out against the prayers and pleadings of the women, became a trifle frayed as the days passed by and more and more of their customers stayed away from their familiar haunts. They were not the courteous hosts they had been at the beginning of the Crusade, inviting the ladies to come in and offering them chairs. Miss Dwyer records: "Mr. Stauss does not want the ladies to pray in his saloon any more and thinks the women are a nuisance," as they no doubt were from the saloon keeper's point of view. Again she records, half sadly, half triumphantly, "Mr. Clinton says that he has made up his mind to sell as long as there is a demand for his products but that the demand has almost stopped." The *Highland Chief* said editorially in its issue of February 14: "Nearly three thousand persons in this vicinity have signed the personal pledge. The day of vice and immorality has seen its day in Greenfield and that sobriety, peace and happiness will prevail in our midst at no distant day is one of the things that is quite certain."

The ladies naturally had some sad and terrifying experiences and some slightly tinged with humor. Having paid their regular afternoon visit to one of the saloons, the ladies returned unexpectedly in the evening to find everything going full blast. Seeing the ladies, the customers took to their heels and made their escape through the back door, tumbling over chairs and everything else that was in their way. "One poor fellow," according to Miss Dwyer, "who could not get out sought refuge under a billiard table while one stood firm and, finding himself a prisoner, stepped forward and signed the personal pledge." Increasing pressure was put on the hold-outs — Stauss, Hirn, Crothers, Clinton, Binder and Powell. Instead of one visit a day, they could expect several. Their business suffered accordingly. Finally all signed the pledge except Mr. Clinton who was no longer the pleasant, affable gentleman he had been at the beginning of the Crusade. The editor of the *Highland Chief* wrote under date of February 28: "This person we have been informed asserts that no prayers, appeals or preaching can induce him to quit selling whisky. What think you of a man who will hand his customers a pint or a quart of liquor in the presence of the entire League?"

The attitude of Mr. Clinton resulted in another shift in the strategy of the ladies. Instead of holding one or two meetings a day in full force, they divided their numbers into several squads. When Mr. Clinton opened his place in the morning, he found one of the squads already on the scene. At intervals throughout the

day and evening, the ladies were relieved by other squads. The place was under surveillance day and night. Mr. Clinton found the constant presence of six or eight ladies always sitting on guard not very encouraging to his clientele. One night he lost his temper and ordered the ladies to leave his establishment. A big mass meeting was in progress in the Methodist church at the time. In the midst of the meeting, the indignant women entered the church and told the story of their expulsion from Mr. Clinton's place to an angry crowd. The mass meeting turned into an indignation meeting. Something must be done immediately. The meeting broke up and the entire congregation marched to Mr. Clinton's saloon and surrounded it. At first there were indications that the crowd of five hundred would resort to violence but better counsel prevailed, the ladies never forgetting that their Crusade was based on prayers, not on hatchets and axes. The scene in front of the saloon is described as a solemn and impressive spectacle. "Greenfield had only flickering kerosene lights in those days. The dim lamps from the saloon windows fell upon the bowed heads of the group of women as they knelt in prayer. Then the doleful strains of *Almost Persuaded*, like the wail of a lost spirit, floated on the air. Gathered in an open semi-circle stood a crowd of five hundred people. The women prayed and sang and pleaded but Mr. Clinton showed no sign of repenting. Slowly the crowd melted away and by midnight the street was empty. Mr. Clinton was open for business the next morning."

However, the ladies were not yet ready to give up the siege. They, too, were on the scene the next morning although it was bitterly cold. John W. Boyd, who operated a livery stable, offered them the use of a closed hack which was backed up in front of the saloon. A small stove was installed and here the ladies remained on guard for two weeks longer. One day the wind came from the East and the little stove began to smoke furiously. The ladies were forced to leave the hack and seek refuge in McElroy's grocery. Mr. McElroy, who was sympathetic to their cause, tried to remedy the situation by turning the hack around so that it would not be exposed to the east wind. While he was engaged in this task, Mr. Clinton appeared and notified him that a court injunction had just been granted against the Hillsboro ladies who had set up a tent in front of one of the drug stores. There was no doubt that the Greenfield ladies could expect a similar injunction. And thus ended the *Praying Crusade* with Mr. Clinton the apparent victor. "It was the most remarkable movement against intemperance," according to Howe, the historian, "in the history of the world. Unique in its methods, widespread in its results and, although a failure as regards its direct purpose, nevertheless it accomplished much good and advanced public sentiment toward the reformation of the evils of the vice of intemperance."

10.

The Town Hall

Twenty years had elapsed since the Shanghai Council had proposed the erection of a Town Hall commensurate with the dignity and importance of a growing village. The Civil War had put a stop to the erection of the building. As the years went by, the need for a Town Hall became increasingly apparent. The entire village administration was housed in the narrow quarters of the Calaboose where, some of the citizens asserted, they belonged. More civic-minded citizens, however, agreed that the dignity of the town suffered because of this arrangement. On February 4, 1874, these citizens set the ball in motion by circulating a petition which read: "We, the undersigned citizens of Greenfield and vicinity, feeling the necessity of a Town Hall, propose building such a hall on the Public Square after the following plan—Building to cost \$20,000, to be divided into 800 shares of \$25 per share; said shares to be paid in weekly installments of ten cents per week." The *Highland Chief*, in its issue of February 7, spoke favorably of the plan and stated that 300 shares had already been subscribed. However, it did not become necessary for the citizens as individuals to finance the project.

The village Council decided to authorize the issuance of \$15,000 in bonds for the erection of the building. The old plans were abandoned. They had called for a building with store rooms on the lower floor which, it had been argued, would provide enough revenue to pay off any indebtedness that might be incurred in its construction. Architect Cook drew up a new set of plans which provided not only for a Council chamber with all necessary municipal offices on the first floor but a Post Office as well. The rent paid by the Federal government for the Post Office would compensate for the loss of revenue from the store rooms. The entire second floor would be devoted to a large auditorium fully equipped for the use of traveling road shows. For several decades the auditorium was generally referred to as the "Op'ry House." There were some who objected to the use of a municipal building for such frivolous purposes but most of the people favored the idea of being able to witness real professional shows with flesh-and-blood actors. In spite of the protests, the building was built according to the architect's plans.

The brick and stone work was done by Rucker & Son; the painting and glazing by McClelland and Juvenile; iron, slate and tin work by William St. Clair of Columbus; the plastering by Frank Hall. The total cost of the building was \$14,406.64. The building committee, headed by E. Dines, was highly complimented because they had kept within the amount appropriated. Many had said that it couldn't be done and had predicted that the town



Looking Northward 1884



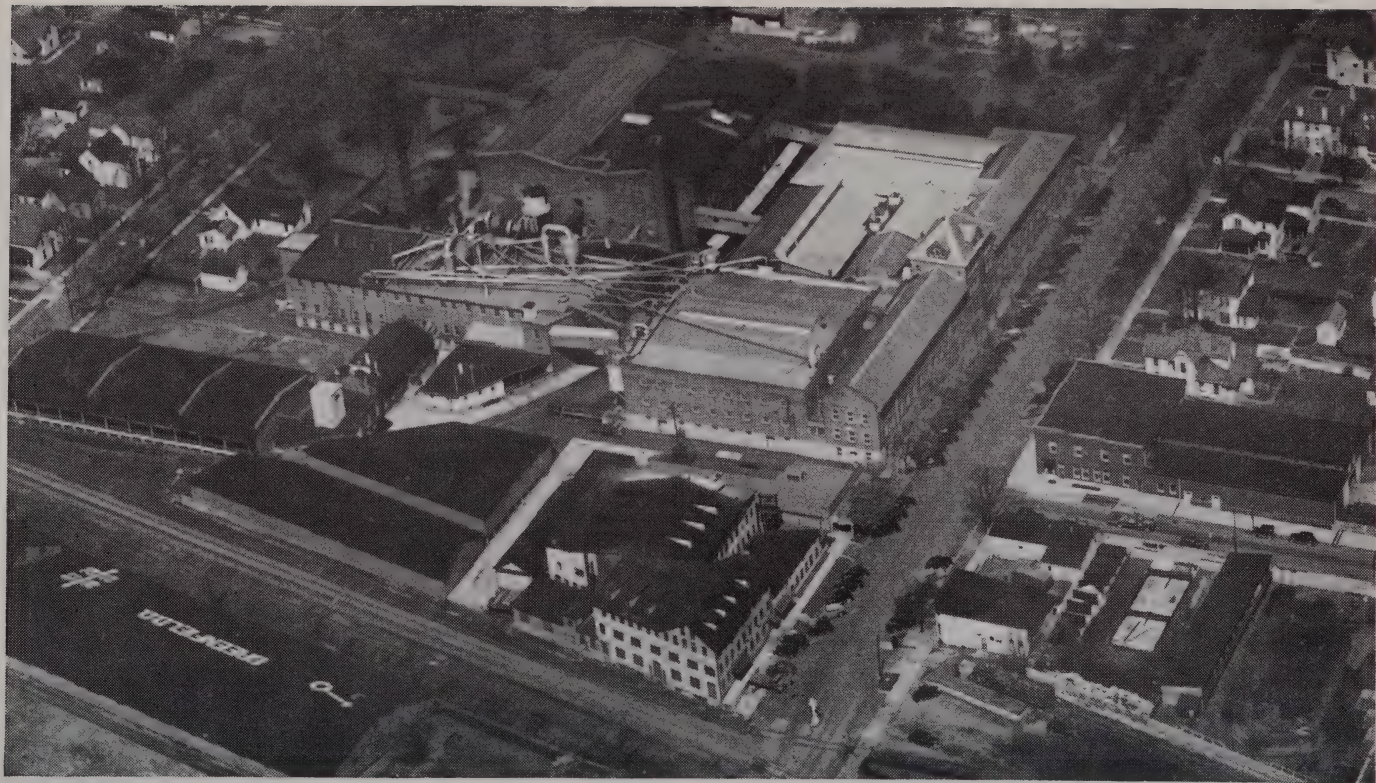
Washington Street 1896
Photo by Duncan



Evolution of a Factory

In 1884 the old Seminary Building, built in 1846, was purchased by E. L. McClain and converted into a factory. Its walls are still a part of the mammoth plant of The American Pad & Textile Company.





Aerial View 1949
The American Pad & Textile Company and Waddell Company



Main Street Today

The Public Square

**Social, Business and Civic Center
of
Greenfield
for
150 Years**



The Old Mill Dam Today



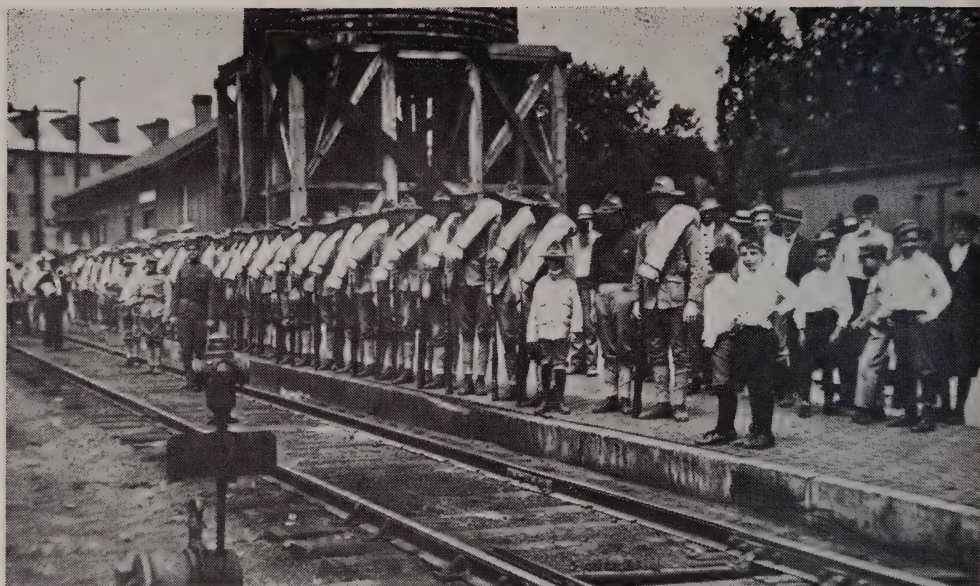
Overhead Bridge 1890



**Suspension Bridge
Across Paint Creek to Stone Quarry 1897**



**Stone Quarry 1888
Adjoining the Rucker Home on South Washington Street**



Above — O. N. G. Entrains for Camp Perry 1907

Below — Company G Breaks Camp at Chautauqua Park 1917
Destination Germany



would be saddled with a debt of \$25,000. Forty-three dozen chairs and the necessary gas fixtures brought the total cost to \$15,420.94. When completed the Town Hall was an imposing edifice with mansard roof and a lofty steeple that could be seen for many miles. The Town Hall looks today substantially as it did when it was built except that the soft red brick has been covered with artificial stone and stucco which is a vast improvement over a previous attempt to "beautify" the building with a coat of stucco which quickly cracked and peeled. Oldtimers also miss the beautiful hand-wrought grill which once surmounted the mansard roof. The interior, however, has been completely remodeled, the "Op'ry House" converted into offices and a jail.

11.

Dedication

The corner stone of the Town Hall was laid with impressive ceremonies on June 24, 1875. A box containing relics and records of the period was placed in the stone. At some distant date no doubt, it will be opened, revealing some long buried secrets to a curious public. On the stone was carved the date "1875." In the course of time, the ground level around the Town Hall has been raised, completely hiding the date but the figures above it — 912.-268 — are clearly visible. This indicates the elevation of the spot above the sea level. The construction of the building was hastened in order that the dedication could take place on July 4, 1876, as a part of the Centennial Celebration of our nation's independence. It was found necessary, however, to postpone the actual dedication until August. An all day program was arranged for the occasion. The *Highland Chief*, with justifiable pride, recorded the events of the day:

"At about nine o'clock in the forenoon, two bands entered our town, one from Frankfort and the other from South Salem, both discoursing beautiful music as they passed up Washington street. Half an hour later, the Hillsboro band, the members of which were handsomely uniformed, seated in a beautiful wagon which was richly decorated with flags and drawn by four horses, made its appearance. The band, like the others, played a stirring piece of music on our Public Square, at the close of which it took quarters at the *Shimp House* where the Frankfort band was stopping. In the afternoon the bands repaired to the Public Square where a band contest was held. Each band played three pieces. The judges awarded the first prize of \$50 to the Hillsboro band; the second prize of \$25 to the Frankfort band." The editor estimated the attendance at between fifteen hundred and two thousand. He highly complimented the contesting bands on the high quality of the

music rendered, signalling out for special mention a dirge played by the Hillsboro band.

The "Op'ry House" was filled to the overflowing at night when the dedicatory exercises were held and the streets outside were packed and jammed with people. Josiah Stevenson, Mayor of Hillsboro, presided. E. Dines rendered an accounting of the stewardship of the building committee and presented the keys of the building to Mayor Billy Eckman who responded in a short but highly appropriate speech. The dedicatory address was given by the Hon. Henry L. Dickey who was in fine fettle. After reviewing the full history of the project from the days of the Shanghai Council down to the completion of the building, he said: "Let us dedicate it to Music, Amusement and Recreation, to Politics, Public Honor and Public Virtue." He expressed the hope that "no polluting influences shall ever mar its history or corrupt its apartments." "On leaving the hall," the *Highland Chief* concluded its comprehensive account of the occasion, "we found below active arrangements going on for the purpose of getting up a Cotillion party in one of the large lower rooms and it was not long until the same was filled with young folks who whiled away a few hours in a social dance. Thus ended the dedication of one of the finest halls of an inland town in the State."

12.

Christian Gentleman

Once upon a time two citizens of Greenfield were discussing a terrible accident they had just witnessed in which a man had been horribly mangled and had only a few minutes to live. A friend asked of them, "What preacher would you want to offer up a prayer for you if that accident had befallen either of you?" Without hesitation, both replied, "Reverend George Braxton." For many years Rev. Braxton was a familiar figure on the streets of Greenfield. He always had a cheery smile and a word of cheer for everyone along the way. He had the gracious and courtly manners of an old plantation slave, the innate courtesy of one who had been chastened by misfortune, sweetened by adversity and inspired by a great and abiding faith in God and his fellowmen. As someone expressed it, "he went about doing good."

Rev. George Braxton came to Greenfield from the Old Dominion shortly after the close of the *Civil War* to preach the gospel to a small but devout congregation that had little to offer a minister in the way of compensation. He dug ditches, worked in the fields, did any kind of manual labor to supplement his meager salary and to carry on his many benefactions. He once performed a notable service to the citizens of Greenfield. He saved the new Town Hall from destruction by fire. A political rally had been held in

the auditorium and all the people had departed except Rev. Braxton. Without warning the great chandelier, bearing kerosene lamps, fell with a crash, scattering its oil over the floor and chairs. Rev. Braxton beat out the spreading flames with his coat. A grateful citizenry took up a collection and bought him a new suit of clothes to replace the old one which had been ruined by the flames.

In the course of time, Rev. Braxton grew old and decrepit but almost until the end he managed to hobble along the streets spreading his gospel of good cheer. When he passed away, penniless, he was buried in Potter's Field. He had attained the amazing age of 115 years. In the absence of authentic records, there were some who doubted his claim to longevity. The world is filled with Doubting Thomases. Even in England there were some who questioned the claim of a fellow citizen who had outlived ten kings and queens, attaining the vast age of 152 years. When he died they buried him in Westminster Abbey and there he rests today even though he has been proved to be a gorgeous old fraud.

Rev. Braxton had an interesting even though rather unorthodox method of computing his age—a "birthday stick." While still a slave in Old Virginia, his master cut a notch for every year on the birthday stick. There were forty-two of those notches when he came home from the war. From this birthday stick, he computed that he had been born in 1827. Many accepted his claim as he could relate incidents which seemed to support his claim. We at least are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. If he didn't live all of those 115 years, he certainly filled the years that he did live full to the overflowing with loving kindness and good will.

Rather belatedly a group of citizens, urged on by Walter Dunlap, took up a collection and erected a monument over his unmarked grave. The monument was dedicated with a few appropriate words by State Senator A. L. Daniels and Rev. Alea Seward of the Shiloh Baptist church. Upon the stone these words were carved:

GEORGE BRAXTON
1827-1942
Aged 115 Years
SLAVE AND FREE MAN
CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN
Erected by
Citizens of Greenfield
1949

13.

The Old Greenfield Fair

"There never was a fair like the old Greenfield Fair." The Oldtimer sighed reminiscently as he let his thoughts drift back

across the vista of the years. "It was a colossal, stupendous and soul satisfying spectacle for which we waited from one year to the next. Everybody attended the Fair. They came from the fertile plains of the Buckskin, from the tall timbers along the Rattlesnake, from the distant hills where old Round Top rears his noble dome. They came on foot and on horseback, in wagons and in buggies, surreys and buckboards, in every imaginable type of vehicle which rolled on wheels. The whole family came, sometimes three or four generations. Long before daylight you could hear the wagons rolling through the streets. Wide-eyed children peeped out over the edge of the wagon, mother and granny occupied chairs. The remaining space was filled with great hampers of food and provender for old Dobbin. They were up with the crack of dawn for everybody wanted to be there when the gates were opened so that they could secure some favored spot in the grove where they could park the wagon, tether the horses and spread the picnic lunch.

"For weeks before the grand opening, the town had been agog with preparations for the great event. Mother and the girls were putting up jams and jellies and putting the final touches on quilts and needlework intended for the display in Floral Hall. And the wardrobes had to be refurbished. Milliners and dressmakers were in great demand. Every member of the fair sex from six to sixty had to have a new bonnet, a new dress or at least an old dress made over to conform to the latest style. Everyone wore his best bib and tucker at the Fair. The spare room had to be cleaned and garnished and brightened up with new curtains. For Aunt Sally was coming all the way from Indiana to attend the Fair and Aunt Sally was a famous housekeeper with an eagle eye for a speck of dust. Even before the opening day of the Fair strange faces appeared on the streets. At night a group of horsey men gathered in front of the *Franklin House*, talking, smoking and expectorating. The boys liked to hang around the outskirts of the crowd for you could pick up a lot of valuable information about the coming races. Strange cargoes were carted from the B & O tracks to the fair grounds. Mysterious horses were led through the streets, covered with red blankets with round holes for the eyes. Unfamiliar hacks and busses appeared on the scene. Big things were on foot.

"And when the Fair was at last under way, unusual crowds arrived on the morning Accommodation from Chillicothe and went straggling up Washington street. Some of the more convivial always noticed the 'First Chance' sign which swung in front of the old *Atlantic House* and availed themselves of the opportunity. In front of the *Harper House*, the old Sax Horn Band discoursed stirring music. Enterprising hack drivers were on the job soliciting the patronage of the new arrivals with, 'Right this way to the Fair grounds, going right out!' The Main Entrance to the Fair grounds was a scene of intense activity, enveloped in a pall of dust.

The gate-keeper was a grimvisaged individual, but if a barefoot boy lingered awhile, he would sometimes turn his back ostentatiously and you could slip through the Magic Portal. More often, however, you had to make the circuit of the grounds until you found the board in the fence which you had loosened at the bottom a few days before. When no one was looking you could slip through the aperture and lie hidden in the tall weeds until a propitious moment enabled you to rise to your feet and walk nonchalantly through the grounds with the ease and assurance of a paying customer.

"By ten o'clock the beautiful grove of old forest trees south of the little run which meandered through the grounds was packed and jammed with every variety of horse-drawn vehicle. A tour of the grounds usually began with Floral Hall, a stately edifice which, seen through the haze of the years, takes on the proportions of Fine Arts building at the Chicago World's Fair. Here, in booths on both sides of the Hall, were displayed the products of the farm — great pumpkins and squashes, potatoes and ears of corn, their fragrance mingling with the pleasant odor of the tanbark with which the floor was covered. The ladies were represented by jams and jellies, cakes and salt-rising bread, beautiful counterpanes, marvelously designed tatting, crocheting and needle work. Local firms were represented by displays, but none created as much local pride as the display of fleecy blankets and blue jeans overalls manufactured in our own Woolen Mills.

"Next came the round of the stock exhibits — cows with suckling calves, flat-backed steers, bulls suggesting the Land of Bashan, soft-eyed ewes, wrinkled-necked, spiral-horned rams, horses and ponies, jacks and jinnies. And of course, while you were in this section of the grounds, you had to take a peek into the stalls where the racers were quartered, their walls hung with blankets, boots, buckets, sponges, currycombs and brushes. And equally as a matter of course, you paused to warm your hands at the great camp fire which burned throughout the entire week for the accomodation of the Fair habitués. There were usually a few old women sitting around the fire, smoking corncob pipes or making coffee.

"In the quarter-stretch the blooded horses were being put through their paces — beautiful, arched-necked steeds with flowing manes and tails, prancing about and displaying their graces to the assembled crowd. Mounted marshals with their brilliant sashes darted about on horseback announcing the program of races for the afternoon. No knights of ancient chivalry ever galloped and cantered with greater grace and skill. By early afternoon the grounds were crowded. Barkers, vendors and hawkers, ably aided and abetted by the local Sax Horn Band, were busily engaged in creating the carnival spirit. The balloon man was doing a land office business. Every kid had to have a blue or red ballon tied to

a string or a whip with a whistle on the end which he blew continuously. People sauntered to and fro, munching peanuts and popcorn, occasionally pausing for a glass of Jim Leonard's famous pink lemonade. There were some who said that Jim could make a whole tubful of lemonade out of a single lemon, but that was a rank canard. Jim's real specialty was ice cream candy which he made by throwing a long strand of taffy over an iron hook, securely fastened in a tree, and pulling it back and forth until it reached the necessary consistency. Then it was spread out on a table and cut up into six inch strips and wrapped up in oiled paper. It was a real bargain at two sticks for five cents.

"There was something for everybody. If you wanted to display your muscle power, there was the strength testing machine operated by a huge wooden mallet. If you rung the bell at the top you got a prize. Some tested their skill by trying to encircle one of those nifty canes with a rubber ring. Those with more primitive instincts had a lot of fun trying to hit the elusive head of a darky, stuck through a hole in the canvas. Over in a remote corner of the grounds a shifty-eyed individual practiced the old army shell game, demonstrating that the 'hand is quicker than the eye.' There were sideshows, advertised by great painted canvases which were masterpieces of art, where the fat lady, living skeleton, tattooed man, bearded lady, sword swallower and five-legged calf could be seen for the small sum of one dime. The barker's spiel was always worth the price of admission. There were none of those new-fangled merry-go-rounds but you could have all the sensation of the modern loop-the-loop and shoot-the-shutes on Porter's circular swing. The motive power was an actual living horse. The buoyant cars flew through the air, round and round, faster and faster, until the giddy passengers seemed to see men and trees, tents and booths, blurred and blended into one indistinguishable streak.

"There were the races and the grand balloon ascension and thrilling parachute drop. And then, as the twilight began to deepen, there was the rush to the gates, everybody trying to leave the grounds at the same time, creating a traffic jam of tremendous proportions. Old man Leaming was already lighting the kerosene lamps on Washington street by the time the jam was unraveled and the gates closed and locked for the night. There never was a fair like the old Greenfield Fair," the Oldtimer sighed. "It's something that never can happen again."

14.

The New Railroad

In the middle Seventies, Greenfield acquired its second railroad and with it an exceedingly expensive lesson in "frenzied finance." G. I. Rucker and Son was awarded the contract for

grading the roadbed and erecting the masonry for the bridges between Greenfield and Washington C. H. and later between Greenfield and Waverly. Many of the workers boarded and roomed in Greenfield during the period of construction. Mr. Rucker converted an old flour mill which stood on South Second street just north of the B & O tracks into a Commissary where the landladies could secure supplies at reduced rates. Frank McCann, afterwards Dr. McCann, was one of the clerks in the Commissary.

The old mill had been dubbed the "Zollicoffer," usually pronounced "Jolly Coffey," by soldiers returning from the Civil War. Some of them had been quartered in a rambling structure in the South which had been named for a Confederate general by the name of Zoullicoffre. Ed Henry is credited with having been the first to bestow the name upon the old flour mill which later became the Commissary. In its declining days the Zollicoffer became a decrepit and disreputable-looking structure, painted a dull red, its broken down porch fairly swarming with children. It was Greenfield's only slum, inhabited by those in the lowest income brackets.

After several reorganizations and receiverships, the *Springfield, Jackson and Pomeroy Railroad* was finally opened from Springfield to Jackson Court House, as Jackson was known in those days. The first train went through on August 1, 1878. Municipal officials along the route were invited to make the trip as guests of the Management. Among the passengers was Mrs. Sarah Harris who was riding on a pass furnished by her husband, David M. Harris, the Town Marshal. Mrs. William Cork, whose husband was familiarly known as "Bunk," went along as the guest of Mrs. Harris. They got off at Bainbridge and visited some of Mrs. Cork's relatives. Herbert Harris still remembers the occasion distinctly although he was quite a small boy at the time. He and his brother, George, had been left with relatives. The two boys were permitted to go down to the station to meet their mother on the return trip but the train was very late in arriving, something not unusual in the subsequent history of the railroad.

The Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy R. R. is an interesting study in railroad financing. From the beginning it was a promotional scheme, financed by the purchase of stock by people along the right of way. One syndicate, composed of Columbus business men, is said to have made a million dollars out of various financial manipulations. It was originally planned to issue \$800,000 in stock but this was later reduced to \$700,000 when it became evident that subscriptions would fall below that amount. Almost every citizen of Greenfield subscribed for the stock with no expectation of personal profit except that which would accrue to the whole community. The stock was offered at fifty dollars a share. The largest subscriber was G. I. Rucker with a subscription of \$56,400. Mrs.

Rucker added a personal subscription of \$3,000. The stockholders were ignorant of the fact that they had assumed a statutory liability for the debts of the railroad over and above their subscriptions. Suits brought against these stockholders lingered on for many years.

In 1880 G. I. Rucker brought suit against the railroad in the Highland county courts and was eventually awarded judgment for \$38,484 for the work he had done in the construction of the road. Other creditors brought similar suits. The company had mortgaged all its property, roadbed, tracks, lands and rolling stock for additional funds with which to construct the railroad. The mortgagees asked for the appointment of a receiver who, subsequently, sold the railroad at public auction for a sum considerably less than its liabilities. This rendered all the stock held by the people of Greenfield absolutely worthless although they were still liable for the debts of a railroad which had never paid them a cent and had already passed into other hands. Many creditors of the original company proceeded to sue the stockholders. The litigation was still in progress as late as 1899. Some of the more affluent stockholders finally settled for 25% of their original stock. It was a salutary but expensive lesson in high finance for the people of Greenfield. When the *Black Diamond Railroad*, with Greenfield as one of its terminals, was proposed in the Nineties the promoters found the citizens of Greenfield exceedingly apathetic.

We can easily trace the vicissitudes of the *Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy Railroad* by its frequent change of name. In November, 1879, it went into bankruptcy and emerged as the *Springfield Southern*. In April, 1881, it was again reorganized and this time it became the *OHIO SOUTHERN*, a name it retained until June 1, 1901, when it became known as the *Detroit Southern*. Finally in 1905 it was incorporated as the *Detroit, Toledo & Iron-ton*. There have been no further changes in name although disgruntled passengers have been known to interpret its initials as *Dangerous, Treacherous & Irregular* and *Darn Tired & Irksome*. Henry Ford acquired the road on July 9, 1920, and operated it until June, 1929, when it was sold to the *Pennsylvania Railroad* for \$22,000,000. Today it is an exceedingly valuable railroad property as it taps the coal fields of Eastern Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky. In recent years the Management has made no effort to encourage passenger traffic. In 1947 the railroad owned 3,700 modern freight cars and only three antiquated passenger coaches which might easily have been a part of the original rolling stock. After repeated efforts to secure permission from the Public Utilities Commission to discontinue all passenger service, the Commission finally handed down a decision in favor of the railroad in 1954.

The last passenger train went through on May 8, 1954. Sev-

enty-five passengers boarded the train at Greenfield. For this historic occasion, the Management of the railroad had attached two of its three passenger coaches to a freight train of thirty cars. On one of the coaches was chalked *Sassafras Special* and on the other, *Deadbeat Special*. The coaches were crowded, recalling the happy days before the automobile and the bus had reduced passenger traffic to a mere trickle. To many of the older passengers it was a sentimental journey. Some remembered the annual picnic excursions to Island Grove in the summer time and the chestnutting excursions in the autumn through the *Valley of the Kings*, aflame with color, around the famous horseshoe bend and on to the Summit whose hills were covered with chestnut trees.

"Prominent in the Greenfield delegation that afternoon," according to the *Greenfield Daily Times* "was Prof. F. R. Harris whose mother had been one of the two women who rode on the first D T & I passenger train to pass through Greenfield. He was accompanied by his niece, Mrs. Helen Swiger and her daughter, Lois, of Jasper, representing the third and fourth generation to ride on the first and last southbound trains over a span of seventy-five years." In his column, the *Listening Post*, Pat Shrock added, rather gleefully, "It's difficult to picture Prof. Harris as becoming excited over the prospect of going on a long journey . . . he's navigated the globe several times by land, water and air and never has lost his poise . . . but Saturday when he was boarding the D T & I's last passenger train, he forgot his overnight bag."

15.

The Preacher's Son

Dr. Samuel D. Crothers had four boys, all "typical preacher's sons." Contrary to popular belief, preacher's sons do not all go to the dogs; in fact the vast majority become men of eminence and distinction. *Who's Who* is filled with the names of preachers' sons. George, the eldest son of Dr. Crothers, became an eminent physician, the author of a Latin text-book widely used in medical colleges. Ernest went West, acquired a large ranch near Salem, Oregon, where he raised loganberries and English walnuts. Will followed in the footsteps of his father. He became a minister, occupying a high place in the councils of the Presbyterian church. John also became a minister but chose missionary work as his field of labor. He served as a missionary in Korea for fifty years and was interned in the Philippines by the Japanese during the Second World War. When released from the prisoners' camp, he returned to his work in Korea.

Many years ago, Brand Whitlock, famous author and Ambassador to Belgium in the dark days of the First World War, wrote a delightful story called *The Preacher's Son*. He placed the scene

of the story in Greenfield which he had visited in his youth. The central figure was a preacher's son who was quickly identified as one of Dr. Crothers' boys. We do not know whether Ernest was the boy in question but from some of his reminiscences we judge that he was. He writes: "It was probably in the year 1874 that I started to school in the old stone church on South street. Miss Dwyer was my teacher which is tantamount to saying that I was started right. The school equipment was nothing to brag about. We sat on long benches with a box built beside each pupil to hold his books. Coasting down the hill back of the schoolhouse, playing on the tanbark and watching the hides being changed in the vats of the tannery and the 'smells' are some of the things which I remember more particularly.

"It was probably about this time that the first telephone was used in Greenfield. It consisted of a wire stretched from Grandfather's office to the house, each terminus being attached to a sort of diaphragm. It was possible to hear a little over it and it had one real advantage—there was no Central. The first phonograph that came to Greenfield was exhibited in the Town Hall. Uncle Robert Kinkead was persuaded to make a record by singing and as usual pitched the tune a little too high. This was considerably exaggerated when the little squeaky record was played and caused a little merriment on the part of the audience. Funerals these days are not what they used to be. We used to count the buggies, the two-horse teams and the men on horseback who brought up the rear. If permitted to live over again those days, I would choose some of the cold days when skating was good. I enjoyed skating and it was a real joy to watch Johnnie Case as he flew over the ice. For graceful human motion, I have never seen anything more beautiful.

"A history of our family would not be complete without telling something of one member who wasn't altogether human but did possess a lot of horse-sense. I refer to old Hector, of course. I doubt if any horse in Southern Ohio ever headed more funerals and he certainly acted the part. But presto! chango! Under the saddle you could hardly imagine a greater transformation. The striking of a match to light the kerosene street lamps would nearly make him 'jump out of his skin.' I think that it was General Adams who rode him in that sham battle out at the Fair Grounds and he was a real charger. But horses like people grow old. Old Hector was taken over to a farm at Rainsboro to end his days. Father's instructions to Mr. Farrel were, 'Take good care of him but don't let me know when the end comes.' In a recent magazine article purported to have been written by the daughter of a minister, a gloomy picture is presented of life in a minister's family. My answer to that article is, 'Tain't so!' Happy memories of the old home, the old town and the old school come to all of us even though life may have tossed us to the far corners of the earth."

16.

Mr. Dickey Goes to Washington

In 1876 the admirers of Henry L. Dickey decided that the time had come to send their champion to the halls of Congress where he would have a wider field for his undoubted talents. He had already gained a brilliant reputation at the Bar and in the legislative halls of Ohio. He was a man of many parts. He had dabbled in poetry, written a play and scribbled witty articles for the newspapers. But above all else, he was the perennial *Orator of the Paint*. No house warming, no Fourth of July celebration, no political rally, no occasion formal or informal, was complete without a few choice words from Greenfield's distinguished son. He was a striking figure on the platform. His fine head was surmounted by a mass of auburn locks which gained for him—among his political opponents—the sobriquet of the "Strawberry Blonde." His rotund periods were interspersed with classical allusions and subtle wit in the best Southern tradition. Friend and foe alike gave him credit for the possession of a brilliant mind and unusual political acumen.

In order to secure the nomination for Mr. Dickey in the Seventh Ohio Congressional District, it was necessary to overcome many obstacles. The Hon. L. T. Neal, the old warhorse of the Democratic party, had represented the district since 1872. He was loath to retire to the shades of his Ross county estate. Every county in the district had its own favorite son which it was backing for the nomination. The convention met in Hillsboro on July 19 and cleared the decks for action by promptly endorsing "that great practical reformer, Samuel J. Tilden" for the presidency. It then proceeded to point with alarm to the record of the Republicans, passing unanimously the resolution, "Resolved, That the unparalleled corruptions of Republican rule call for the adoption of stringent measures in reform in administration of our National Government."

Six names were placed in nomination. On the first ballot, Neal, familiarly called "Nappy," led by a wide margin but he was unable to secure the majority of the votes necessary to clinch the nomination. The balloting continued all day with little change in the relative positions of the leading candidates. After forty-five ballots, the convention adjourned for the night. The next morning balloting was resumed and continued uninterruptedly until four o'clock the following morning. The break came on the eighty-ninth ballot when some of the candidates began to withdraw their names. Most of these threw their support to Dickey. On the ninety-fifth ballot, Dickey was nominated after the most hectic Democratic convention in the history of the district.

Mr. Dickey proved himself an astute campaigner. He carried the fight into enemy territory. He challenged his Republican opponent, Mr. Brown, to debate the issues of the day, but Mr. Brown was

clever enough to avoid the challenge. Mr. Dickey penetrated every nook and corner of the Seventh District. Great political rallies were staged—torch light processions, barbecues, and pole raisings. Pike county democrats distributed thousands of handbills inviting everybody to come to the Grand Rally at Waverly on November 4. It promised, "A free dinner will be prepared for all who come, a balloon ascension will take place, a Tilden pole will be raised, the Waverly Cornet Band will be present and a peerless array of speakers, including the Hon. H. L. Dickey in person, will discuss the issues of the day." The rival newspapers entered the contest with zest. The Republicans called the Democrats the "crow-eaters," while the Democrats dubbed the Republicans the lineal descendants of the "Know-Nothings." The *Sentinel* called the editor of the *Ross County Register* which had been particularly virulent in its attacks upon Mr. Dickey, "a lying, filthy, rotten-souled cur, a common libeller, a blackmailer, a villain who sold his influence to the readiest buyer" and other unprintable terms.

When the votes were counted after one of the most exciting elections in the history of the American people, Samuel J. Tilden was found to have received a majority of the popular vote but had failed to receive a sufficient number of the electoral votes to insure his election. There were loud outcries of fraud and manipulation on the part of the Democrats, but they did not change the outcome of the election. Mr. Dickey, however, came through with flying colors, winning his seat in Congress by over fifteen hundred majority. While the votes were still being counted, the *Brown County Sentinel* exultantly announced, "Now feel good all Dickey men. Lies, malice of the bitterest, grossest abuse, malignant envy and incarnate hate have been baffled and defeated. Private advices show Dickey to be running ahead of the state ticket. He is leaping along like a frightened deer."

And so Mr. Dickey went to Washington. It wasn't long before he found an issue. Delving into the hoppers where the Congressmen tossed their bills, he pulled out a number which, as he described it, "stank to heaven." Almost fifty of those bills, in carefully camouflaged terms, provided for thinly disguised railroad subsidies. Mr. Dickey gathered his ammunition and when everything was ready he fired the opening shot in his great Anti-Subsidy campaign. "With the uncompromising honesty of an old Democrat of the strict construction school founded by Jefferson"—to quote the words of the editor of the *Dayton Democrat*—he proceeded to riddle these subsidy bills in a speech which was widely quoted throughout the nation.

Mr. Dickey had prepared his campaign with great care and had fortified his position with a vast array of facts and statistics from the government's own files. He demonstrated, with great skill, that the government of the United States had given away to the

subsidists in the past more than one hundred and fifty-four millions of dollars and two hundred and eighty-five million acres of land, between the years 1862 and 1871. And still the subsidists weren't satisfied. They were out for more plunder and graft. Knowing that the country would not stand for any more of their plundering, they sought their end through secret subsidies.

At first those who were seeking subsidies—Mr. Dickey referred to them as "soulless corporations"—were confident that they could easily dispose of the "ignorant backwoods lawyer" but "it was the confidence of blindness," to quote from an editorial in the *Baltimore Evening Bulletin*. "The measures were killed," according to this editor, "when Mr. Dickey of Ohio delivered his masterly speech. No utterance of the present Congress was so thorough and exhaustive. The minutiae and detail which he presented startled the thoughtful members of Congress and awakened the fears of the insatiate railroad cormorants. Indeed, from the day of the delivery of the speech, the railroad subsidists have not had the ghost of a show for success."

Mr. Dickey had won his first tilt with the Big Interests and had added greatly to his reputation at home. He was returned to Congress in 1878 by an increased majority. He became a personage of note in the Capital City. Even Fannie B. Ward, whose *Capital Chit-Chat* was widely quoted throughout the country, took cognizance of his existence. She devoted several times the amount of space to Mr. Dickey that she did to another Congressman from Ohio by the name of William McKinley. She described his life in "the pleasant little city of Greenfield near Cincinnati, where he and his family are universally beloved. Judge Dickey is the most genial friend and large-hearted gentlemen in the world." She added, "Judge Dickey has just sold his handsome house in Greenfield and purchased a still more beautiful one in the suburbs of the city where fruit, flowers, etc. conspire together to make it one of the happiest homes for one of the most charming families in Christendom." This new home may be identified as "Avalon" on Lyndon avenue. In those days the grounds extended all the way from Fourth street to Washington. The house was built by Jacob Hyer about 1850. After his two terms in Congress, Mr. Dickey retired to Avalon, but continued to be an important figure in Democratic politics until his death, May 23, 1910.

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17.

The Murphy Movement

After the excitement created by the Praying Crusade had died down, the proprietors of the saloons began to open up their saloons again as unostentatiously as possible. They were more circumspect than they had been in the past, more regardful of public opinion,

less flamboyant in their disregard of the forces of law and order. But the reformation was merely temporary. The building of the new railroad, with the influx of workers, created a brisk demand for their product and soon they were going full blast with even less restraint than they had displayed before the chastening effect of the Crusade.

The railroad workers were a rough and ready group with plenty of money to spend, and few inhibitions. They were out to have a good time in their leisure hours and they had it according to their lights. Greenfield seems to have been the favorite rendezvous of all the workers within a radius of thirty miles. They poured into the town on Saturday nights, drinking and carousing in the saloons, fighting and brawling in the streets, giving the usually quiet and peaceful village the appearance of a frontier town. Mayor William Eckman and the Marshal, Dave Harris, had their hands full trying to maintain some semblance of law and order. The Calaboose was usually packed and jammed with drunken men.

This defiance of authority finally resulted in one of the most dramatic incidents in Greenfield's history. One Saturday night the workers came into Greenfield with the expressed intention of "tearing up the town." After "liquoring up" in the saloons, they were in an ugly mood. Aided and abetted by the more disreputable elements in the community, they swarmed through the streets, fulfilling their threat to tear things up. The demonstration had reached the proportions of a riot, when Mayor Eckman appeared on the steps of the Town Hall and ordered the mob to disperse.

The Mayor was greeted with hoots and jeers and threats of bodily harm when he tried to read the riot act, but the Marshal backed him up with a pair of drawn revolvers. The riot act was read. Then the Marshal, with some deputies, circulated through the crowd, arresting the ringleaders and leading them off to jail. The riot was quickly quelled and the streets cleared. The boisterous workers, convinced that the officials meant business, quickly shook the dust of Greenfield from their feet.

This incident, and many others, made Greenfield ripe for another temperance crusade. It was not long delayed. In 1877 the Murphy Movement hit Greenfield with all the force of a tornado, sweeping everything before it. The Murphy Movement was quite different in its methods and procedures from those of the Crusades. While it did not abandon the use of prayer, it definitely ruled out axes and hatchets. Its efforts were directed, not against the saloon-keepers and their establishments, but against the drinkers themselves. Its object was to convince the old toppers of the error of their ways and to seek their reformation through the medium of a pledge not to drink intoxicating liquors.

Mass meetings were held every night in the new Town Hall which was packed and jammed to its utmost capacity. The meetings

had all the fervor of an old time religious revival. One after another, the old toppers came forward and signed the pledge, and there was great happiness and rejoicing in many homes. The movement quickly spread from Greenfield to the surrounding country. It is said that eleven thousand men, women and children, fully forty per cent of the entire population of Highland county, signed the pledge. Much of the success of the Murphy Movement was due to the untiring efforts of Henry L. Dickey who was at that time a member of Congress. He gave unreservedly of his time and effort. In recognition of his services, he was presented with a silver cup and an eulogy embossed on silk at a great mass meeting. The presentation was made by Miss Nettie Fellers, one of Greenfield's most popular young women and a teacher in the schools.

18.

Rugged Individualists

Greenfield has always had more than its fair share of interesting personalities. Characters, our elders called them. Some were mildly eccentric. Some were non-conformists who didn't give a hoot what Mrs. Grundy had to say. A few were slightly "tetched" in the head, as my Greataunt Sarah Evans expressed it. There was an occasional "psychoceramic" which, freely translated, means "crackpot." All were rugged individualists who insisted on living their own lives in their own way. There was Nate Thurman, for instance, who hailed from the New Petersburg sector. He always made an impressive entrance into town, riding on the biggest horse in the world and wearing a tall and much battered stovepipe hat.

Billy Eckman, a brilliant lawyer and Mayor of the town, always carried an umbrella, rain or shine, so that he might be prepared for any emergency, as he dryly expressed it. Old Jonathan Logan performed one last service for many of the pioneers who slept in the Old Burial Ground. He carved the inscriptions upon their tombstones. It was a job that required a deft hand. He had to crowd almost the whole family history of the deceased upon the narrow sandstone marker, together with the actual number of years, months and days he had sojourned on earth and top it all off with some pious sentiment. Already Old Father Time is beginning to make good on his boast:

*"The graves that they lie in
They mark with their stones;
I efface the inscriptions,
I crumble their bones."*

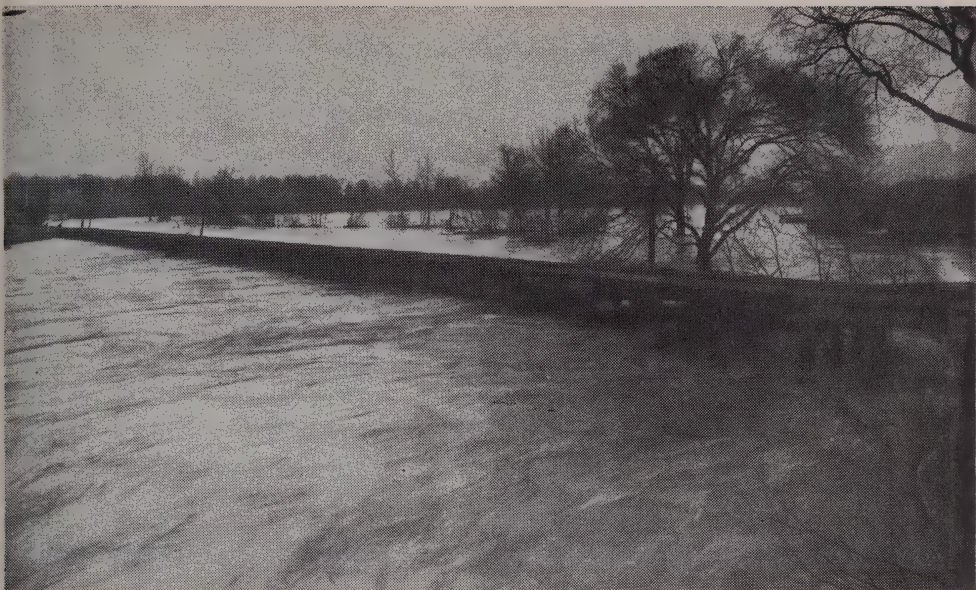
Dave Swiggard was a meek and hardworking farmer who lived north of town. Periodically he would come to town on a binge and, after a round of the taverns, ride out Washington street challeng-

ing everyone along the way to fight. One day Pump Sellers took him up and licked the daylights out of him. Pump was something of a character himself. The people of Greenfield have always had a penchant for bestowing nicknames upon their best-beloved citizens. We asked a number of Oldtimers what Pump's name really was. No one knew. They had never heard him called anything except Pump. Delving into the archives of the town, we discovered that he had actually been christened John Henry. It is not difficult to fathom the origin of his nickname. In an age when a pump was an indispensable fixture of every household, Pump Sellers sold pumps, installed pumps and repaired pumps. He was an energetic business man, a devout churchman and a leading citizen.

Old Billy Askew was a slightly demented town character who "toiled not neither did he spin." He wandered around the Greenfield area, sleeping in fence corners, stables and haystacks. He called every woman Betsy and every man Johnny. He made his rounds from house to house always calling at the backdoor about meal time. He would say, "Betsy, I want a cup of coffee and something to eat." No one ever refused his request. They always set the best they had to offer before him as he was rather caustic in criticizing the cookery of the housewives he patronized. He was a man of education and was sometimes heard repeating passages from Virgil and Horace. It was whispered that he had lost his mind over an unfortunate love affair — an always adequate explanation of the aberrations of old bachelors.

Ben Kingery was the town's weather prophet. He was an old bachelor who had sufficient means to live at the hotel. He spent his time wandering through the woods gathering herbs, wild cherry bark and sassafras which he gave to housewives. He could tell exactly the kind of winter to expect by watching the birds, animals and woolly-worms. Almost every man in town had a cane made from a curiously shaped limb which Ben had cut in the woods.

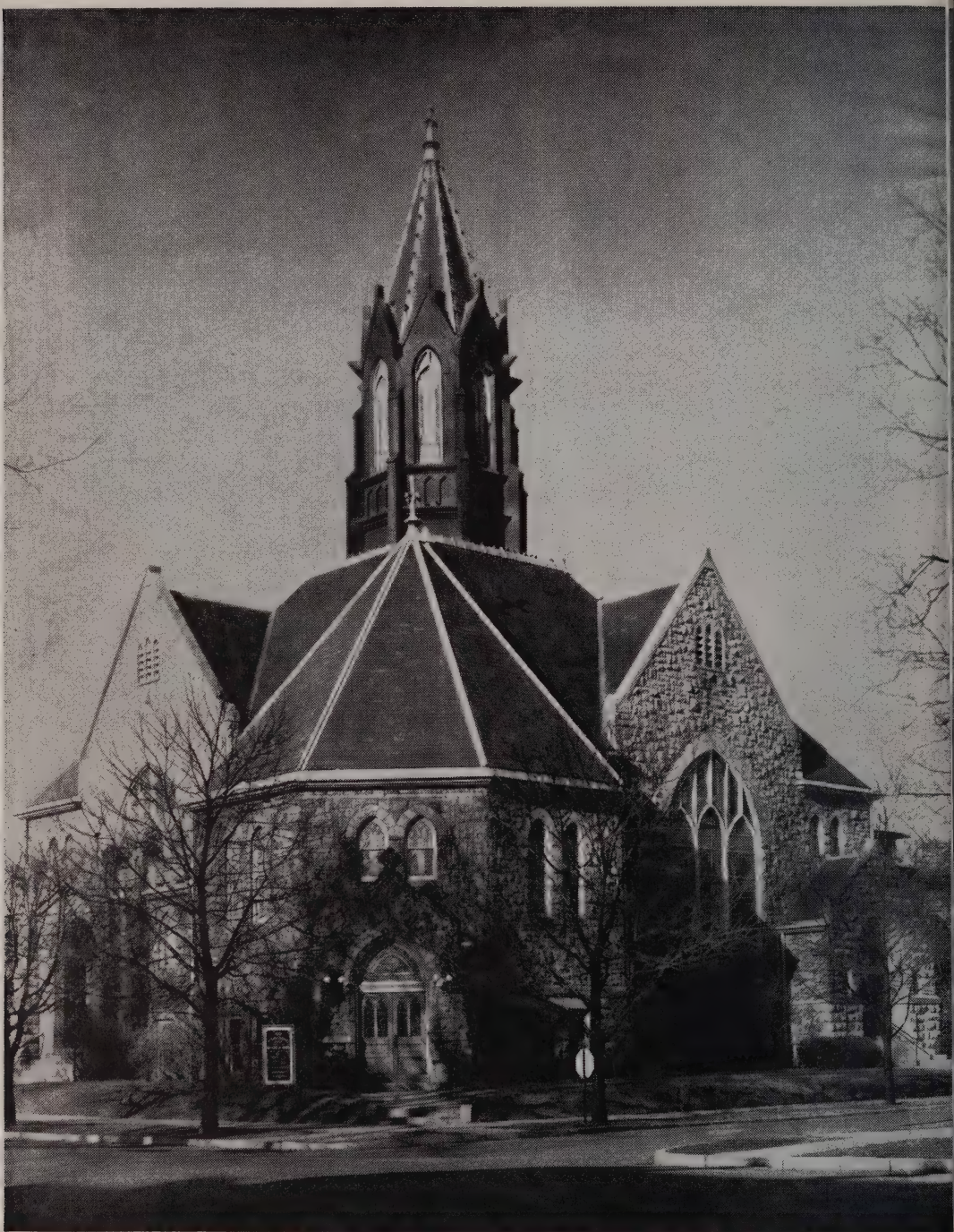
Many stories, some of them apocryphal no doubt, are related by Oldtimers about Joe and June Hudnell. One of the best is told by Harry Waddell about Joe, who, after he received his back pension, abandoned his three-legged horse and rickety express wagon for a spirited young steed and basket phaeton. "A large part of his back pension," according to Mr. Waddell, "was used to furnish his cabin in the hills. Some of the furniture was so tall that he had to saw off the legs to get it into the house. There was an organ or melodeon. His daughter having learned to play it, he invited some of his old cronies from town to see the wonderful instrument and to hear his daughter play. He told her to perform for the visitors but she was bashful or needed encouragement as usual with talented musicians. When he insisted, she finally asked him what she should play. He told her to give that one about "Nearer by God to Thee."



Flood of 1913
Above — The D. T. & I. Bridge

Below — Lower Mill

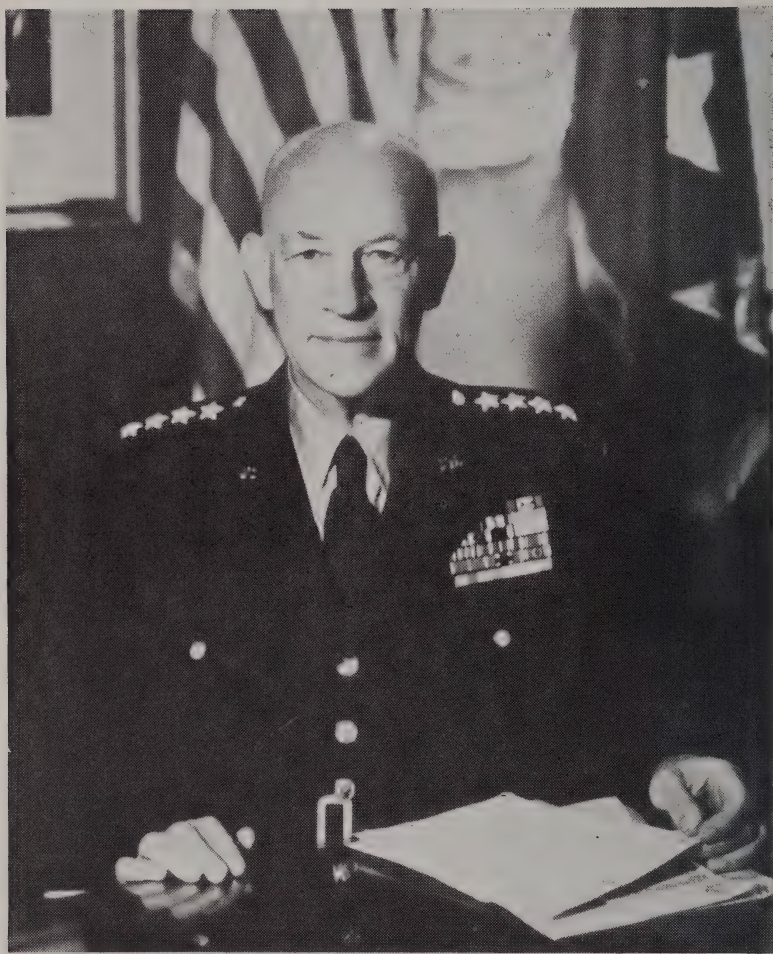




**First Methodist Church
Founded in 1804**



**Soldiers' Monument
With View of the Greenfield Cemetery
1908**



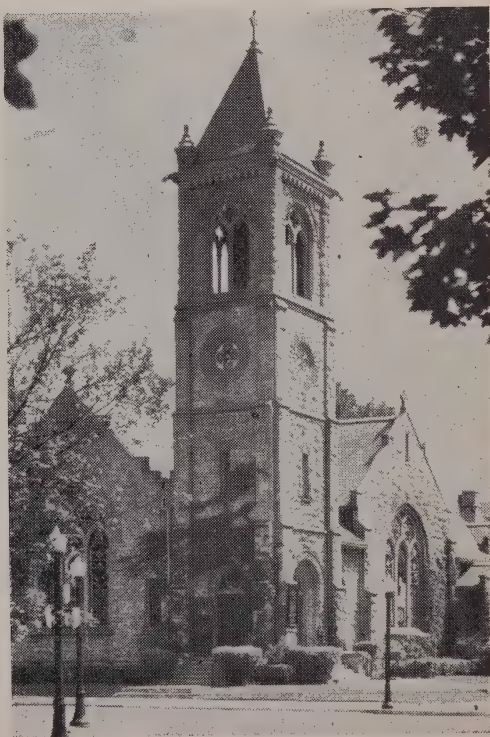
John Edwin Hull
Greenfield's Most Distinguished Citizen
Late Commander in Chief of all the Armies of the U. N. and
U.S.A. in the Far East.



East Main Street Today

**This
is
Greenfield
Past
and
Present**

**First Presbyterian
Church**

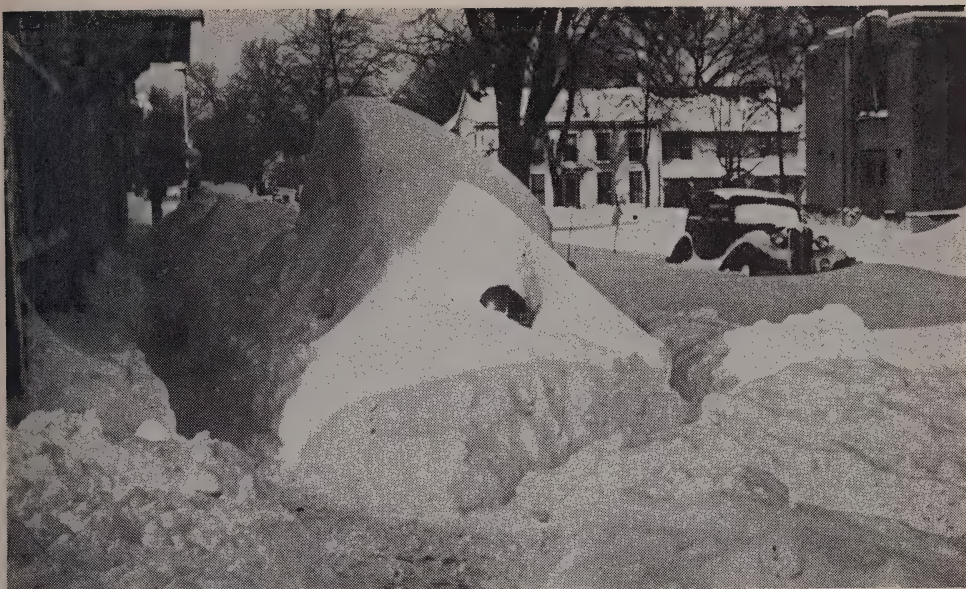




Business District East Main Street 1908



Town Hall Esplanade 1900



The Big Snow 1950



Winter Morning on West Main Street



St. Benignus Catholic Church



Pony Parade

The Mayor's court in Greenfield had June's life story fully documented. His own particular sidekick in town was Mahlon Swan, an old veteran who spoke with a peculiar nasal drawl. They were sometimes involved in rather questionable practices. On one occasion the two were brought before the Mayor. Each related a different story with disastrous effect for the two old comrades. As they were being conducted from the courtroom, Mahlon complained plaintively, "I told June that we ought to have an understanding out of court."

Old Ned Rains was the village cobbler and a good one, too. Mrs. A. L. McWilliams, who had at least a nodding acquaintance with all the people in this community in the Seventies, writes: "Ned made shoes in a little cubby-hole somewhere. He made our, or rather my, shoes. Menfolks wore boots, they were not sissy enough to wear shoes. In the Fall my father would measure the length of my feet with a wooden stick. From this Old Ned would create from cowhide my winter shoes. The strings were also made of strips of cowhide. As I remember, they wore well."

Another member of the Rains clan had a son named Daniel who appears to have been decidedly allergic to labor. Finally the old man pushed Daniel out into the cold, cold world. A few weeks later Daniel came sneaking back. "Father," he cried piteously, "I've come home to die." Father shook his head sadly. "No, Daniel," he replied, "You've come home to eat."

Another wanderer was J. N. Free, universally known as "the Immortal J. N." He asserted that he would never die and that everything should be as free as the air we breathe. He lived up to his philosophy. He traveled all over the state on the best trains, put up at the best hotels and ate at the best restaurants. He never paid a cent. One railroad president issued him a pass labeled valid "Until Hell freezes over," and another gave him one which read, "Good until Doomsday." He is said to have been a brilliant lawyer who lost his mind as the result of some great cataclysmic shock — probably another of those unfortunate love affairs.

The Immortal J. N. frequently visited Greenfield. On one occasion he seems to have overstayed his welcome at the *Harper House*. When he was ready to depart, Mine Host of the Harper offered to throw off only half of the bill. J. N. thanked him and replied that he would be equally generous. He would throw off the other half. The Immortal J. N. believed that he had a message for the world. While still a small boy, I remember standing on the Public Square and listening to him while he delivered an eloquent harangue before a curious but respectful crowd, sometimes talking intelligibly, sometimes trailing off into incoherencies. I remember vividly one of the phrases he used, "The veil is lifted, the pressure is removed."

John McMurdie was a mildly eccentric and somewhat irascible

old Scotchman whose "faults all leaned toward virtue's side." He lived in what is now known as the Jenaro Wolf house out on Washington street. Like all Scotchmen he was a wee bit thrifty but never stingy. He presented the finest cloak in town to the daughter of one of his friends. It had six large mother-of-pearl buttons which cost a dollar apiece — a fabulous sum in those days. She cherished those buttons all her life, displaying them with pride to her children and grandchildren. Mr. McMurdie performed one great service to the community. He established and maintained at his own expense the first public library in the town. It was located in a back room of the building which stood on the site of the present Round Corner Pharmacy. Even today volumes bearing the John McMurdie bookplate occasionally turn up in collections of books.

It is no unusual thing for an English family to occupy the same house for several hundred years. Americans, however, are a nomadic race like the Indians who preceded them. They rarely remain long enough in one spot to become rooted to the soil. Occasionally, a family may remain a generation or two in the same community but eventually its members seek greener and more alluring pastures somewhere else. The Greenfield community, however, has a family which has occupied the same house for six generations, an old farm house west of town substantially built of hand-riven timbers. The founder of the family was Isaiah Row — an "e" was added by some of his descendants. Isaiah was a rugged individualist. His signature is attached to the first deed recorded in Fayette county. It called for the plot of ground now occupied by Buena Vista.

It is not a matter of record when the Rowes migrated to Highland county but the deed for the old homestead is dated 1833. Successively, the homestead has been occupied by Isaiah's descendants, Samuel, Lewis, a Civil War veteran, Elmer and the present occupants, Maurice Rowe and his wife, Betty Jean, and their four children who bear the good old-fashioned family names, Malinda, Rebecca, Rachael and Jonathan Lewis. In his later years Samuel deeded the farm to his son Lewis with certain provisions which indicate that he was a canny old fellow. The deed, dated December 16, 1884, provides that "the said Lewis S. Row in consideration of the said Samuel Row having deeded to him the real estate herein described shall keep and support him, the said Samuel Row for and during his natural lifetime, board, clothe, wash and mend for him, provide all medical attention required in sickness and do for him everything required for his comfort and convenience both in health and in sickness."

Samuel thought of everything. He also specified that Lewis "is to keep and furnish buggy, horse and harness for the use of the said Samuel Row whenever he shall desire the same, said horse to be quiet and fit for him to drive and the harness kept in good re-

pair." And when the last summons should come and Samuel "shuffled off this mortal coil," Lewis was "to pay all expenses of last sickness and funeral expenses and erect a monument costing not less than forty dollars." Samuel apparently led "the life of Riley" for the rest of his natural life. Lewis carried out the provisions of the deed faithfully, paying the funeral expenses which, according to a receipt signed by J. M. Murray & Son, amounted to \$97. He erected a truly imposing monument at a cost of \$200 over Samuel's remains.

19.

Greenfield in 1880

An Oldtimer returning to Greenfield in the early Eighties has left us a pleasant picture of the town in that quiet and pastoral period: "In several places, where a decade ago, the cows and pigs found unmolested range upon the commons, I noticed comfortable homes surrounded by many indications of thrift and even elegance. Larger towns might laugh at painted porticos, bright doorknobs and picket fences as evidence of modern progress but to him who sees in them evidence of the rise in taste, honest pride and self-respect, they are worth a good deal as signs of the spirit of the times." Greenfield had a pleasant if not exciting social life which was duly recorded in the columns of the *Highland Chief*. "Among the holiday events," the editor recorded in 1880, "might be mentioned the two surprise parties gotten up by a few young ladies, the former a genuine surprise party to Miss Amy Norton by her Shakespearean friends, the latter the entertainment taking place at the residence of Hon. H. L. Dickey, eight or ten young ladies having prepared a repast for their gentlemen friends to whom they were escorts." Apparently the young ladies of 1880 were leap-year conscious.

An old ledger for the year 1883 gives us some idea of the cost of living in those days: Chickens 12½ cents apiece; flour \$5.00 a barrel; men's brogans \$1.35 a pair; cow and calf \$15.70; ham 16 cents a pound; whisky \$1.12 a gallon; coffin \$2.50. Cracked eggs, which could not be shipped to city markets, were sold at five cents a dozen at Wolfe's Packing House out on Fourth street. Almost everybody ate cracked eggs. During the busy season Wolfe packed 10,000 turkeys; 70,000 eggs; 20,000 ducks, geese and chickens and 100,000 pounds of butter in a single week. Turkeys in great droves were driven along the roads and streets of Greenfield to pens at the packing plant. It was an amazing sight. The proprietor, Henry Wolfe, built a large brick building on the corner of Fourth and McClain. In the course of time, produce packing ceased to be an important business. The packing house was acquired by Stanley Pike and in 1940 converted into the Pike Apartments. Henry's

son, Charles Wolfe, still runs the retail grocery established by his father.

It is said that a complete change in the personnel of business firms occurs every twenty-five years. There are a few hold-overs of course, chiefly those firms which are still operated by members of the same family under the original firm name. Three firms, which were catering to the Greenfield public in 1880, are still doing business. The oldest is the Murray Funeral Home which was founded by James Murray in 1852 and has rounded out a hundred years of service to the community. Mr. Murray died on March 27, 1901, and his son, who bore the same name, succeeded him in business. Young James gave his father a send-off befitting one who had buried almost all the citizens of Greenfield over a period of fifty years. The funeral cortege was one of the largest and most impressive in the history of the town. It was headed by a brass band playing funeral dirges. James Murray, Junior, operated the Funeral Home for almost half a century. After his death his widow continued the operation of the business under the management of Ralph Clyburn. When Mrs. Murray passed away, she left the business to Mr. Clyburn who still operates it under the name of the Murray Funeral Home.

C. C. Norton's Sons, wholesale and retail dealers in grain, seeds and feeds, was founded by Cephas Norton in 1868. He built a large frame warehouse on the present site of the Rand Theatre. It was the favorite rendezvous of the checker players of the period. The Nortons lived in a fine old stone mansion which stood where the Armory now stands. In 1906 Cephas Norton was joined by his two sons, Edward and Frank. Since the death of Edward Norton, the business has been carried on by Frank Norton with the aid of his son Richard.

Ever since 1880 Greenfield has had a Zinnecker Barber Shop. In that year Lou Zinnecker opened a shop on the second floor of the Smart building, now occupied by the Greenfield Furniture Company under the management of Leroy Brizius. In 1886 Lou was joined by his brothers Jake and Henry. In the course of time Jake acquired the shop and he, in turn, passed it on to his sons, George and Charles, who promise to carry on the family tradition for many years to come. When Zinnecker's opened in 1880 a haircut cost twenty cents, a shave ten cents. The shears had not yet been superseded by the electric clippers and the *Police Gazette* was the favorite magazine. Fastidious patrons had their own individual shaving mugs inscribed with their names. With the passage of the years Zinnecker's has kept pace with the changing vagaries of masculine tonsorial fashions—burnsides, goatees, the handle bar mustache, pompadours, the parted in the middle effect, the boogie, butch, flattop, crew, Mohican, burr, Don Eagle, duck-tail and the Prince Umberto. Many an Oldtimer, who had his first

professional hair cut at Zinnecker's, still returns to have the "fringe on top" trimmed by these gentlemanly "Knights of the Clippers."

W. J. York arrived in Greenfield in 1876. With his brother, George B. York, he established two brick yards in 1882. One was located on East Spring street, the other near Tenth street. All of Greenfield's brick houses of this era, including the York residence on Washington street, were built of local brick. During the Civil War period, Samuel G. Gadbury established a bakery which served the community until recent years. He was succeeded by his son, John M. Gadbury, and he in turn by his son Charles. Mr. Gadbury seems to have introduced the community to that delectable confection known as ice cream. There never was ice cream like Gadbury's ice cream, according to Oldtimers.

An old atlas reveals some interesting facts about Greenfield in the early Eighties. The B & O was known as the Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore Railroad. The town had begun to expand beyond the original town plat, particularly along Washington and Jefferson streets, with the Rucker and Arbuthnot subdivisions south of the tracks and the Mains, Mary Hyer and Robert Byram subdivisions in the West end. Large holders of unplatted real estate, now included in the corporation limits, were Joseph Rogers, Evans & Blain, Mrs. L. T. Robinson, Frederick Binder, Edward Leonard, Thomas M. Boyd, John Massie, Charles Strobel, Margaret Anderson, A. J. Kerr, Hugh S. Evans, A. J. Freshour, M. A. Goldsberry, John Simpson, Peter Dolphin, H. G. Ravenscraft, W. L. & C. T. Allen, R. H. Miller, W. W. Caldwell, W. E. Parrett, Daniel Buckley, E. H. Miller, M. A. McVey, John H. Hiatt, John Mader, Aaron Head, W. F. Wright, M. Jury, Allen Caldwell, William Cannon, Joseph P. Morrow, James M. McClelland, John Boyd, William McKell, J. M. Waddell, H. L. Dickey, Hannah Case, Peter Harris, Matilda Rucker and Charles Hirn. The Business Directory included H. L. Dickey, Attorney; W. H. Irwin, Attorney; R. R. Sprung, Editor of the *Enterprise*; M. B. Shimp, Proprietor *Harper House*; J. F. Waddell, Hardware; J. M. Murray & Son, Undertakers; C. S. Boyd, Livery Stable; W. T. Parker, Grocer and Insurance; W. P. Hughey, Justice of the Peace; Curtis & Massie, Carriage Manufactory; J. H. Sellers, Tannery on North Washington street; W. W. Hyer, Proprietor of *Grand Central Hotel*, located on East Jefferson street; J. C. Caldwell, Stock Dealer; E. W. Allen, Coal; Joseph J. Stauss, Atlantic House; Welsheimer & Fish, Flouring Mills; R. H. Miller, Real Estate; U. H. Merson, Physician; Mrs. L. T. Morrison, Round Corner Store; L. S. Martin, Supt. of Masonry, C W & B R. R.; W. H. Jury, Farmer; Frank Littler, Stock Dealer; Samuel W. Strain, Stock Dealer.

Viewed from the vantage point of 1880, the future growth of Greenfield did not appear very promising. Its citizens did not suspect that prosperity was "just around the corner"; that forces were

at work which, in a few short years, would transform their "greene countrie towne" into a small but thriving city, a boom town on a small scale. The impetus for this industrial development came from a group of smart young men who had been born and bred in Greenfield. They recognized the trend of the times and were quick to avail themselves of opportunities as they presented themselves.

20.

"Day of Remembrance"

In the burial grounds of Greenfield, soldiers of every war our country has ever fought, from the Revolution down to the Korean "police action," sleep their last sleep. It is eminently fitting that we should pause one day each year to recall the great services they have rendered our country and to rededicate ourselves to the preservation of the things for which they fought and died. It was General Logan, Commander of the *Grand Army of the Republic*, who suggested this *Day of Remembrance*. In 1868, he issued an order naming May 30 "for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet churchyard in the land." This *Day of Remembrance* was known at first as *Decoration Day*. It is now universally referred to as *Memorial Day*.

From the close of the *Civil War*, the people of Greenfield had decorated the graves of their soldiers in a simple and informal way but it was not until the organization of a local branch of the G.A.R. that *Memorial Day* was observed with impressive ceremonies. On August 20, 1881, the Gibson Post Number 180 of the G. A. R. was formed with twenty-six charter members. The first Commander was Captain T. M. Elliott. The charter membership was quickly increased to forty-six. The Post was named for Captain George Gibson who had died in the service of his country. A beautiful banner was presented to the Post by the widow of Captain Gibson and his son, G. H. Gibson.

On May 30, 1884, the first *Memorial Day* exercises were held under the auspices of the Gibson Post. In honor of the occasion an elaborate booklet was issued from which we make a few excerpts:

"Early in the morning, the Committee on Grounds was earnestly at work seating the City Hall Park, and by noon all was finished, including a handsomely decorated speakers' and band stand. Across the speakers' stand was stretched the legend, in white letters and black background: 'God reigns and the government at Washington still lives.' Then around the pillars were wrapped the National Colors. There was a profusion of pot-plants and flowers about the speakers' stand. At 1:30 p.m. Seidensticker's band of Cincinnati

escorted the Gibson Post from their Hall to the platform in the Park."

A full account of the elaborate program follows. The principal address of the occasion was given by the Hon. M. J. Williams of Washington C. H. who was introduced by Mayor W. H. Eckman. "During the delivery of the oration," according to the pamphlet, "the crowd was held spell-bound. It betrayed a depth of thought, study and patriotism such as had never been accomplished here on any similar occasion." The crowd was estimated at three thousand persons. After the address the procession formed, headed by Seidensticker's band. It proceeded to the *Old Burial Ground* and then to the *New Cemetery*. First came the decorating committee consisting of forty-six young ladies and gentlemen, captained by Misses Mary Love, Flora Mitchell, Addie Roten and Lou Dunlap. The speaker and guests of honor followed in carriages. The Civil War veterans, marching on foot, made an impressive showing. Memorial Days of later years followed very much the same pattern. The decorating committee was succeeded by the *Ladies Relief Corps* which assumed much of the work of the occasion.

As the years went by, the number of marching men steadily decreased as the old soldiers went to join their comrades in the City of the Dead. The *Sons of Veterans* was organized in 1913 to carry on the functions which the G. A. R. was no longer able to perform. For a while veterans from the Spanish-American War helped fill the gaps in the ranks of marching men but by the year 1917 the Memorial Day parade was made up largely of patriotic organizations interested in keeping alive this *Day of Remembrance*. Two wars, world wide in their scope, have since swollen the ranks of marching men and given a new significance to *Memorial Day*. The last survivor of the Gibson Post of the G. A. R. was Luther Depoy, a soldier and the descendant of soldiers. He passed away May 13, 1938.

21.

The Boy with the Big Idea

When William Howard Taft, President of the United States, visited Greenfield in 1912, he expressed one request. He wanted to meet "the boy with the big idea," as he expressed it. The "boy with the big idea" was none other than Edward Lee McClain but he was, at that time, no longer a boy but a man of vigorous middle age, the head of a great industrial enterprise. The "big idea" had been incorporated in that enterprise. Edward Lee McClain, Greenfield's famous industrialist and philanthropist, was born in Greenfield on May 30, 1861, the descendant of Highland County's oldest pioneer settler. He had had a typical boyhood of the Seventies.

He went to school in the old Seceders' church which had been converted into a school house, and later in the Old Seminary building. He played ball on the lot back of the school building which later was occupied by his mammoth industrial plant. He went swimming in Job's Hole and was one of the sixteen boys who were corraled by the Marshal and lectured by the Mayor on the impropriety of bathing in the altogether. He worked in his father's saddlery shop after school hours and carved his initials on his father's desk. They are still there. When some of the boys "sneaked" up into the Town Hall tower and carved their names and initials, he climbed to the very top and carved his name above all the rest.

One day in the spring of 1881, young Ed McClain — he was barely twenty years of age at the time — was attracted by a serious commotion in front of his father's harness shop which stood on Washington street just back of the Round Corner store. A farmer was trying to adjust one of the old-fashioned circular collar pads over the head of a balky horse. The pad was finally adjusted without any fatalities but the incident left a deep impression upon the mind of the twenty year old youth. A pad of some kind was a necessity to keep the horse's collar from galling the neck of the animal. They were made up by the local saddler for the local trade. They were always made circular in form to keep them from slipping off the shoulders of the horse but nothing was provided to keep them in place beneath the collar.

Why not make a pad open at the bottom so that it could be readily adjusted, with a flexible metal hook which would slip over the edge of the horsecollar and hold it firmly in place? This was "the Big Idea" which occurred to young Ed McClain. But a big idea is no bigger than the man who conceives it. In fact, big ideas are about a dime a dozen unless they are backed up by a dynamic personality. Young Ed McClain had a dynamic personality. He could get things done. He decided to try out his big idea on the farmers of the community. Young Ed's father, however, was not impressed by the big idea so he determined to try it out on his own responsibility. A small areaway separated the harness shop from the rear entrance to the Round Corner store which was owned and operated by Mrs. L. T. Robinson, a friend of young Ed. He stepped across the areaway and sought Mrs. Robinson. He explained his big idea to her in detail. She was deeply impressed, not so much by the idea as by his youthful enthusiasm. She offered to advance him, on credit, a bolt of unbleached muslin.

Young Ed then went to the village smithy and had him forge some hooks of his own designing. He then proceeded to make up a few pads in the back room of the harness shop. The first pad was made on November 1, 1881. After the new pads, provided with hooks, had been finished, a few farmers were induced to try them

out. They worked to perfection. Young Ed decided that the idea was too big merely for local consumption. There must be millions of horses and ponies, jacks and jinnies in this vast country, he reflected, just waiting for a pad with hooks on it. He secured a patent on his hook and proceeded to manufacture the pads on a scale commensurate with his limited quarters.

For a brief period he was associated with W. H. Anderson, familiarly known as "Pete," in an informal partnership. The young men soon discovered that it was necessary not only to make pads but to sell them. Jobbing houses which handled harness and saddlery goods seemed the best outlet. As St. Louis was the center of such jobbing houses the young partners decided to make a trip to St. Louis to interest the jobbers of the Mississippi metropolis in their pads for horses. The visit did not go unnoticed by the *Highland Chief* which was noted for its bucolic humor: "W. H. Anderson of the firm of McClain & Anderson is a stylish gentleman. It is said that recently when he and his partner were in St. Louis the newspapers there described them as a pair of dudes. We don't know enough about dudes to say whether this was complimentary or not, but if St. Louis means anything else, we challenge them to produce any pair from their city by the big creek more gallant, more elite or more polite than these noble, enterprising, even elegant young men." We have no way of knowing whether the challenge was accepted or not.

Mr. Anderson soon withdrew from the partnership and Mr. McClain was left to carry on the business alone, a tremendous task for a young man who had barely attained his majority. He was confronted by the manifold problems of the manufacture, distribution and financing of his product but he never lost faith in his "big idea." The small room in the rear of his father's saddlery store soon proved inadequate. He rented the second floor of the building which stood on the present site of the Welfare Finance Corporation's building and later the old Odd Fellows' building. About this time the Board of Education decided to erect a new and modern school building and offered the old Seminary building for sale. Mr. McClain purchased it for the sum of \$2,000. The rapidly expanding business was moved to the new quarters. Above the entrance was inscribed "The E. L. McClain Manufacturing Company" and the sign which, for many years, remained the trade mark of the company—a fiery horse's head, the Carthaginian emblem of energy, encircled by a horse shoe, the emblem of good fortune and success.

The old adage, "Nothing succeeds like success," certainly applied to Success Sweat Collar Pads. In 1887, just six years after the founding of the new industry, the daily output of the factory was three hundred dozen pads. To finish these, 2,160,000 steel hooks were required. The factory employed two hundred and fifty workers and required three and one-half acres of floor space for its op-

erations. Five hundred and sixty miles of drilling were required — “enough to enclose the whole state of Ohio exclusive of the Lake Shore or enough to make a triumphal banner a yard in width reaching from Greenfield to Chicago.” During this period Mr. McClain had built an efficient and loyal organization headed by his younger brother, Arthur McClain, as factory manager. Tom Cleveland, Charles Davis and Tom Blackburn occupied key positions in this organization. Some of these men remained with him until his retirement from the active management of the concern.

The year 1887 also marks the most serious setback Mr. McClain experienced in his entire industrial career. There are always men who are ready and willing to profit by other men's ideas. As soon as it became evident that a flexible metal hook attached to a sweat collar pad was a highly profitable idea many imitators sprang up, infringing upon Mr. McClain's patent rights. Mr. McClain brought suit against these men. The case finally reached the Supreme Court of the United States where in a decision, bristling with technicalities, the right to patent a hook of this description was denied. This decision is still frequently cited in patent cases. Mr. McClain was disappointed but not discouraged by the adverse decision. He decided that the best way to meet competition was to produce a better pad than his competitors could produce and sell it at a lower price.

Pads had always been made of white drilling. Mr. McClain built his own dye plant where the white drill could be dyed any desired color. He experimented with various colored drills ranging from brown to red. He soon discovered that the trade preferred old gold to any other color. To improve the looks, a thin strip of red felt was stitched into the edge of the pad. The famous “red edge” pads soon dominated the market. He set about producing a new hook which would be superior to any his competitors could produce, a flexible, tempered, springy hook which would slip easily on or off the collar and yet hold it firmly in place, a rust proof hook which would not be affected by the sweat of the horse. To produce such a hook he built his own metal working plant where the hooks were drawn, tempered, enameled and rendered impervious to rust. To make the hook distinctive it was enameled red. No competitor was ever able to produce such a hook and this fact was quickly noted by the trade. Success Sweat Collar Pads became the standard by which all pads were judged.

In order to wear well, a pad must be made of the best materials. Special attention was given to the stuffing material which can make or mar a pad. It must be light and resilient to prevent packing and it must be skillfully quilted inside the outer covering. Mr. McClain developed a bewildering array of new machines for this purpose. For the preparation of the stuffing material there were shredders, pickers, blowers and magnets for removing pieces of metal. Every

operation, as far as possible, was done automatically. Every type of stuffing material was carefully examined and tested. Eventually, Mr. McClain adopted a fiber known as jute as the basic material. A certain percent of goat or cattle hair and cotton shearings was added. For the finer grades of pads, deer and reindeer hair were used. Jute is a coarse fibrous material produced from the Indian flax and is grown chiefly in the Indian province of Bengal. Mr. McClain imported immense quantities of jute. Deer hair is a highly expensive stuffing material imported chiefly from Canada and Siberia where great numbers of deer and reindeer are slaughtered for food. Before tanning the pelts the hair is removed, baled and shipped to the United States. For many years Mr. McClain's purchases dominated the deer hair market of the world.

By 1890 Success Sweat Collar Pads were found in almost every harness and saddlery shop in the United States and Canada. Large quantities were shipped to Australia and the Argentine. Millions of horses and ponies, jacks and jinnies wore the pad with the bright red edge. You could see them on every street throughout the country. Envious neighbors sometimes referred to Greenfield as *Padville on the Paint*. The citizens of Greenfield were proud of the sobriquet. During the first half of 1893 the output of the plant increased by 35% over the corresponding period of the previous year. And then the great panic hit America with devastating effect. The orders declined by 65% in a period of six months. But Mr. McClain never lost faith in the future of America. He kept his factory in operation when virtually all industry had come to a standstill, storing the pads in large warehouses in anticipation of the day when the business skies would clear. Thanks to this far-sighted policy, Greenfield weathered the panic without serious effects.

22.

A Hectic Campaign

Fights and brawls were common occurrences during political campaigns in the Eighties. It was customary in those days for the successful party to stretch a huge banner across Main street commemorating their victory. In the gubernatorial election at which Campbell, a Democrat, was opposed to Foraker, a Republican, the early election returns indicated that Foraker had been elected by a substantial margin. The Republicans brought out their banner, stretched it across the street, and then went home and went to bed. In the morning when they came down street, they found to their amazement that a huge banner had been substituted for their own by the Democrats. It was a rather crude picture, depicting a camel eating off of "four acres." The political tide had turned during the night and Campbell had won the governorship.

The presidential campaign of 1884 was undoubtedly the most hectic since the days of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." The Republicans had been in power since the *Civil War* but their fortunes were beginning to wane. For the first time, the Republicans nominated a man who had not been a military figure in the great conflict, a civilian by the name of James G. Blain who was referred to by the orators of the day as the "Plumed Knight." The Democrats also nominated a civilian by the name of Grover Cleveland. The campaign in Greenfield was signalized by great torchlight processions with flamboyant banners and brilliant transparencies. As the marching men proceeded up Main street, setting off Roman candles, they looked like a long, undulating, fiery dragon. The Democrats and the Republicans arranged their parades for the same night. The two rival contingents converged on the same point. The inevitable happened. In the ensuing riot bricks, clubs, rocks and even knives were brought into play. There was a "hot time in the old town" that night. Cleveland, however, defeated the Plumed Knight, bringing the Democratic party back into power after twenty-five lean years.

Greenfield has been visited by a number of the Presidents of the United States although most of the visits have been confined to the rear end of their private trains. In 1878 Rutherford B. Hayes addressed the crowd which had gathered at Washington street and waved his broad-brimmed hat as the train pulled out of the station. In 1889 Benjamin Harrison visited Greenfield. An immense crowd had gathered at the depot to catch a glimpse of the Chief Executive, but the President's private car stopped at Second street where a mere handful of people were assembled. Mr. Harrison came out on the platform, viewed the architectural splendors of the Zollicoffer and returned to his private car just as the train passed the disappointed crowd at Washington street.

Woodrow Wilson made a short speech from the rear end of a B & O car in the 1916 campaign, shook hands with the citizens who crowded around and waved at the twelve hundred school children who were massed at the depot. Two other presidents made addresses in Greenfield but not during their terms as President. They were Governor William McKinley and Senator Warren G. Harding. Governor McKinley attended the funeral of State Senator J. M. Hughes which is described as "the largest and most impressive ever held in Southern Ohio."

The only President of the United States who, during his term of office, made a major address in Greenfield was William Howard Taft. He spoke from a stand which had been erected on the Public Square. It was during the famous Bull Moose campaign in 1912. The address was a defense of his administration against the attacks of Theodore Roosevelt. As there was a considerable amount of Bull Moose sentiment in Greenfield, only a few hundred people turned

out to greet the President of the United States and the chief impression that they carried away was a picture of the ponderous President carefully and laboriously backing down from the bandstand. "For the first time in my life," one Oldtimer expressed it, "I realized that a President of the United States was just an ordinary man like the rest of us." The crowd that greeted President Taft was in marked contrast to the great crowd which turned to greet William Jennings Bryan on one of his unsuccessful campaigns. The crowd was estimated at fifteen thousand people, the largest at that time in the history of the town.

23.

When the Bridge Went Down

The iron bridge at the foot of Main street is the third bridge which has spanned *Paint creek* at that point. The old covered bridge, built in 1835, was replaced by another wooden bridge in 1869. This bridge was the scene of one of the memorable episodes in Greenfield's history. Oldtimers still speak with awe of the time when the bridge went down. Every spring *Paint Creek Valley* is the scene of high waters. The creek overflows its banks and spreads over the bottom lands, looking like a placid lake when viewed from Greenfield's hilltops. Sometimes the high waters, augmented by unusual rains and melting winter snows, become a veritable flood. The *Paint* is on the rampage and that section of the stream north of the bridge becomes a seething whirlpool filled with logs and other debris. The spring of 1884 was marked by the most disastrous floods in the history of *Paint creek*. The old wooden bridge afforded an excellent point of vantage from which to view the roaring, raging flood.

On the morning of February 6, the news swept through the town that the middle pier of the bridge had given way before the buffetings of the flood and that half the bridge had been swept down the stream, carrying with it four persons. The bridge with its human cargo had lodged in the treetops near the B & O Railway bridge. The involuntary passengers were later identified as Philip McCann, William Davis, John Smith and Councilman Hallam. Soon the hills in the vicinity of the stranded bridge were filled with crowds of spectators, speculating upon how long the bridge would hold together. Everybody was voluble with suggestions for ways to rescue the marooned men but it remained for James P. Lowe to make an attempt to relieve the men from their dangerous position. If the bridge broke up, the men would be precipitated into the rushing torrent with little hope of reaching the shore in safety.

"Jim," as he was familiarly known, was a large powerful man. He had been a blacksmith in his youth and at this time was the

owner and manager of the important carriage factory and blacksmith shop which stood on the southwest corner of Washington and Lafayette streets. Jim procured a boat and attempted to row out to the bridge but the boat was caught up by the current and swept down stream. Jim was thrown out and narrowly escaped drowning but, being a powerful swimmer, managed to reach the shore. Nothing daunted, he made a second attempt, taking the boat up stream where he could take advantage of the current. This time he managed to reach the bridge and brought two of the men safely to shore. By this time the bridge was breaking up so rapidly that it was evident that the work of rescue must be hastened. A long rope and a ball of stout twine were secured. Bunk Cork, who was noted for the distance and accuracy with which he could throw the ball, was called upon. He attached a stone to the twine and threw it with all the force of his mighty right arm. After several attempts, it was caught by the men on the bridge. A rope was attached to the twine and this in turn drawn to the bridge. The boat followed and the two remaining prisoners were brought to shore just as the bridge broke up with a resounding crash. A grateful citizenry presented Mr. Lowe with a gold watch in token of his heroic efforts.

Some years later, the new iron bridge, which replaced the one that had been swept away, was the scene of an appalling tragedy. It was during another period of high waters. Larry Grimes was standing on the bank above the bridge when someone dared him to jump in and swim across. Larry was a boy who never took a dare. Before the spectators fully realized what he was going to do, he had leaped into the seething whirlpool. Several days later, Larry's body was found in the mud and bushes far down the creek. Larry never took another dare.

24.

Better Mouse Traps

"If a man builds a better mouse trap, though he build his house in the wilderness, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Ralph Waldo Emerson said something to that effect — or perhaps it was Elbert Hubbard. Authorities are not quite sure who actually said it, but Greenfield had a man who actually did it. He built a mouse trap so superior to anything on the market that, within the space of four years, he sold five hundred thousand of those mouse traps to a grateful world. The builder of the better mouse trap was John M. Waddell, but the mouse trap was just a minor incident in a remarkable industrial career. In 1888 John M. Waddell founded the John M. Waddell Manufacturing Company. The company was the outgrowth of a domestic incident. One morning the cook in the

Waddell home failed to show up and Mr. Waddell volunteered to grind the coffee in the old box coffee mill, an elusive piece of mechanism which had to be held firmly between the knees. The struggle to hold the contraption in place suggested to Mr. Waddell's fertile mind the idea of producing a coffee mill with a handle attached. He began the manufacture of a new and improved coffee grinder in 1889 in the old elevator building which had been built by his father in 1854. This building was enlarged and modernized and a number of other buildings added in the course of a few years.

Mr. Waddell added to his coffee mill a cash register known to the trade as the "Simplex." It was operated at first by marbles and later by steel balls. When the motion picture "Cimarron," depicting the hectic days of the land rush to Oklahoma, was produced a few years ago, an old "Simplex" cash register was used to create an authentic atmosphere in the primitive trading post. Eventually, the company was incorporated, stock was sold and a board of directors elected. Differences of opinion arising, Mr. Waddell withdrew from the company. Its name was changed to the Sun Manufacturing Company and under that name it operated until 1904 when the factory was sold to the Columbus Show Case Company and removed to Columbus. Its factory building, just south of the B & O Railroad tracks on Fourth street, is still standing. In its most prosperous days, it had a hundred employees, mostly highly skilled cabinet makers.

Mr. Waddell organized a new company known as the Waddell Wooden Ware Works. It manufactured cash registers, money drawers, coffee mills, animal traps, toys, puzzles, games and novelties. Its registered trademarks were familiar to the trade throughout the country:

Ki-o-graph Cash Registers

Ideal Coffee Mills

Go Bang Rat Traps

Kodak Rat Traps

Uwanta Hammock Swings

Nip and Tuck Combination Paper Weight.

The company also manufactured ink stands, folding clothes racks, bicycle rims and show cases which were turned out in immense quantities, and rural delivery tables and cases. Eighteen thousand of these tables and cases were manufactured for the government when Rural Free Delivery was first established. On November 2, 1901, one of the factory buildings designated as Number 2, was completely destroyed by fire with all its stock. Before the ashes were cold, J. M. Waddell was on his way to buy new machinery for a new factory. Eventually, the company concentrated on the production of show cases and store fixtures, producing from eighteen thousand to thirty thousand pieces of furniture a year. Practically every city, town and hamlet in the United

States has some of the Waddell products. J. M. Waddell died in 1922. The factory, under the name of the Waddell Company, is still operated by members of his family.

25.

Political Boss

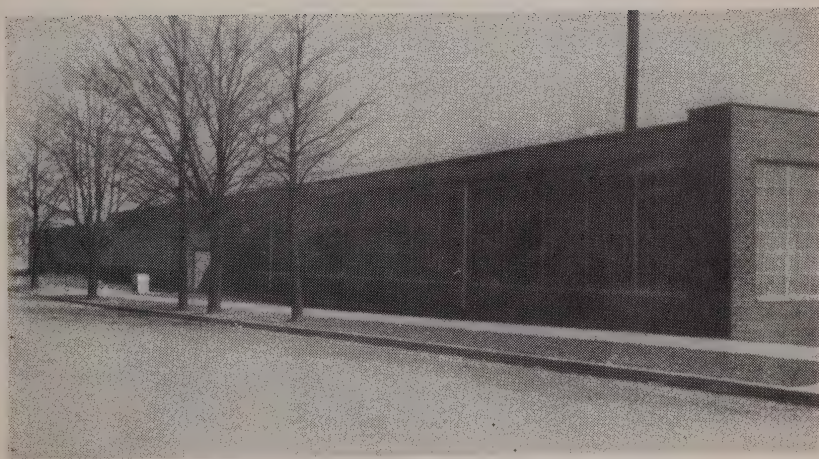
Bub Powell, better known as "Big Dick," was the Boss Cox of Greenfield during the Eighties. He was a big powerful man physically, with a dominating and domineering personality inherited, it was said, from his mother. Many people were afraid of him. His father, Scott Powell, was a blustering individual who carefully avoided physical contacts. Bub kept a saloon in the room now occupied by the Diamond Grill. Here he had his political headquarters, carefully mapped out his political strategy and met his henchmen. He knew all the political angles and could have given Boss Cox many pointers on how to operate a political machine. He was also a man given to generous impulses which certainly did not militate against his political popularity. Scott Powell was an important cog in Bub's machine which elected him Town Marshal year after year. I remember one of those elections. I was only about ten years old but, like all youngsters, I liked excitement, and, on election day, I mingled with the crowds on the Public Square. The ballot box was placed in one of the windows of the Town Hall. The voters dropped their ballots in the box as they passed by. The Australian system of secret voting was unknown in those days. I noticed that many of the voters would approach Bub's henchmen standing on the corner and receive a "properly" marked ballot. They marched straight up to the ballot box, holding the ballot in their right hand and dropped it in. There was no possibility of switching ballots. I remember hearing that the retail price for votes was one dollar apiece.

The sporting element of Greenfield and vicinity frequented Bub's saloon. Bub himself followed the races. He owned a choice bit of horseflesh, a beautiful young mare he had named "Minnie P" after his sister. Minnie P created something of a stir on the county fair circuit. A common sight on warm summer nights was Minnie P, hitched to a stylish phaeton, trotting along the streets of the town with Minnie Powell, a big, buxom, handsome woman, manipulating the lines. As befitted the station of a political boss, the Powells lived in the fine brick mansion with mansard roof on the northeast corner of Second and South streets.

Bub believed in an "open town" and Scott, in his capacity of Town Marshal, did not interfere with the saloons. Probably at no time in the history of Greenfield were the laws governing the opening and closing of saloons, Sunday closing and other regula-



Wilknot Hosiery Company — formerly Masonic Temple



U. S. Shoe Corporation — Makers of Red Cross Shoes



**Panoramic View
Crowd that Greeted William Jennings Bryan**



Chautauqua Days



Greenfield Chautauqua

Seated on platform with Bryan are Prof. J. S. Arnott and Rev. Freeley Rohrer



Camping Out



"The Great White-Tented City"



Auditorium which replaced the Circus Tent 1915



Caravan Advertising Chautauqua 1908



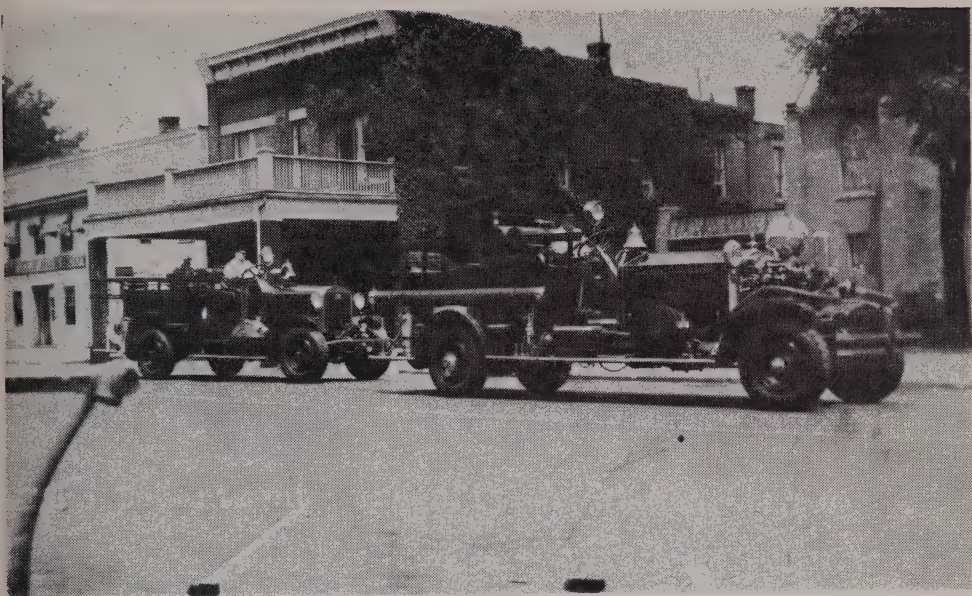
When the Paint Dried Up 1937



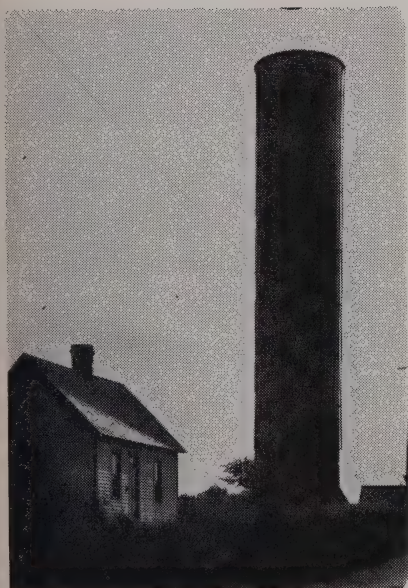
**The Road to South Salem
Last Covered Bridge near Greenfield**



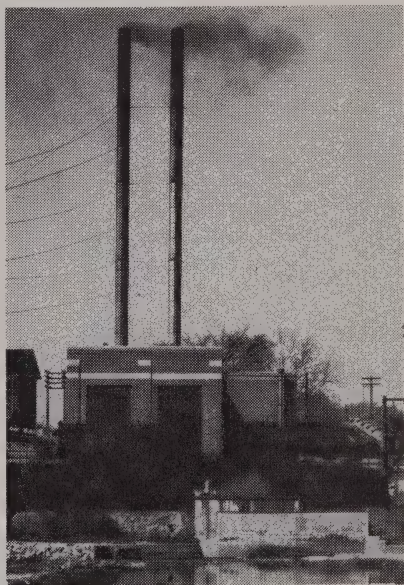
**South Salem Academy
Alma Mater of Many Famous Men**



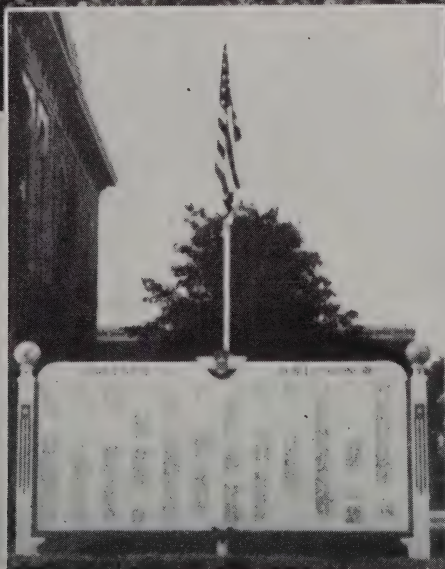
**Fire Fighters
Headquarters and Motorized Equipment**



Old Standpipe



Power Plant



Homecoming Day, World War I

tions so openly violated. One or two drinking places tried to maintain respectable establishments, observing the laws, but most of the saloons went along with Bub. And probably, at no time in the history of the community were the temperance forces so impotent. The good people of Greenfield fretted and fumed and fulminated against the saloon but the crusading spirit of the preceding decades seems to have been lacking. There were temperance speeches in all the churches and everybody agreed that something ought to be done about it, but no one was willing to take the initiative. The fact was that almost everybody in Greenfield was afraid of Big Dick.

The good ladies of neighboring New Martinsburg did "do something about it" when two liquor dispensaries opened up in that peaceful little hamlet where the dog fennel grows luxuriantly. It was in 1883 and 1884 that the open saloon invaded New Martinsburg. The church ladies took their chairs and their knitting in the evenings and sat out in front of the saloons. Although the business at the bar was considerably disrupted by the presence of the ladies, the two establishments refused to close their doors. One of the saloon keepers, however, changed his mind when he found one morning a keg of black powder with burned-out fuse on his steps. The other, however, refused to budge. One night a crowd surrounded the saloon and pelted it with stones the whole night long. At daybreak, the proprietor and his family emerged from their beleaguered edifice and embarked for parts unknown. That was the last of the open saloon in New Martinsburg.

Boss rule carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction. Eventually, Boss Powell's machine was upset. G. W. Milholland, an honest and capable man, was elected Mayor of Greenfield. Under date of July 28, 1891, the local paper records: "The hearing of charges against High Marshal Scott Powell has at last been set for Wednesday evening. After the third attempt the prosecution succeeded in drawing up the service on Powell in such legal form as would stick. The first paper failed to specify that Powell was Marshal of Greenfield, the second lacked the requisite number of seals and S.S.'s, but, at the meeting of the Council on Thursday night, the technical defects were remedied and Powell has been properly summoned to appear before that august body on Wednesday to answer the charges preferred against him by three citizens of the town. The charges are of a most serious nature, involving among other things the extorting of money from prisoners and failing to make proper returns of money received to the Council. The hearing of the case is expected to bring out some rich and startling developments."

Even though the decade from 1880 to 1890 shows very little effective work against the saloon, the foundation was being laid for a new and far more forceful campaign against the forces of intemperance. Greenfield had a vigorous branch of the newly

organized *Women's Christian Temperance Union* which was the outgrowth of the *Praying Crusade*. The W. C. T. U. attacked the temperance problem at its root—the education of the youth of the country to the evils of intemperance. It concentrated its efforts on the introduction of temperance instruction into the schools. The immediate results may have been meager but the ultimate results were far reaching. On June 4, 1895, the *Anti-Saloon League* was organized in Oberlin, Ohio. It approached the problem of the open saloon from an entirely new angle. It was a non-partisan organization. It supported or opposed candidates for office, not on the basis of their political affiliations, but on the basis of the stand they took on temperance legislation and law enforcement. Its first triumph was the Haskell local option bill. The *Anti-Saloon League* was destined to become the most powerful political force in America but its history belongs to the Twentieth century rather than to the closing decade of the old century.

26.

Leader of the Band

No one can overestimate the importance of a big brass band in building and maintaining community morale. No one ever grows so old that he does not feel again the thrill he has experienced on many occasions—the thrill that comes when the band begins to play and the local boys in their bright uniforms come strutting down the street. It adds a bit of color and pageantry to the humdrum of every day life. For the boys in the band, however, life is not one long series of parades punctuated by the plaudits of the multitude. There is hard, grueling work behind public appearances. But no band ever attained perfection without the drudgery of rehearsals. The responsibility for keeping a temperamental group of musicians at work and making them like it rests with the leader of the band. A successful bandmaster is a "pearl of great price." He must be, of course, a capable musician. He must command the respect and loyalty of his men. He must be something of a diplomat in dealing with the many situations that arise, an efficient business man, a sympathetic soul imbued with some of that missionary spirit which puts the spreading of the gospel of music above personal gain. At least that is the picture of the successful bandmaster in a small town which has never been invaded by Petrillo.

Within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Greenfield has had three outstanding bandmasters—Robert Kincaid, the organizer of the famous Kincaid Sax Horn Band, Jerry Price, the local photographer and Ralph Price, the most finished musician the town has yet produced. All have gone to their reward but all are still remembered by a grateful citizenry. The Civil War completely

disrupted Kincaid's Sax Horn Band. Most of the members served in the armed forces of their country with credit and distinction. Some of them returned to Greenfield after the war was over but it was not until 1867 that a reorganization was effected. On February 15, 1868, the *Highland Chief* records that a band concert was held in Baldwin's Hall for the purpose of raising funds for purchasing a bandwagon for the Greenfield Band. The meeting seems to have been successful as the bandwagon, seating forty musicians, was ultimately purchased. It was a gorgeous affair of gold and red, the front shaped like a swan's neck. In their imposing chariot, drawn by four prancing steeds, the members of the band in their bright uniforms created something of a sensation. They were in great demand for parades, picnics and celebrations in neighboring communities.

Not to be outdone by their fellow citizens, the colored musicians of the community also formed a band which was known at first as Butler's Cornet Band. It was under the direction of W. C. Hackley. It was soon known far and wide as Hackley's Pepper Boxes. On August 1, 1871, a great band contest of all the colored bands in Southern Ohio was held in Chillicothe. The Pepper Boxes entered the contest and were awarded first honors by the judges. They returned home proudly bearing a great silver cup, appropriately inscribed, as the trophy of the contest.

Greenfield does not seem to have had a band in the early Eighties but in 1884 a new band was formed and Robert Kincaid, well advanced in years, was prevailed upon to act as director. The rehearsals were held in the east room of the old Seceders' church on South street. According to George Price, he and some of the other boys would peep through the windows and watch the members of the band at their rehearsals. Two years later, when a boy of sixteen, George joined the band. By this time Mr. Kincaid had retired and turned over the baton to Jerry Price who continued to direct the band for many years. Frank Norton recalls that the band gave a concert on the Public Square on that night in 1893 when the electric lights were turned on for the first time. The following were members of the Jerry Price Band: W. T. Parker, L. P. Saxon, Lew Limes, James Wilson, Frank Norton, Ed Norton, Joe Story, John Case, Charley Case, Little Charley Crothers, Ed Miller, O. D. Bills, Frank Baldwin, Ed McCormick, Rankin Sprung, John Massey, Will Robinson and Bunk Cork. The Boyd boys were also members of the band. There were so many of them that someone made up a little ditty to aid the memory:

"Tud and Tude and Lud and Lee,
A fly and a horse and a bumblebee."

27.

School Affairs

Mr. C. W. Cole was succeeded in the superintendency by J. M. Yarnell in 1870 and he, in turn, by James B. Payne who served until 1874. Mr. Payne was a man of vigorous temper and fiery aspect when aroused as he was on numerous occasions. He was a fluent and effective speaker and took an active part in the *Praying Crusade*. After leaving Greenfield, he studied law and served a number of terms in the state legislature. In 1874 Samuel Major became superintendent and served in that capacity until 1880 when he was succeeded by Rev. Robert Storey, a gentle, scholarly man, who sometimes found it rather difficult to cope with the older boys.

Samuel Major was probably Greenfield's first professionally trained schoolman. His was a truly notable administration. He is described by one of his pupils as "a man of distinguished appearance, rising like Saul, head and shoulders above men of ordinary stature. Above the shoulders of an Atlas, he bore the head of a Saturn, the brow of a Plato, with a classic profile that might have tempted the chisel of a Houdon or an Angelo. The singular nobility, purity and gentleness of his nature were large elements in the influence he exerted upon his pupils." Mr. Major made a vigorous effort to give the community adequate school facilities, the policy of providing for the overflow of classrooms by the makeshift method of renting additional rooms wherever available having proved exceedingly unsatisfactory. On June 4, 1875, the electorate was asked to approve a bond issue of \$12,000 for a new and modern building. It carried by a vote of 176 to 76 but certain disgruntled citizens challenged the result in the courts on purely technical grounds. Almost a decade elapsed before the building was erected.

After it was built almost everybody was proud of the handsome new building which stood on the northwest corner of Jefferson and Fifth streets just across from the old Odd Fellows' Building. For the first time since the first school building was erected in 1810 all the children of Greenfield could be gathered under a single roof. There were some who grumbled about the size and cost of the building. They would never be able to fill all those rooms, they declared. Some complained that the building had been built "away out in the country." The people who lived on South Washington street were particularly disgruntled. Their children would have to walk a whole mile to school. But by and large, everybody else was satisfied. The new building was a credit to the town. It was an imposing structure with a many-gabled roof and chimneys and a lofty bell tower which could be seen for many miles. The building was constructed of brick, burnt in the local kilns, and set

upon a substantial foundation of native stone, with sandstone trimmings and slate roofs.

The rooms were large and airy with four windows on each side, providing excellent cross-ventilation. The ceilings were at least twelve feet high. Each room had a cylindrical stove as large as a modern furnace. A scuttle of coal and a pair of tongs provided fuel for replenishing the fire. Some boy was always delegated to look after the stove. Later on a central steam-heating system was installed. The rattling of the steam pipes sometimes disturbed the calm serenity of the classroom. Each room had its blackboard, a bookcase and a teacher's desk and every pupil had his own individual seat with an inkwell and a shelf where he could store his books. An especially appreciated feature was the cloakroom where the boys and girls could hang their wraps and where the teacher, on occasion, might retire with some recalcitrant pupil who demanded private attention.

In front of the *Central Building*, as it was known, was a spacious lawn dotted with fine old forest trees. One of these was a magnificent elm tree which was reputed to be older than the town itself. Oldtimers noted with sorrow the passing of this fine old elm when *Central* was torn down to make way for a still more magnificent building. The lawn was always well-kept. Once a year, in the spring, the pupils were permitted to play on the lawn as a reward for having scrupulously observed the injunction, "Keep off the grass!" Many Oldtimers still suffer qualms of conscience when they happen to step on a nice green lawn. A broad stone walk, flanked on both sides by flourishing boxwood hedges, led up to the main entrance. At the southwest corner of the building stood the old school pump with a heavy metal cup attached to a chain. The grounds were completely surrounded by a wrought-iron fence which was supposed to discourage trespassing after school hours. Boys found no difficulty in climbing over it, sometimes at the expense of their wardrobes.

The *Central Building* was erected in 1884. The citizens of Greenfield firmly believed that it would provide ample accommodations for all the children of the community for generations to come. The growth of the town, however, soon necessitated the erection of the *Southside School* on Lyndon Avenue south of the B & O tracks. Even this did not suffice. In 1901 the Board of Education issued \$19,310 in bonds for the erection of two wings to the Central Building, almost doubling its capacity. The Central Building was erected in 1884 during the superintendency of Rev. Robert Storey who served from 1880 to 1884. It was finally torn down in 1923 to make way for the present Elementary Building. W. G. Moler served as superintendent from 1884 to 1890. After his retirement, he went to Mexico as a civil engineer and for many years was closely identified with the development of that country. The

beautiful bust of *Ginevra* in Carrara marble, the work of the famous sculptor, Hiram Powers, was the gift of Mr. Moler to the new high school. J. S. Arnott served as superintendent from 1890 to 1900. After his retirement he served as Mayor of Greenfield and in other capacities. Following Mr. Arnott came J. L. Cadwallader 1900 to 1902; F. W. Warren 1902 to 1903; F. S. Alley 1903 to 1906.

28.

The Old School Bell

*"The old school bell is silent now,
Hushed is its clamorous tongue;
Yet the spirit it awakened
Still is living, ever young."*

The present generation of school children has never heard the mellow tones of the old school bell. It has been silent ever since the Central building was torn down to make way for the present Elementary building. It reposes today in the basement of the Vocational building. It is still "as sound as a bell"; as sound as it was the day it was cast in the foundry of C. W. Hanks in Cincinnati; it has neither crack nor flaw although it is considerably more than a hundred years old. For three-quarters of a century the bell summoned the boys and girls of Greenfield to their daily tasks. It hung originally in the little cupola which adorned the Greenfield Seminary building on South Washington street. When the Seminary closed its doors, the old stone building passed into the control of the Union Board of Education. The bell continued to perform its appointed task. When the old stone building, in its turn, gave way to the imposing new Central building, the bell was installed in the lofty bell tower and continued without interruption to guide the destinies of a younger generation. Its mellow tones could be heard in all parts of the town when watches and clocks were something of a rarity.

Half an hour before the school session began, the bell was rung as a signal to the children gathered around the gates that they could enter the grounds. Ten minutes later the doors of the building were thrown open to those children who preferred the quiet sanctuary of the school room to the boisterous crowds on the playground. Half an hour after the end of the afternoon session, the doors were locked and barred. They were not opened again until the next morning. There were no extracurricular activities, no community gatherings centering around the school. Parents were expected to look after their own children after school hours. Five minutes before the much dreaded tardy bell, a few taps of the old school bell served as a warning to lagging footsteps. It also announced recesses

and dismissals. On those occasions, according to Oldtimers, it was the sweetest sound they ever heard. The first bell was always rung by the janitor; the other bells by a high school boy employed for that purpose. For two years I acted as bell boy, earning the munificent sum of twenty-five cents a week for my services. Even more attractive than that princely stipend, were the few minutes freedom from the routine of the school room which ringing the bell afforded.

In the rear of the Central building was a large playground which had been covered with coarse gravel resulting in many lacerated knees and bruised hands. There was no playground equipment of any sort. The girls kept to their own end of the playground, indulging in such "sissy" games as *London Bridge*, *Drop the Handkerchief* and *Skip the Rope*. The boys simply pushed and bumped each other and occasionally, when the teacher wasn't looking, they *Snapped the Whip*, frequently with disastrous consequences. In the spring, they played marbles but were continually reminded by their teachers that they must not "play for keeps." Superintendent J. S. Arnott, who had many advanced ideas on education, did install basketball standards in 1896. Thereafter, the boys played, with great gusto, a game remotely resembling basketball with about fifty boys on each side. He also inaugurated an annual field day at the close of school with prizes offered by the local merchants to those who excelled in running, jumping and throwing weights. I remember that Walter Gray was one of our fastest runners.

The famous "Silence Bell" dates from the administration of Superintendent E. W. Patterson. The end of the recess period was announced by a few taps on the school bell. Instantly, every child stopped in his tracks. After the lapse of a few seconds, a few more taps released them from their statue-like postures. They formed quickly and silently in line at their appointed stations. Visitors used to marvel at the speed with which a howling mob of school children could be transformed into quiet orderly groups. It was an exceedingly effective disciplinary device. The old school bell is the school's oldest and most precious relic, the one remaining link which binds the living present to the remote past. Some day it ought to be rescued from its state of "innocuous desuetude" and suitably enshrined in some sheltered place where, on special school occasions, it can ring out the glad tidings, as a reminder of the debt which the present owes to the past.

Youth is too precious a thing to be wasted on the Young.

— GEORGE BERNARD SHAW



GROWING UP
IN
GREENFIELD 1880-1900

Gene Eley

MY MEMORY BOOK

*Roses in December
Blooming in the snow,
Something to remember
While the embers glow;*

*Something to remember,
Something to forget,
Something to cherish,
Something to regret;*

*Something to ponder
In my inglenook —
I wouldn't tear a single page
From out my Memory Book.*

— F. R. HARRIS

Growing Up

If I slip from the *Editorial We* into the first person singular, it will be in the capacity of an Oldtimer of the vintage of the Eighties whose reminiscences may be able to fill some of the gaps which time has left in the official records of our community. In her delightful book, *Sulphur and Molasses*, Nelle Waddell has given us a fascinating picture of Greenfield in the Eighties as seen through the eyes of a little girl of "nine going on ten." I am tempted to give a boy's-eye view of the same Greenfield of the same period. I was growing up in Greenfield during the Eighties and the Nineties and that, I firmly believe, was the best time of all times in which to be growing up. I am not prepared to argue the point with the present generation or with any other generation; there are some things we know which are not susceptible of proof. We were so close to the pioneer period that we still experienced many of its austerities; at the same time we were facing a future rich in the promise of things to come. New vistas were opening up, new discoveries were being made, new worlds were being explored and conquered. We were soon to see the full fruition of thousands of years of discovery, research and experimentation.

Growing up in Greenfield was a pleasant and agreeable experience in those days. We led a free and untrammelled existence within certain definite limits set by our parents. We had our chores to perform after school hours, the garden to weed on Saturday morning, our home work to do at night. We had our simple "good times" which we enjoyed with a zest that had no element of satiety. We always had something to look forward to but never so much as to blunt the pure joy of anticipation. There was the circus in the summer time with its spangles and pachyderms, the Fair in the Fall of the year with its big pumpkins and sideshows, the old "Op'ry House" in the winter with its real flesh-and-blood actors, far more satisfying than flickering shadows on a silver screen. There were parades and processions headed by brass bands. I don't believe that any town ever had so many parades.

We had fewer holidays than we have today but we enjoyed them to the hilt. *Decoration Day* brought out the old soldiers in their Civil War uniforms—it was no "thin blue line" in those days. The *Fourth of July* was a soul-satisfying occasion with its stirring oratory, popping firecrackers, whizzing Roman candles and ear-deafening noise. *Thanksgiving* was the great feast day with mince pie, cranberry sauce and roast turkey, sometimes

stuffed—joy of joys!—with oyster dressing. *Christmas* was observed in all the churches with a “treat” for every good little boy and girl. Some who were not so good managed to horn in. We hung our stockings by the fireplace on Christmas Eve and found them in the morning stuffed with candy, nuts, apples and sometimes an orange—the only time we ever had an opportunity to sample that delectable fruit. We went to school on *New Year’s Day* as usual and sent our beloved teacher a carefully selected comic valentine on *St. Valentine’s Day*.

Saturday Night was a perpetual carnival with a band concert on the Public Square and Jim Leonard dispensing his famous pink lemonade and ice-cream candy on the corner. The more affluent, after strolling up and down Main street listening to the strains of the band, would drop in at the Corner Drug Store or John Gadbury’s Ice-cream Parlor where they could sample those new confections known as “sodas” and “sundaes.” Occasionally there was a free medicine show on the Public Square with a black-face comedian twanging a banjo and old Doc Hartman hawking the Peruna which was destined to make him a millionaire in the approaching prohibition period. There were Uncle Tom shows, the Kickapoo Indians with their health-giving herbs and war dances, the itinerant showman leading a performing bear by a ring in its nose, and the organ-grinder with a cute little monkey wearing a red cap rakishly adjusted over its ear. What more could any youngster ask?

30.

Being a Boy

We had no tile-lined swimming pool with a trained instructor to teach us the art of swimming. Our older brothers took us down to the old swimming hole and pushed us off the end of the diving board with the injunction to sink or swim. We decided to swim. In course of time we knew every swimming hole from the upper mill dam to Little Woods. A summer costume of the sketchiest sort greatly facilitated our participation in aquatic sports. It consisted of a shirt, a pair of pants, a single “gallus” and a floppy straw hat. We could disrobe in ten seconds flat. Some of the boys wore around the neck a little bag filled with a foul-smelling drug known as asafetida which was supposed to be a protection against cramps and other water hazards. We had no playground with a supervisor in charge but every block had its sandlot where we wrestled and played *One Old Cat*. One of the boys had a horizontal bar where we learned the “muscle grinder” and a trapeze where we perfected our technique in “skinning the cat.” No one paid any attention to us and that was exactly the way we liked

it. We invented our own games, made our own equipment, settled our own disputes and fought our own battles.

We hunted, fished, swam and skated in season. We went berrying in the hills south of town in the summer time, nutting in the fall and played "shinny on your own side" on the ice. There was always plenty of ice in the winter. Some of the boys engaged in trapping in the fall and winter as the effluvia which emanated from their clothing attested to an unsympathetic public. When we were very young we staged a lot of shows, pins being accepted as legal tender for admission. When we were older, we made frequent expeditions to the Cliffs south of town where we discovered a cave high in the hillside near a natural stone arch. Perhaps "rediscovered" would be the proper term for we found many names carved on its walls, including my father's. If we were lucky we were sometimes included in a picnic party to the Seven Caves at the Point; a great trysting place for sweethearts in those halcyon days. And always there was that wonderful trip to Uncle Zill Taylor's sugar camp when the sap was running during the spring thaw.

The seasons were ideally adapted to all our sports. The weatherman may insist that the years run in ever recurring cycles of cold and warmth, of rain and drouth, that there has been no real change in climate in the past seventy years but the Oldtimer, secure in his treasured memories, knows better. The winters in those days were whiter than they have ever been before or since. There was sleighing on every road, skating on every stream, coasting on every hill in the village. The springs were greener and the flowers more fragrant, the summers milder and more fruitful, the autumns more gorgeous in their display of color and the lazy Indian Summer days more glamorous than they will ever be again.

We went barefooted from April to early October. When we went to the pasture on a frosty morning to drive home the cows, it was pleasant to warm our feet in the grass where a cow had lain the night before. It served to remind us, however, that the time was fast approaching when we would be compelled to encase our feet in "the prison walls of pride." We wore high-top shoes in those days, requiring the services of a button-hook to button them up. Fortunate indeed was the boy who could boast of a pair of red-top boots with a brass clip on the toes. The boys in the higher brackets of society — there weren't many of them — wore shoes the year around. We felt sorry for them. There is nothing like the freedom which comes from shedding your shoes. Our real envy was reserved for the Huck Finns who lived in the old Zollicoffer or in the shanties along the railroad tracks. They lived a happy-go-lucky existence even though "they didn't know where the next meal was coming from," as our parents expressed it. They roamed the country at their own free will, hopped freight trains with im-

punity, played hooky from school whenever the spirit moved them which was most of the time. They didn't even have to wash their feet every night at the family pump before going to bed.

I must admit that there were some bad boys in those days. Some played truant from school in the spring of the year when the piscatorial attractions of old *Paint creek* were irresistible. Some played marbles for "keeps" although our teachers continually reminded us that playing marbles for keeps was gambling. Some raided Abe Freshour's apple orchard which occupied the present site of the Athletic Field. Some invaded the melon-patches of neighboring farmers in watermelon time. Every block had a bad boy who was usually described as "the neighborhood terror." He tied tin cans to the tails of dogs, rang doorbells on Hallowe'en, fought every boy in the block and aroused the ire of old Anthony Coleman by shouting after him, "Anthony Winkton Coaloil Jack" or tormented Ah Hay, the Chinese laundryman, by shouting "got no checkee, get no washee."

There were a few chronic runaways afflicted with what is sometimes known as "wanderlust." My Greataunt Sarah Evans had a better term for it. She called it "itchin' feet." Greataunt Sarah smoked a corn-cob pipe and told us marvelous stories of the days when Great-grandfather Christopher Shrock came over the mountains in a covered wagon and her little sister, Mary, was carried off by the Indians. I remember one small boy who would not stay in his own back yard so his father hobbled him with a heavy chunk of wood. As soon as his father departed, the boy picked up the chunk of wood, hied him to the railroad tracks, placed the rope across the tracks and waited patiently until a passing train relieved him of his burden. They were bad boys all. Some were even found loitering on the streets at ten o'clock at night. In response to the vigorous protests of some of those "for-heaven's-sake-why-don't-someone-do-something-about-it" sort of people, the Council, during the administration of Mayor Charles M. Mains, finally passed a curfew law requiring all children to be off the streets at nine o'clock. Every evening at the appointed hour, the Marshal was directed to tap the Town Hall bell ten times. Naturally the children didn't like this restriction upon their personal freedom but the most vigorous protest came from John Gadbury's little yellow dog which bore the name of Sherman. Every time the curfew rang, Sherman would rear back on his haunches and emit a series of doleful howls. Although the same bell was used in striking the hours of the day and for the fire alarm, Sherman howled only when the curfew rang.

I suppose that we would call those bad boys juvenile delinquents today. We had never heard the term. Our delinquency, however, took quite a different turn from modern delinquency. I never knew a boy to steal a horse and buggy just for a joy ride.

While a bad boy might invade a melon-patch, he didn't engage in petty thievery. No one in the town ever thought of locking their doors day or night. There were a lot of fights but the only weapons used were a pair of fists. And certainly no group of boys ever ganged up on a total stranger and committed mayhem or even murder just for the thrill of it. An older teen-ager might occasionally sip a glass of root beer just for the heck of it but I am quite sure that he never spiked it with barbiturates. There were no juvenile courts in those days. The only corrective institutions with which we were familiar was the woodshed which, I can bear witness, was quite efficacious.

31.

Home Life

We always called our parents "Pa" and "Ma," disdaining the newfangled Papa and Mamma which were beginning to infiltrate the higher brackets of society. Pa was the undisputed head of the family. Ma was the General Manager. And what miracles of management—including Father—she performed! The present generation has little conception of the petty economies which were practiced even in well-to-do families. Wrapping paper, bits of cord and newspapers were carefully preserved. Nothing was thrown away that might have some future use. Many a boy and girl grew up without ever having known the delight of an entirely new outfit. Pa's old clothes were made over for the boys and Ma's for the girls. Our fathers would have been profoundly shocked if anyone had suggested that prosperity can be built on waste as one great industrialist has declared. There were few "penny pinchers," however. They practiced thrift because thrift was necessary to survival.

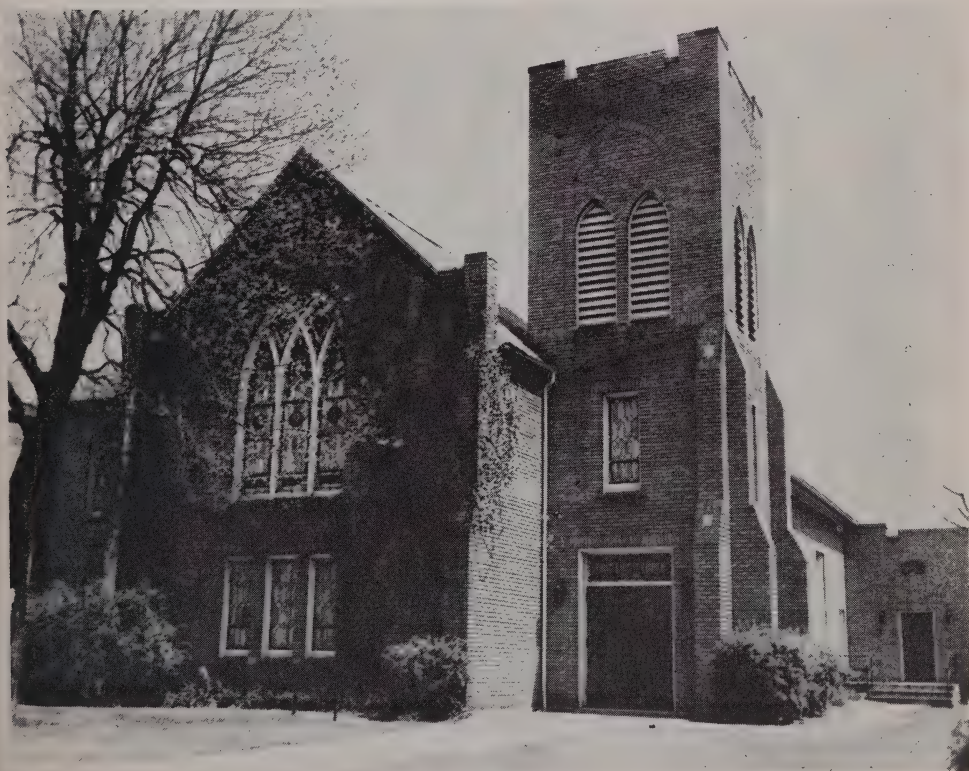
Almost everybody had a garden patch in the backyard where they raised their own vegetables and a few fruit trees which provided them with apples, plums, peaches and cherries in season. The surplus was always canned for winter consumption. Every household had a flock of chickens which provided eggs for the morning breakfast and chicken dinner on Sunday—an old Greenfield custom. A few kept hogs, butchered in the Fall, smoked and salted down the meat in barrels and rendered their own lard. The hog-raisers weren't exactly popular with their neighbors. The Town Council was frequently deluged with complaints about the odor of the pig-pens. Nobody went hungry—even the tramps who infested the town. Our parents believed in "food that sticks to the ribs." A typical breakfast included ham and eggs with fried potatoes, a stack of wheat cakes smothered with golden maple syrup, washed down with several cups of Lion or Arbuckle's coffee which retailed at ten cents a pound.

The wide open fireplaces of the pioneer period had given way to coal-burning grates and kitchen ranges. The first coal-burning range was brought to Greenfield by John Chestnut in 1868. The better homes were furnished with the stiff but elegant furnishings which have become the priceless antiques of today. An occasional home might even have one of those new-fangled porcelain bathtubs but most of the homes depended upon the washtub, filled with water heated on the kitchen range, for the regular Saturday night bath. Full length red flannel underwear prevailed in the winter. Some of the poorer families insisted upon "sewing up" the children for the duration of the cold weather. The houses had no central heating nor refrigeration except the ice-box which the ice-man filled every day with chunks of ice cut on *Paint creek* during the winter freeze and stored in ice-houses on its banks. One of these ice-houses stood at the foot of South street. With its floor covered with a thick layer of tanbark, it was a favorite rendezvous of the neighborhood boys when the ice had been removed in the summer time. There were no screens. Every family had to have a fly-brush made of strips of colored paper attached to a stick. Our family had a really *de luxe* fly-brush. It was made from a peacock's tail feathers, resembling the fan of some oriental potentate. We used it, however, only on those state occasions when numerous relatives gathered at our house for a family dinner.

Greenfield had no paved streets, no electric lights, no water-works, no sanitary sewers. Water was provided by wells and cisterns. Every house had a rain barrel to catch the water as it dripped from the roof. The barrel was usually alive with "wrigglers." I remember that someone told me that the hairs from a horse's tail would turn into snakes if left in the rain barrel. I put some horse's hairs in our rain barrel and then forgot all about the experiment. To this day I do not know whether horse's hairs turn into snakes. No airplanes circled over Greenfield, no automobiles sped along the country roads. There were no telephones, no radios, no motion pictures, no TV sets to help pass away the time; in fact we had very little time to pass. We did learn of a marvelous new invention when the Hon. H. L. Dickey returned from one of his numerous trips to Washington, D. C. The local paper reported, "Mr. Dickey gave a very interesting description of the world's new wonder, the phonograph. It laughs, whistles, sings, coughs, snorts, talks; in fact it gives a perfect imitation of every sound. Edison, in Mr. Dickey's presence, made the astonishing statement that he was on the verge of the greatest discovery of modern times, that of instantaneous magnetic communication without the immediate assistance of telegraphic wires. If this be true, we may well ask, what next?" Seventy years later we are still asking, what next?



O. N. G. Armory



First Baptist Church



First auto on the streets of Greenfield was driven by Bruce Chapman when he came to call on Miss Evelyn Rucker in 1902.



J. M. Waddell's Oldsmobile (1911) made a transcontinental tour in 1949.



Greenfield's New Post Office



**The Town's Oldest Photograph
The old Harper House as it looked in 1860**



MAP OF GREENFIELD 1885

32.

Going to School

Matriculating in the first grade for the first time was quite as important as it is today. Many boys acquired their first pair of trousers for that important occasion. And some made their first visit to Zinnecker's Barber Shop for their first haircut by professional tonsorial artists. Pa usually started his young son off to school with the injunction, "If you get a whipping at school, you'll get another one when you get home." He was simply serving notice that we had to get along with the teacher. We were always careful not to discuss school affairs in the family circle. Our teachers were always kind and understanding although they refused to coddle us. The girls brought flowers and little gifts to the teacher but I never knew a boy to leave a red apple on teacher's desk. Such an act would have immediately branded him as "teacher's pet" and teacher's pets were never popular with the other boys.

There was always some bantering and a good deal of belligerency on the part of the small boys on their way to school. This belligerency was aided and abetted by the older boys who liked to see a good scrap. A chip on the shoulder usually produced the desired results. Some of the fights of the older boys were real battles with bloody noses and blackened eyes. The lot of a new boy in school was not a happy one. A few boys who had acquired a reputation for pugnacity regarded the presence of a new boy as a personal affront and insisted upon "initiating him." Frequently, however, the new boy demonstrated that he could give as well as take.

I was about eight years old when I had my first real fight. Jess Orr had moved into the house next door. Jess was small, compact, red-headed and belligerent. My introduction to Jess was typical. I had just stepped out of the house when a stone whizzed by my head. I beat a hasty retreat to the sanctuary of the house. That night the incident was discussed at the supper table. Pa stated that I would have to fight my own battles. With this moral backing, I was prepared the next time I saw Jess. He was leaning on the gate. I let go a rock which caught him square in the stomach. He went howling into the house. I heard his mother say, "Well, you got it that time, didn't you?" Thereafter our mothers managed to maintain an uneasy truce between us. But Willie O'Brien, who lived a short distance down the street, wasn't so lucky. Willie and I were buddies. At one time we published a weekly newspaper known as *The Chief*. It retailed at a cent a copy and some of our friends actually bought it. Fortunately only one copy of *The Chief* is still extant and it is not available for public inspection.

Willie was younger and smaller than Jess. Every time Jess caught him on the street, he would chase him back home. One day the inevitable happened. Willie and I were going down Washington street. In front of the residence of Dr. Billy Wilson we encountered Jess. While Willie made his get-away, I barred the way. The next moment I had landed on the sidewalk with Jess on top of me. He had simply stooped down and jerked my feet out from under me, a completely new technique in the art of fighting as far as I was concerned. Immediately we were surrounded by a crowd of rabid fight fans egging us on. After a few minutes of inconclusive struggle, I managed to roll over and pinion Jess's arms to the sidewalk. At that moment the crowd parted and Pa appeared with a blacksnake whip in his hand. He had been engaged in excavating the basement under the present United Department Stores. The whip was used to crack over the backs of our mules, Jack and Jinny. I didn't linger to see what he was going to do. I fled. That night I waited apprehensively for his return home. But he didn't even mention the fight; in fact he seemed in an unusually genial mood. I sometimes wonder just what would have happened if I had been on the bottom instead of the top at that particular moment.

33.

The Five R's

In the first grade we were introduced to the Four R's — reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic and 'riggling. Our teacher did everything she possibly could to inculcate the first three and to eliminate the fourth. To accomplish this laudable end, she added the Fifth R — routine. Our lives were systemitized and routinized, governed by the taps on a little bell on teacher's desk. At one tap we sat up straight, folded our hands and looked expectant. The teacher then proceeded with the opening exercises which consisted of a reading from the Scriptures and the Lord's Prayer. Then we burst into song. Our favorite was *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* which we always sang, rain or shine. At the conclusion of the session, or whenever we departed from the classroom in a body, the bell again guided our movements. At the first tap we sat up straight, at the second we turned and placed our feet firmly in the aisle, at the third we rose and faced to the front of the room, at the fourth we marched out in single file to the stirring strains of a march played by the teacher herself on an organ. On rainy days when we could not go out for recess, we sometimes marched up and down the aisles, but this was usually accompanied by a good deal of unnecessary stomping on the part of the bad boys.

I wasn't interested in school at first. We spent all our time learning a lot of strange and incomprehensible symbols known as

the Alphabet. I found it extremely boring. About Christmas time, however, I made an amazing discovery, the most momentous discovery of my life. If you put those symbols together you got words. If you put the words together you got sentences. If you put the sentences together you got stories. I doted on stories. I had read the first reader through twice by the time the teacher was ready to take it up, and was well embarked on the second reader which I found among the books handed down by my older brothers.

School was our first contact with a strange new world, peopled by strange, and sometimes incomprehensible, people. There were the teachers, emblems of authority, who governed our lives with their "do's" and their "don'ts." There was the Superintendent, a somewhat nebulous individual who occupied a room all to himself on the second floor. I remember hearing one of our neighbors say that she didn't see any reason why we should pay out all that money for a superintendent when the teachers did all the teaching. There were the highly sophisticated high school boys and girls who went to school in a mysterious region referred to as "upstairs."

In our own room, there was a wide variety of individuals. There was the immaculate little girl with golden curls who looked like a little princess. There was the plain little girl in a faded calico dress who lived in a shanty. There was the big boy who was repeating the grade. We were stunned by his knowledge. He could spell "blackboard" while the rest of us were wrestling with "cat." There was the boy who was convinced that the teacher "had a pick on him." There were the prim little girls in pigtails who garnered in the headmarks with irritating complacency. There was the boy with a pocket knife who gave free vent to his creative instincts by carving his initials and other symbols on the shiny new desk tops, much to the consternation of the teacher. There was the nasty-nice little girl who created a sensation by announcing that the plain little girl had "lice in her hair." There were several "tattle tales" who insisted on telling tales both in and out of school. Their number diminished from grade to grade as they felt the full force of public opinion.

In the second grade we were introduced to "headmarks"—a chalk mark placed after your name if you happened to be at the head of the class at the end of the session. When you had five headmarks, the last one was recorded by drawing a line diagonally through the other four. This made it easy to compute the number of your headmarks. A headmark could be acquired only by "turning down" the pupils ahead of you who had failed to answer the teacher's question. After receiving a headmark you went to the foot of the class where you started all over again. Your personal

popularity was in inverse ratio to the number of headmarks you attained.

We had some wonderful teachers in those days but each had her own peculiar traits. I remember that one of our best teachers in the upper grades at the close of the evening session would announce, "Anyone who has communicated with anyone during the day without permission will remain after school." We didn't know anything about the Bill of Rights or the immunity granted a culprit from testifying against himself, but we all knew that that rule was unfair. Most of the pupils disregarded it. I finally put it to a test. I stayed every night since I just couldn't get through any day without communicating with someone in some way. The teacher didn't keep me very long. By slipping out the back entrance I could get home almost as soon as the other pupils. After a few weeks the teacher stopped putting us to the acid test. Perhaps there is something in Gandhi's theory of passive resistance.

34.

Chinese Laundryman

When I was quite a small boy I had a vague idea that China was a fabulous land where everybody made a living by taking in each other's washing. Perhaps I derived the idea from the fact that my first and only contact with the Celestial Kingdom was Ah Hay, the Chinese laundryman, who antedated the steam laundry in Greenfield by many years. Ah Hay constituted our whole oriental population. He was a slant-eyed Chink with a tightly braided pigtail which he wound around the top of his head. If he cut off that pigtail, we were told, they would never let him return to China. The ordinary family wash was done by colored washerwomen whose husbands were "good providers"—they gathered up the wash. But the gentlemen of the community did not trust their shirts with stiff bosoms and detachable, stiffly-starched collars and cuffs to the ordinary washerwoman. They sent them to Ah Hay.

I liked Ah Hay. He gave me firecrackers on the *Fourth of July* and Chinese lily bulbs at Christmas time. Sometimes he gave me strange oriental sweetmeats wrapped in red paper embossed with golden dragons. He didn't object when I went back into the laundry whose fetid atmosphere was impregnated with steam and soap suds from the tubs and vats of steaming clothes. Ah Hay led an exemplary life from Monday morning until Saturday night. He worked at least fifteen hours a day. But on Saturday night he pulled down the blinds, locked the doors of his establishment—a ramshackle frame building which occupied the site of Leslie's Real Estate office—and disappeared over the week end. Some-

times mysterious Chinamen appeared and there were strange doings in Ah Hay's back room. We used to stand in the alley and listen to the strange sounds that emanated from that back room. Where two or more Chinese are gathered together there is always noise, the clatter of wooden clogs, the chatter of many tongues like the rattle of machine-gun bullets. And where there are Chinamen there is always gambling — the turn of a card, the rattle of dice, the click of ivory chips. No one knew exactly what went on behind those closed blinds. It was rumored that Ah Hay's visitors "hit the pipe," that they played fan tan for high stakes. But always on Monday morning Ah Hay was back among his steaming tubs of clothes, bleary-eyed perhaps, but efficient.

It was Bret Harte — wasn't it? — who remarked that "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the Heathen Chinese is peculiar." Ah Hay's ways may have been dark and his tricks may have been vain but his laundry was as white and immaculate as the driven snow. Sometimes when I examine my shirts, after they have passed through these new-fangled wringers, mangles, ironers and other mechanical contraptions, I think that the least we could have done would have been to bestow the Distinguished Service medal upon this slant-eyed Oriental. Ah Hay has long since gone to his reward. I hope that his ashes sleep in the land of his fathers where all good Chinamen want to go when they die. Ah Hay was succeeded by another Oriental by the name of Wah Wing. He was considerably younger than Ah Hay and is chiefly remembered for the enthusiasm with which he celebrated the *Fourth of July*. His firecrackers, rockets, and sputtering sizzlers were the wonder of all the youngsters of the town.

35.

"Herding Cows"

Every member of the family group contributed something to the family budget. I never knew a boy who had an "allowance." If you wanted spending money, you went out and hustled for it. The younger fry collected bottles, bones, rags and old iron which they sold, the bottles to doctors and druggists at one cent apiece and the other articles to the junkman. There were several junk piles in Greenfield. I remember particularly Henry Wolfe's junk pile out near his packing house which has since been transformed into an apartment house. That junk pile kept growing and growing until it reached mountainous proportions. When it was finally cleared away the whole north end of town was inundated with rats. The older boys worked after school and on Saturday in stores, spaded gardens, passed bills, peddled papers, cut grass in the summer and shoveled snow in the winter.

A number of boys, including my older brothers, had a unique way of earning money during the long summer vacation. They "herded cows." There were no dairies in Greenfield until Jake White started to market milk on a small scale in 1891. Many people kept their own cows and sold milk to their neighbors. The cow herders offered to find pasturage for the cows at the rate of fifty cents apiece a week. They did a flourishing business. The lush meadows along *Paint creek* and the islands formed by the mill race and the creek afforded abundant pasturage. There was plenty of grass, shade and running water. This area had never been fenced in and no one ever raised any objection to its use by the cow herders. Below the town was another unfenced area known as Little Woods. The earliest of the cow herders, I believe, were Sam Buck and his younger brother, Jim. My older brothers were highly successful herders. From the time I was a small boy, I tagged along on their daily rounds. When eventually they got regular jobs and went to work, I inherited the business. I think that I was the last of the cow herders. Cow herding was not without its hazards. One evening one of Jim Leonard's cows turned on me as I was driving it home and knocked me down. Her horn caught me under the chin, tearing a great gaping wound. Bystanders drove the animal off and carried me home bleeding profusely. The only doctor available was young Dr. Mercer who had just hung out his shingle. He had no time to administer an anesthetic. He sewed up the wound while my rather and brothers held me. I still have an ugly scar under my chin as a memento of my cow herding days.

The island on the west bank of the creek was known as *Second Island*. The one on the east bank was called *Dead Island*, a name derived from its use as a burial ground for departed horses and cows. The technique of cow herding was quite simple. We gathered the bovines up in the morning, drove them to the islands, kept them from straying all day and returned them to their stables at milking time. The most important member of our crew was Bob, a yellow dog we had picked up along the road when still a pup. Bob had grown up in the business for which he displayed unusual aptitude. All we had to say was, "Go, get 'em, Bob," and Bob got them. He had a neat little trick of nipping the tail of a recalcitrant cow which always produced results.

Bob was a large raw-boned dog, predominantly yellow in color with a few white spots. He had the longest ears and the most soulful eyes I have ever seen. He was not a pedigreed dog. In fact it was quite evident that he was the product of a long series of mesalliances. We often argued about his breed but there was only one thing we could agree upon and that was that he was the best cow dog in the whole wide world. Whatever his ancestry may have been, he had inherited all the best traits of every line. He had an exceedingly high dog I.Q., possessed a loving disposition, a fidelity

and loyalty sadly lacking in some of the human species. He had an enormous appetite. I spent most of my spare time making the rounds of the butcher shops begging for "dog meat," as we called the bones and abandoned scraps which the meat dealers would give us. It is true that Bob sometimes kept the neighbors awake at night with his baying but he deserved a better fate than that which befell him. He was the victim of that most despicable of human carrion—the dog poisoner. We laid him to rest on *Dead Island* which had been his Happy Hunting Ground and none of the great of earth was ever followed to his last resting place by a sadder or more sincere cortege of mourners.

36.

The Quarries

While the cows were peacefully grazing on *Dead Island*, I spent a lot of time in the old stone quarries, watching the sturdy Hibernians at their work and listening to their chaff. There was a footbridge across the creek, just below the high railroad trestle. It consisted of heavy planks which had been bolted together and securely anchored to the west bank of the creek. In time of high waters, the planks floated off the small stone piers in the bed of the creek. Finally the footbridge was replaced by a suspension bridge which swayed delightfully when you walked across it. When it rained, as it sometimes did, I usually took refuge in the comforting warmth of the old lime kiln which burned day and night. The bobbed-tail, flea-bitten donkey which had laboriously hauled the stone to the top of the kiln where it was dumped into the great vat below had been replaced by a derrick which did the work much more expeditiously.

I was particularly intrigued by the new chime whistle. It was really three whistles in one and when it blew it could be heard for miles around. Most of the people in town regulated their clocks by that whistle. It had been presented to Mr. George Rucker, the proprietor of the quarries, in 1886 by the workmen as a token of their appreciation for his many little kindnesses to them and their families. A very close personal relationship existed in those days between the "boss" and his workmen. Mr. Rucker had reciprocated by inviting all his employees to a "shindig" at the big house on the hill. "It was better than an Irish wake," one of the men expressed it. The lives of the men centered around the quarries. Even on Sunday they would come and sit for hours, smoking their pipes, on the seats which someone had erected around the sycamore trees which shaded the company's office.

Massive wire cables spanned the quarries, one end anchored beneath hundreds of tons of rock on the bank of the creek and the

other held to the top of the ledge by means of a so-called "dead man" buried deep in the earth. Along these cables darted steam-propelled cars with their cargoes of stone, expediting the three processes of stripping, quarrying the stone and loading it on to freight cars. I sometimes visited Walter Farnsworth in the engine house where he controlled the cables which operated the cars shuttling back and forth across the quarries. Walter was an Englishman who had spent the happy days of his youth in Her Majesty's Navy coursing to and fro across the Seven Seas. He had a marvelous fund of tall tales. I am sure that he must have been at least a hundred years old if he had actually participated in all the stirring events which he narrated as bits of personal experience.

I was always particularly interested in the steam drill which had replaced the hand drill of earlier days. It was a vicious-looking machine which delivered strokes at the rate of 400 a minute. It did the work of innumerable hand drillers. The holes were filled with dynamite. When the workmen were ready to set off the blast a warning was sounded on the whistle. This was the signal for everyone to take to cover as the stone and debris fell over a wide area. One day Sam Buck was herding cows near the Lower Mill. He had with him his pony tethered to a rope wound around his arm. When the whistle blew and the stones began to fall, the pony became frightened and ran away. It dragged poor Sam through the bushes and undergrowth and over the sharp rocks in the creek, inflicting many bruises and cuts. It was almost a year before he recovered from that experience.

37.

Golden Days

A summer spent in the lush meadows along *Paint creek* was one long succession of golden days. I liked to swim and I liked to read and I had plenty of time for both. In fact I read omnivorously everything from Dickens to Deadwood Dick. Once my penchant for reading got me into trouble. Sometimes I let the cows graze on South street which, in those days, was just a graveled road with abundant grass on both sides. On one occasion I became so absorbed in what I was reading that I didn't notice that our Jersey cows, Bessie and Lizzie, were missing. They had wandered down an alley and invaded the garden of Yankee Jones' widow. I finally found them incarcerated in the Town Pond. Pa had to pay fifty cents apiece to ransom them. I had an interesting session with him in the woodshed.

Most of our parents approved of the juvenile magazines, *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas* and even *Golden Days*. They allowed us to read the Henty books, the Rover Boys and the *Rags to Riches* stories of Horatio Alger. But dime novels were definitely

under the official ban. Teachers deplored them, ministers abhorred them, up-lifters scored them. Most of the boys read them—sur-reptitiously. No one certainly could defend the dime novel as a work of art. They were written on a mass production basis. Frederick Dey, who wrote the Nick Carter novels, wrote twenty-one million words, more words probably than any human being has ever written. The dime novels were stirring stories of adventure with plenty of rough riding, sharp shooting and thrills. But they followed a rigid code of ethics. Virtue always triumphed over evil. The law-enforcing agencies were glamourized rather than the gangster and the desperado. Compared with the pulp fiction of today, they were “as clean as a hound’s tooth.” The vulgarity, obscenity and immorality which characterize many of our Six Best Sellers was conspicuously absent. They certainly were far less demoralizing than the “horror comics” of today. I am sure that we didn’t learn from the dime novel that the proper way to fight an opponent was to gouge out his eye with your thumb, bash in his teeth with a beer bottle and, after you had floored him with a “rabbit punch,” a “head-butt” or a “knee,” to stamp on his face with your spiked shoes and chew off his ear.

Dead Island was the favorite rendezvous of the sporting fraternity on Sundays as it was outside the jurisdiction of the Marshal of Greenfield. They could play Seven Up and roll the bones with impunity. For the same reason it was an ideal gathering place for the Knights of the Road—the tramps, bums, hoboos and the happy hooligans who rode into Greenfield on the rods and stayed over for a few days to enjoy the sylvan shades of *Dead Island*. Some canvassed the town, soliciting handouts at back doors and rewarding sympathetic housewives with a symbol on the gate-post as a guide to other Knights of the Road who passed that way. Some gathered materials from neighboring farms and made a delicious Mulligan stew. I know that it was delicious as I was sometimes invited to partake of it.

Most of these peripatetic tourists were derelicts and down-and-outers but there was a considerable sprinkling of men who were skilled in certain trades but so afflicted with “itchin’ feet” that they rarely held on to a job very long. I remember a tramp printer who worked on a Greenfield paper for several weeks. Periodically he would come down to *Dead Island* to renew old friendships. Finally he couldn’t stand it any longer. He told me that he was going to California and painted a glowing picture of that modern paradise. He invited me to go along but I regretfully declined as I was reading one of those “to be continued in our next” serial stories in *Golden Days*, which I borrowed every week from Dutch Sulcebarger, and I was afraid that I would never know how the story turned out if I went to California.

The Old Op'ry House

I was about five years old when I caught my first glimpse of the interior of the old Op'ry House. I had heard my brothers talking about that marvelous palace of enchantment and the many little subterfuges they had employed to pass its sacred portals without paying the stipulated admission fee. Accompanied by my mother, I mounted a long flight of steps to the second floor where a grim-visaged ticket-taker barred the door. Doubts began to assail me. I tugged frantically at my mother's skirt and, when I finally got her attention, I said in a stage whisper that could be heard half a block away, "Ma, must I sneak in?" I wondered why everybody laughed and my mother seemed so flustered and embarrassed. Once across the threshold, I stood transfixed by the sight that met my eyes.

We were in an immense auditorium with high vaulted ceiling. It was brilliantly lighted with gas jets instead of the kerosene lamps to which I was accustomed. Before me stretched an aisle which must have been at least a block long. On each side were chairs. There must have been thousands and thousands of those chairs. I have since learned from the minutes of the Council that only 516 chairs were purchased for the auditorium but I am sure that must have been a clerical error. On some of these chairs a large placard with the word TAKEN had been placed. These were reserved seats. Any seat that hadn't been "taken" could be occupied at a lower fee. A balcony with graceful bulges projected out over the lower floor. I later on became well acquainted with the gallery whose only seats were wooden bleachers occupied by a noisy, rowdy bunch. They dropped all sorts of things down upon the heads of the more cultured customers who occupied the seats below. This only happened, however, when Charley Knedler, the village Marshal, was out of the gallery. When he was present he managed to preserve some semblance of order by sheer force of a dynamic personality plus a billy club.

After the final curtain had descended there was always a stampede from the gallery to the stairways. Some of the boys would slide down the banisters, reaching the first floor before anyone had issued from the main floor. The lower corridor was not obstructed in those days by an office at each end as is the case today. Sliding down the banisters was a very reprehensible practice. On one occasion, when I was about ten years old, I threw my right leg over the banister with a little too much abandon. They picked me up on the floor thirty feet below.

On my first visit, however, the thing that really held me enthralled was the stage curtain which hung in an immense frame known as the proscenium arch. It was the most beautiful picture

ever painted. I have visited all the great art galleries of the world—the Prado, the Uffizzi, the Pitti, the Louvre, the Metropolitan and a hundred others—but I have never found a picture that could compare with it. A group of people in fancy costumes disported themselves upon a green, grassy lawn, stretching down to the brink of a beautiful stream. In the background, half-revealed in a grove of stately trees was a little church with a lovely steeple. Some years later that masterpiece of scenic art was replaced by a new curtain covered with business cards advertising everything from hair tonic to livery rigs. Thus Art inevitably yields to Commercialism.

In theatrical parlance Greenfield was what was known as "a tank town." There were a thousand tank towns scattered over the Midwest, each identified by a huge tank used to replenish the water in railroad locomotives. Greenfield's tank stood just east of the B & O depot. It was an immense vat made of wooden staves held together by iron hoops and set upon lofty stilts. It was once the scene of a terrible tragedy. Jake Sulcebarger had just driven his dray alongside the tank when it suddenly burst without warning, precipitating 80,000 gallons of water and debris down upon the occupants of the dray. Mr. Sulcebarger, Boone Cable and the horse were all crushed to death.

The troopers who followed the tank town circuit were a hardy bunch of Thespians, commonly referred to as "barnstormers." Nothing could stop them, "neither wind, nor snow, nor sleet." Their slogan was, "the show must go on!" If it didn't, they didn't eat. Judged by modern standards the plays were exceedingly funny. The machinery creaked. Occasionally, the curtain, rapidly descending upon a tense dramatic scene, became stuck when half way down. The rafters rang with stentorian declamation. The thoughts of the players were revealed in long soliloquies and asides. Between the acts, the heroine would come out in front of the curtain and dance a jig. The villain, with a handle-bar mustache, who had been pursuing the heroine with evil intentions would sing "Old Black Joe" in a rumbling bass. The hero, who had saved her from a fate worse than death, would twang the banjo and warble a love ballad in a nasal tenor. The actors were just a lot of "hams" and the plays were pure, unadulterated "hokum" but we loved ham and hokum.

I remember hearing the story of one of the early attractions at the old Op'ry House. I do not vouch for the truth of the story. One morning, as the people went about their early morning tasks, they found that the town had been plastered during the night with signs bearing the legend:

MAN OF MYSTERY
HE'S COMING.

Two weeks later they found another sign reading:

MAN OF MYSTERY
HE'S HERE.

TOWN HALL TONIGHT.

The auditorium that evening was crowded with spectators eagerly awaiting the appearance of the "Man of Mystery." The curtain rose promptly at the appointed hour. The stage was bare except for a neat placard bearing the information:

HE'S GONE.

So had the box office receipts.

39.

One Night Stand

The Opera House brought us glamour, color and romance. We had an abundant diet of the thrillers and chillers which played the one night stands—*East Lynne*, *The Old Homestead*, *The Two Orphans*, *In Old Kentucky*, *The Drunkard*, *Ten Nights In a Barroom*, and *Bertha, the Beautiful Sewing Machine Girl*. They were the forerunners of the Soap Opera of today. Occasionally a company which played only the big cities, having an off date, booked Greenfield—by mistake. Joseph Jefferson is said to have presented his immortal version of *Rip Van Winkle* on the local boards. I remember the occasion when a Shakespearean company drifted into Greenfield and gave us a performance of *Romeo and Juliet* with special scenery and period costumes. I didn't know what it was all about, but I was enthralled by the costumes and the scenery. I think that it was the first time that Greenfield was ever exposed to the Immortal Bard of Avon.

We marveled at the realism which marked some of the productions. The famous race scene of *In Old Kentucky* was presented off stage with realistic sound effects, but at its conclusion Anna Davis, attired in a satin jockey's suit, came forward leading a horse. For weeks thereafter the boys debated the question of how they got the horse up to the second story and on the stage. Anna Davis was our favorite actress in the Nineties. She was the star of the *Wilson Opera Company* which visited Greenfield every winter. The company remained a whole week, presenting a change of bill at every performance. It was rumored that Miss Davis received a hundred dollars a week and that she had a clause in her contract which exempted her from presenting any specialties between the acts. In an era when balloon sleeves were all the rage, she appeared in the biggest big sleeves we had ever seen.

One of the serious problems which confronted the management of the Opera House was the big picture hats worn by the ladies in

the Gay Nineties. They effectively obstructed the view of the stage. Editors railed at them, cartoonists lampooned them, paragraphers jibed at them, the state even passed a law forbidding them—but all to no avail. The management of our own Opera House tried a more subtle approach. On one of the old programs we find the line, "The prettiest, wisest and most charming women take off their hats in the Opera House."

The Shannons was another repertory company which regularly made Greenfield every year. The company, under the management of Harry Shannon, made the tank town circuit for 47 years. His wife and daughter, Hazel, played the leading feminine roles while Harry, Junior, was the juvenile lead. He also played the drums in the show's band and he could certainly make those drums do things that would put to shame the jazz drummers of today. The arrival of Vogel's Minstrels was a big and exciting event. They put on a big parade with a thirty-piece minstrel band featuring blaring trombones, trumpeters with shiny trappings and a band corps attired in colorful Zouave uniforms. The members of the company strutted behind the band in orange coats with sunflowers bursting from black satin lapels, each carrying a snappy light cane.

But the one indispensable feature of every theatrical season was *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It wasn't a show but an institution. The actors weren't even hams, they were, in theatrical parlance, "Uncle Tommers." Sometimes they showed in the Opera House, sometimes in tents. At one time I remember figuring up that I had seen *Uncle Tom's Cabin* fifteen times. It had everything that a show ought to have. Uncle Tom and little Eva, in her white pantalettes, symbolized earthly goodness. They furnished the pathos. Eliza fleeing across the ice—sometimes against a tropical background—and Simon Legree with his cracking blacksnake whip and baying bloodhounds furnished the thrills. And Lawyer Marks with his umbrella, Topsy who "wasn't born but just growed," and Miss Ophelia furnished the comedy relief. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was billed like a circus. Sometimes there were two Topsies, two Legrees, two Lawyer Marks, two Uncle Toms and two Evas. Everything went. We waited with baited breath for the great "transformation scene" in which little Eva ascended into heaven. Once the scenery collapsed and we had the unusual privilege of seeing little Eva suspended by a block and tackle. But nothing could dampen our affection for that big "hunk of hokum." We certainly did not agree with the nasty critic who dismissed the show with a two line review: "*Uncle Tom's Cabin* played here last night. The bloodhounds were good."

Uncle Tom's Cabin disappeared as a professional attraction during the first decade of the Twentieth Century. It was revived by a cast of eighty local thespians on June 17 and 18, 1923, under the direction of Mrs. Harry Shannon. The high school auditorium

was filled to its capacity. The younger generation came out of curiosity; they had been brought up on a diet of motion pictures. The older generation came to renew nostalgic memories of the glamorous old Op'ry House. Dean Waddell played the role of *Uncle Tom* in the grand old tradition of the Uncle Tommers.

40.

Home Talent

Greenfield had plenty of home talent in the Eighties and the Nineties. Every year our local Thespians put on several plays "with all the skill of professional artists," as the local paper expressed it. One of those plays stands out in my memory. It bore the title, *Cast Upon the World*, with Lena Bush and Frank Anshultz in the leading roles. It was certainly a tear jerker. And then there was *The Fall of Atlanta* in which I made my first—and last—appearance on any stage, at least in the capacity of a Thespian. My older brother, George, played the part of a Union soldier, departing for the war, and Myrtle Brattin played the part of his wife. One of the scenes called for a tearful leave-taking of the soldier from his wife and little boy. I played the part of the little boy. I didn't have a word to say. All I had to do was to step out on the stage and let my grief-stricken parents "emote" over me. When the cue came for my entrance, I was seized with stage fright and someone had to push me out on to the stage, I still remember the buzz that went up from my schoolmates who were seated in the front row. It served to restore some of my aplomb, but I never had any further ambition to don the buskins.

Another yearly event was the appearance of the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Men. This was a purely commercial venture. Its object was to sell the manifold herb medicines made by the Kickapoo Indians. They had a remedy for every ailment. There was the Kickapoo Indian Sagawa, made from roots, barks and herbs which was guaranteed to "purify the blood and cure all diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys," and the Kickapoo Indian Salve for cuts, bruises and burns, and the Kickapoo Indian Worm Killer, and the Kickapoo Indian Cough Cure. They brought with them a whole band of Indians in full regalia, hired the Opera House and put on a free show which continued nightly for three weeks. It was a good show with all kinds of specialties and Indian dances. Listening to the nightly spiels about the virtues of the Kickapoo Indian medicines, I developed all sorts of symptoms and I felt very much aggrieved when my unsympathetic parents refused to buy the remedies which were "guaranteed to effect a cure or your money back." However, after the Indians left town, I recovered some measure of my former health.

Quite a number of Greenfield people became identified with the theater. Ben Heidingsfeld, the well known Cincinnati attorney acted as legal advisor to the Schuberts. C. H. Crothers, Jr. was first clarinetist in Robinson's circus band. Earl DePoy was an electrician and scenic artist with many famous road shows. His wife, Clare Depoy, was a well known actress, more familiar to the people of Greenfield by her maiden name, Clara Limes. She attained the distinction of having her picture on the cover of the Police Gazette which glorified the American girl long before the time of Ziegfeld. In the early Eighties a German Jew by the name of Hurtig settled in Greenfield and followed the business of collecting junk. Almost every member of his family became identified with the theater. A daughter, Sarah, married an actor and the two toured the country under the name of "the Davenports." When "at liberty" they lived in Greenfield. Ben, the oldest son, went to New York and was soon a prominent producer of burlesque shows. His younger brothers followed him and all four brothers became intimately identified with that branch of the theater. The most famous of these brothers was Joe Hurtig whose name was as famous on the burlesque circuit as that of Minsky at a later date. The caption, "Joe Hurtig Presents," was known from coast to coast.

The most famous of Greenfield's stage luminaries was undoubtedly Grace Valentine who was known on both stage and screen. Her real name was Grace Schnarrenberger. She was the daughter of J. H. Schnarrenberger who lived on the northwest corner of South and Front streets. She took the name of Valentine because she had been born on Valentine Day. Her grandfather was a prominent farmer and strict churchman. Miss Valentine in her younger years appeared in innumerable Broadway plays under the management of Oliver Morosco. One of her early successes was *Lombardi Limited* which had a three year run on Broadway. In those days she was "the toast of the town," celebrated as the most beautiful girl on Broadway. She came out of retirement in 1939 to appear in the patriotic spectacle, *The American Way*, with Frederick Marsh at the Century Theater. A reporter from the New York Times interviewed Miss Valentine "in the most gorgeous streamlined dressing-room this reporter has ever seen." He described her as a grand old trouser with red hair. In the course of the interview, Miss Valentine stated that she was thrilled at every performance at the similarity of Greenfield and Mapletown, the scene of the play, and the likeness of her grandfather to Martin Gunther, the character so brilliantly portrayed by Frederick Marsh. "He talks exactly the way grandpa did," she said.

41.

The Big Top

The Big Top, which "glowed in the darkness like a wonder-

ful object of light" exerted the same fascination over the boys of the Eighties and the Nineties that Dan Rice's one-ring circus had exerted over the youngsters half a century before. It was bigger, of course, with its three rings and bewildering array of death-defying acts; it had more wagons, horses and elephants; more gold, glitter and gilt, more spangles and star dust; but its appeal was exactly the same. We got up in the gray dawn of the morning to watch the elephants push the huge wagons off the flat cars on the railroad siding at Second street, just as the boys of the Forties had walked away out to New Petersburg to meet Dan Rice's caravan and to escort it on its triumphal tour down Main street.

There was the big parade which was a mile long. By carefully watching the line of march, we could double back and see it a second time and still have time to reach the show grounds for the big free open air performance that immediately followed the parade. Sometimes we got a job carrying water for the elephant which gave us a free admission to the sideshow, with its gruesome array of human freaks. Otherwise we would never have squandered ten cents of our carefully hoarded funds on a mere sideshow. In the early Eighties some of the circuses showed on the grounds back of the pad factory convenient to the tracks. Others spread the big top on the vacant lots in the neighborhood of Seventh street. Old-timers tell about seeing elephants breaking branches off the trees with their trunks along Jefferson street in front of Nettie Leib's residence.

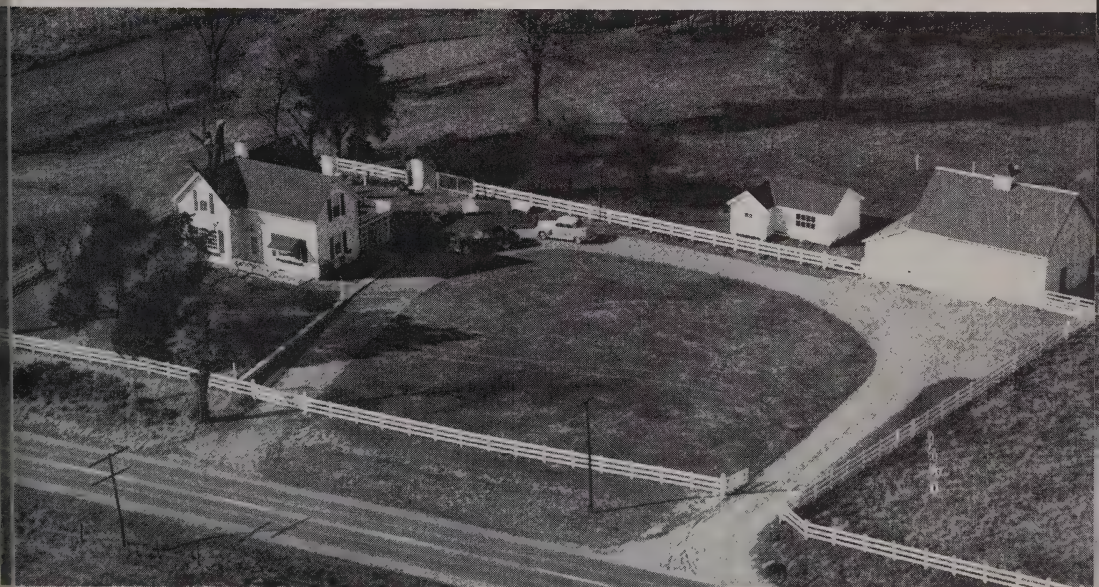
By the time I was old enough to be interested in circuses, the show ground had shifted to Lowe's field which extended from North to McClain and from Fourth to Fifth streets. I don't believe that Barnum & Bailey's Biggest Show on Earth ever spread its big top in Greenfield; but John Robinson paid us an annual visit and, later on, we had Sells & Forepaugh, Walter L. Mains, Pawnee Bill and other circuses. The visit of the circus gave us a whole month of thrills. The thrills began when great stacks of lumber were unloaded on the Public Square and carpenters began the erection of a great bill board, fourteen feet high, which completely encircled the Town Hall lot, leaving only two entrances to the Town Hall itself. The thrills increased when the bill posters appeared and began to plaster the bill boards with great gaudy posters picturing the wonders yet to come. Every day thereafter we inspected that marvelous picture gallery, depicting "a palpitating pageant of pachyderms, pulchritude and pantomime," as the press agent described it. The bill boards usually remained for two or three weeks after the circus had come and gone. In fact they were not taken down until citizens began to protest and the local newspaper took the matter up in its columns.

"We have become sated," the editor wrote, "with the gorgeous scenery of African jungles with its festive population of crazyquilt

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Dr. J. B. Glenn Residence, 227 South Street



Glenn H. Shepler Residence, Route 3



The Author's Home

F. R. Harris, 399 McClain Avenue



Serpentine Wall

**Garden
and
Patio**



**Entrance
to
Garden**





L. L. Wilkin Residence, 235 South 2nd Street

John Mertz, Jr., Residence, 240 Mirabeau Street



parrots, diabolical looking birds of Paradise, intellectual looking chimpanzees and zebras with their thunder-and-lightning suits on. The flesh colored sylph that hangs pendant from a trapeze by means of her prehensile heels has lost her charm for us. The meek-eyed damsel who has for some weeks been balancing herself on the back of a galloping charger with her right toe, while with her left she directs the attention of the spectators toward the zenith, has ceased to satisfy our once enraptured and ecstatic gaze. In short we would prefer live American scenery to this morbid display of anatomy and zoological impossibility which confronts us from those billboards."

I made my first appearance as a circus performer with John Robinson's circus. I wasn't given top billing, the press agent didn't even mention me in his advance notices and, after the performance, no one seemed to be aware that I had performed. My engagement was strictly limited to two performances. With about fifty other boys and young men who had been recruited as extras, I helped to create atmosphere for the stupendous production of the *Queen of Sheba* which John Robinson was featuring that year. I played the part of a Roman soldier, attired in a toga with tin helmet, breastplate and spear. I marched in the triumphal entry and helped furnish the background for the grand ballet which was presented before the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon. It was my last appearance in any circus.

42.

Island Grove

"There is a secret lure, a fascinating mystery in the story of old *Paint creek*"—we are quoting from Arthur Dunlap—"could we but know what she has seen since, through primordial mists, she first groped her way to the river and to the sea. It is inherent in human nature to retain a lasting affection for the streams upon whose banks the days of childhood have been spent. The Hindu worships the Ganges, the German loves the Rhine and even the ancient Syrian captain, jealous of the sluggish streamlets of his native land, exclaimed, 'Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?'" I am quite sure that the boys of the Eighties and the Nineties would never have exchanged old *Paint creek* for the Ganges or the Rhine or even the rivers of Damascus. I remember how bitterly we resented the sheer mendacity of a Columbus reporter who described *Paint creek* as "an amiable stream, knee-high at flood time, on its best days after spring freshets only a decorative ankle-deep brook." We know that the *Paint* in the springtime resembles a miniature *Ohio* at flood tide and that, during the greater part of the remainder of the year, it flows placidly along, filled to the brim of its

wooded banks, presenting a scene of sylvan beauty which has inspired the best lines of many a minor poet. Of it Caspar Collins wrote:

*"Green in the forest, blue in the sky,
Calm in the spirit as its waters flow by;
The azure above, the current's low tone
Give token that man is with nature alone.*

*"The soul drifts away from hurry and clatter,
The ear is not vexed by unmeaning chatter;
The music we hear as we lie at our ease
Is murmur of stream and rustle of trees."*

The old mill dam north of town has always been the favorite rendezvous of the disciples of Izaak Walton. Seated on the railroad embankment, they fish in the deep waters of the pool at the foot of the dam where the waters of the stream come pouring back into *Paint creek* after having furnished the power to turn the wheels of the grist mill. The dam is built of solid masonry and apparently possesses some of the characteristics of the Rock of Gibraltar. It still looks very much as it did seventy years ago. In times of high waters, it resembles a miniature Niagara but in the summer time the volume of the water pouring over the dam is reduced to a mere trickle. It is then possible to walk across the dam to the east side.

Just above the dam is a small but beautiful island which was known as *Upper Island* in the days of my youth. It was one of my favorite retreats on hot summer days. I would walk across the dam and up the east bank of the creek where, in the privacy of the bushes, I disrobed, placed my entire wardrobe under my hat and waded across the stream to the island. There wasn't much on the island except trees and brambles but it had an atmosphere of remoteness and isolation which provided exactly the right atmosphere for reading the weekly installments of *Two Ways of Becoming a Hunter* as they appeared in *Golden Days*. The wild life on *Upper Island* was strictly confined to birds and bullfrogs with an occasional harmless water snake. One day some of the older boys invaded the island for the purpose of hunting bullfrogs. They told me that the legs of the bullfrog were a delicacy greatly sought by epicures. After they had captured a number of the frogs, they grilled the legs on wooden spits over a brushwood fire, but no one seemed very anxious to partake of those delicacies.

The management of the *Ohio Southern Railroad* saw possibilities in the island as an excursion resort. They leased the island from Mrs. Martha Mains for a period of five years and proceeded to fit it up for disembarking passengers from the trains. A foot-bridge, surmounted by an arboreal structure, connected the platform with the island. A dancing pavilion, band stand and refresh-

ment booths, set on high piles well above the high water mark, were built. High up in the crotch of a gigantic oak tree, a small house was erected. It was reached by a long flight of narrow steps and was used as a telegraph and telephone station.

For the convenience of those who liked to indulge in aquatic sports, a fleet of twenty row boats, under the command of Commodore Walter Dunlap, was provided. Mr. C. A. Welsheimer who owned the nearby mill, added a lake-going steam launch, carrying fourteen passengers, to the fleet. It was probably the only steam-propelled vessel that has ever navigated the waters of the *Paint*. About a mile above the island was a rocky ledge along the bank of the creek known as the *Cliffs*. The *Island Queen*, as Mr. Welsheimer christened his launch, made regular trips to the *Cliffs* with Glenn Shrock acting as engineer and commandant. The price of a round trip was thirty-five cents.

The island was renamed *Island Grove*. For a number of years regular Sunday excursions were run from Springfield and Iron-ton during the summer. The island was the scene of dances, Sunday School gatherings, band concerts, camp meetings, picnics, balloon ascensions and even boxing matches. Many thousands of people found rest and recreation on *Island Grove* in those halcyon days. Eventually, its popularity began to decline, the excursions were discontinued, the buildings were removed and the island was given back to the birds and the bullfrogs. Today it has the same primeval atmosphere it had when I was a boy. The *Island Queen*, moored at the northern end of the island, finally sank. Its hulk projecting out of the water many years served to remind us of Greenfield's grand old steamboat days.

*"We boast of the roads our own selves build,
But whether we like it or no,
We take the roads that were built for us
Long ages and ages ago."*

THE HAPPY HILLS OF HIGHLAND

*The wings of fancy bear me
Far away from life's swift surge,
To the happy hills of Highland
And Springtime's beckoning urge;
O, it needs no one to tell me
Of the wonderment that lies
In the freshening sylvan glories
Of her smiling April skies.*

*The beaten paths of traffic
Hold me no questioning lure,
Like the happy hills of Highland
With their flowering beauties pure;
And I turn me from the travail
Of the world's discordant din,
To the endless ways of singing,
Where her upland trails begin.*

*O, happy hills of Highland!
When Spring is in the air . . .
There's nothing that can content me
Until I am with you there;
O, lovely are the ordered bowers
Men fashion to their wills —
But lovelier by far to me
Are Highland's happy hills.*

— FRANK GRUBBS

GAY NINETIES



1890·1900

Gene Eley

OCTOBER IN OHIO

*October in Ohio,
Crimson, gold and brown —
Was ever queen so richly decked
In coronation gown?*

*October in Ohio,
Sparkle, tingle, shine —
Was ever such a pleasant tang
To rare and olden wine?*

*October in Ohio,
Smoke clouds hovering —
Did ever incense rise to gods
From such burnt offering?*

— F. R. HARRIS

43.

Greenfield in the Nineties

A lady from a distant state, visiting Greenfield in the last decade of the Nineteenth Century, described the town as "a study in stone." She wrote back to her home town newspaper: "Go where you will, you will see beautiful buildings of stone, some of them built as far back as the Twenties, looking as substantial as though they had been built to last hundreds of years; others as light looking as modern taste and art can make them. There are miles of flagstone pavements." The magnificent Miller residences on Second street belong to the latter part of this decade, the beautiful stone churches to the first years of the new century. No one today would describe Greenfield as "a study in stone." Only a few of those "old stone buildings looking as substantial as though they had been built to last hundreds of years" still survive. They have been replaced by less substantial buildings of less enduring materials. The town today with all its improvements lacks some of the charm it possessed in the last decade of the old century.

Greenfield's population increased from 2,460 in 1880 to 3,979 in 1900, an increase of 62%. It might be described as "a boom town" on a small scale. It was no longer largely dependent for its support upon its rich farming community and small, local industries. The "greene countrie towne" was rapidly being absorbed by a bustling industrial community whose products found a ready sale in the markets of the world. The number and variety of the articles which bore the *Made in Greenfield* stamp was truly amazing. They included sweat collar pads, gig saddles, life-saving nets, woolen blankets, overalls, show cases, money drawers, cash registers, coffee mills, mouse traps, puzzles, games and a wide variety of novelties, building materials, hammocks, bicycle guards, hammers, hatchets, carriages, surreys, buggies, phaetons, casket trucks, embalming couches, cigars, bricks, tile, gas engines, brass and iron castings, incubators, brooders, building stone, lime, flour, meal, grits and packing products.

Three mills had a combined production of over 600 barrels of flour a day — Boden, Patterson & Company, Island Grove Mills and the Martin Milling Company. The William Barr sawmill produced over a million feet of lumber a year, furnishing employment to 39 men and nine teams. Martin, Ferneau & Simpson manufactured almost everything needed for building construction — floorings, sashes, stairways, shingles, window frames, doors and verandahs. The York Brick Yards produced thousands of bricks. Manufacturing concerns, other than the Pad Factory and the Wooden Ware Works, included the J. W. Storey Manufacturing

Company which produced hammers and hatchets; the Greenfield Bentwood Works, spokes and rims; C. W. Patterson & Sons, carriages; Columbian Manufacturing Company, incubators and brooders; C. W. Price Manufacturing Company, caskets; and the Gig Saddle Company, gig saddles.

Thomas F. Browder established the first steam laundry in Greenfield in 1894. It was located in the old German M. E. church on Mirabeau street. Mr. Browder installed "the latest improved machinery and appliances prepared to do the finest laundry work in either gloss or domestic finish." Agencies were established in 35 neighboring towns. Mr. Browder had an inventive turn of mind. He had been interested for many years in the idea of a life-saving net which might be of service in rescuing persons trapped in burning buildings. He took out his first patent in 1887. He continued his experiments for several years while still operating his steam laundry. Finally he sold his laundry to Captain T. M. Elliott who was interested in many local enterprises including a planing mill which was located in the rear of the Presbyterian parsonage and the newly erected Elliott Hotel on the northeast corner of Mirabeau and Washington streets.

In 1900 Mr. Browder felt that his life-saving net had reached a stage of perfection which warranted its production. He invited the whole town to witness a demonstration on the Public Square. On the appointed day the Square and adjoining streets were packed with interested spectators. The writer remembers the thrill he experienced when a man leaped from the top of the three-story Smart building into the outstretched net with no apparent shock. Mr. Browder succeeded in placing the net in several metropolitan fire departments. Its first real test came on May 7, 1901. In one of New York's greatest fires, twenty persons were rescued by leaping into the net. The *Scientific American* discussed its merits in an elaborately written article. English scientific societies hailed its inventor as a benefactor of mankind. The U. S. Government adopted the net for all the fire departments in Washington, D. C. Orders came from places as far away as Brisbane, Australia. In 1907 Mr. Browder sold his patents to the Corey-Patterson Company which was incorporated with a capital stock of \$50,000. The Browder Life Saving Machine, as it is called, is now a standard piece of equipment of all fire departments.

In 1891 Jacob White, familiarly known as "Uncle Jake," established the first dairy in Greenfield. He began in a small way with a few acres in Thrifton, three cows and a horse-drawn delivery wagon. Within a few years he was able to lease the farm belonging to David Welsheimer, including the old Fair Grounds. It was an ideal site for a dairy with plenty of fine pasture, running water, barns and stables. It had a spring of ice-cold water which proved a great asset in cooling the milk and cream in the days before

artificial refrigeration. For three years Jake never missed a trip with his milk wagon or failed to personally feed his cows. For six years he never slept more than four hours a day. As fast as he could, he replaced his herd with purebred registered Jerseys. By the end of the century, he had one of the finest Jersey herds in the U. S. The Spring Grove Dairy became one of the show-places of Southern Ohio. Classes from Agricultural colleges always visited it on their field trips. It was featured in the *Country Gentleman* in 1919. Jake was a civic minded citizen, kind and generous to a fault. No one who needed milk was ever denied it even if he couldn't pay for it. In later years he was overtaken by financial reverses. His magnificent herd of Jerseys was dispersed and his dairy passed into other hands. His tragic death saddened all the community.

In 1893 Standard Time was adopted by the state legislature. On April 1 the hands on the clock were set back 28 minutes doing away with Sun Time. The farmers didn't like the change. Their cows, they insisted, refused to adopt the new schedule. Many continued to use Sun Time or the "Lord's Time," as they called it. In 1893 the United States was hit by the most disastrous panic it had ever experienced, ushering in a period of acute "hard times" and unemployment. Coxey's Army marched on Washington to present to Congress the grievances of the working classes. For the most part the Army was made up of bums and hoboes who had never worked. A section of the Army passed through Greenfield. It was escorted to the Fair Grounds by the Marshal, housed over night in tents and fed at public expense. The *Greenfield Enterprise* boasted that all the people of Greenfield knew about the hard times were the stories they read in the papers. Even during the panic years there was a lot of building activity in the town. Many of the rickety old buildings in the business district were torn down and replaced by modern buildings. The most notable of the new buildings was the Pythian Castle. The third floor was occupied by the McClain Lodge No. 262 of the *Knights of Pythias* which had been organized on November 29, 1887, when the degrees of Page, Esquire and Knight had been conferred upon 34 charter members. Pythian Castle was dedicated on October 2, 1894, with impressive ceremonies and a grand banquet with H. G. Simons acting as Master of Ceremonies.

The town was on the boom. Houses were being built along all the roads leading into Greenfield. The outlots known as Lowe's Field, Boyd's Field, Ferneau's Field and Freshour's Field were divided up into building lots. Many homes were built in *Thrifton* just across the creek. The town acquired a flourishing suburb called *Oklahoma*, the name having been inspired no doubt by the great land rush to Oklahoma in 1889. The most important addition, however, to the original town plat was the *McKell & Waddell*

Addition south of Baltimore avenue which was platted by its owners, Joseph S. McKell and John M. Waddell, in 1893. It added 274 choice lots to the town plat.

In 1896 the *Central Union Telephone Company*, operating under the original Bell patents, obtained a franchise and installed 50 telephones. The basic patents had begun to expire in 1895, affording independents an opportunity to enter a field long monopolized by the Bell Company and its affiliates. On August 11, 1897, a *Mutual Telephone Company* was formed and shares offered to the public at \$15 each. With each share of stock, a subscriber was required to take a telephone for which he paid the sum of \$10. The new company began business with 112 subscribers. J. A. Zeeck, an old Western Union employee, was placed in charge of the construction. Service was inaugurated in December, 1897. The first Exchange was located in the room above Thompson's grocery, now the Featherlin Barber Shop. In 1905 a reorganization was effected under the name of the *Home Telephone Company*, capitalized at \$30,000 which was soon increased to \$50,000. The success of the company was largely due to the efforts of Stanley O. Pike. On August 1, 1944, the company was acquired by the *Ohio Consolidated Telephone Company*. It now has 2250 subscribers with 1999 in the Greenfield-Leesburg area.

44.

"The Gay Nineties"

There was a great deal of talk about dress reform in the early Eighties but, like the weather, no one did anything about it. Dress still followed the vagaries of fashion. Women wore hoop skirts, bustles, petticoats, highbutton shoes, ruffled cotton drawers, flannel night gowns and puffs in their hair. The men wore whiskers, square hats, ascot ties, red flannel underwear and big watches and chains. The more their critics raved, the more determined were the ladies to preserve their architectural monstrosities. The hoop skirt, which had been the prevailing mode during the *Civil War* and afterwards, gradually gave way to the bustle which reached the peak of perfection in the Eighties. The magazines were filled with bustle ads. The most popular, perhaps, was the *B. V. D. Spiral* which advertised that it was "the only bustle that will not break down. It imparts a graceful rounding shape to the figure in keeping with the Latest Fashions, and is the lightest, coolest and Most Durable Bustle made."

The bustle, in its turn, gave way to the whalebone corset whose chief contribution to the beautification of womanhood was the hour-glass waist. *The Gay Nineties*, as they were called, did witness a certain simplification in dress. Styles were gayer, colors brighter and fabrics lighter than they had been in the past. Skirts

were a trifle shorter and less voluminous. It was even possible sometimes to catch a glimpse of a trim ankle as a lady daintily descended from her carriage. The Nineties produced one innovation which was destined to exert a tremendous influence on women's styles—the shirtwaist. The trim Gibson Girl, with a flat straw hat perched on her head and held in place with a veil tied under the chin, was the ideal of feminine beauty. But sleeves grew bigger as the decade advanced until they finally reached the proportions of toy balloons. It had always been considered unladylike for females to participate in sports. It wasn't in keeping with the reputation for fragility they were supposed to maintain. The prohibition, however, did not extend to the new game of croquet which had recently been imported from England. Almost every lawn in Greenfield had its croquet court. It did not require much more energy to play the game than to crochet or tat but it did bring the ladies out into the open and paved the way for the bicycling fad which hit Greenfield in the Nineties.

Writing of Greenfield society in 1895, Miss Laura McGarraugh declared that Greenfield was in danger of being “clubbed to death.” She mentions, however, only three clubs which would not seem to have been an excessive number in view of the scores of literary, bridge, social and church organizations we have today. The oldest of all Greenfield clubs was the *Reading Club* which was organized in 1891 for social and literary purposes. Its membership consisted of both men and women. It had a long and prosperous career, extending far into the Twentieth Century. The *Coterie* was the first woman's club. It was organized in 1893 with eleven members. It is now the town's oldest club. The *Otway Curry Club* had a brief career. It was followed by the *Fin de Siecle* which promptly changed its name to the *Twentieth Century Club* with the advent of the new Century. It is today one of very few Ohio clubs with a membership made up of both men and women. The *Sorosis* was the first of several clubs in the rural areas. It was organized at the home of Alice and Martha Bonner on December 19, 1902.

Mary Taylor, popularly known as “Toad,” was the social arbiter of Greenfield for many years. No social function was complete without her. No hostess would have dreamed of setting the date for a dinner or a party without first consulting Mary. She was the one indispensable woman. Mary possessed a sharp tongue which she could use with devastating effect on occasion and a large and varied assortment of personal peevs and prejudices which sometimes reduced a hostess to the verge of nervous prostration. But she could produce the most heavenly repasts. Her chicken salad was “the stuff that dreams are made of” and her fig cake was something out of this world. If the French felt impelled to erect a monument to the chef who invented the *crepe*

suzette, then a hundred foot shaft ought to be erected to Mary Taylor, the perfect cook.

45.

Bikes and Bloomers

Harry Waddell created quite a sensation when he pedaled down Main street in the late Seventies on a strange contraption known as a bicycle. It had a large wheel in front, fully sixty inches in diameter and a dinky little wheel in the rear which helped to maintain the proper balance. Its iron-rimmed wheels rattled and clattered over the streets, fully justifying the name of "boneshaker" applied to it. Balancing one's self on that lofty wheel was a precarious matter, frequently attended by disaster. A small stone in the road might deflect the machine from its course, catapulting the rider over the handlebars on to his cranium. Nevertheless the younger generation took to the bicycle with unholy enthusiasm.

By 1886 the "Safety" had made its appearance with two wheels of equal size, quickly displacing the "Boneshaker." Its iron rim was provided with a solid rubber tire which helped to absorb the jolts and jars. By 1892 the pneumatic tire had made its appearance. Everybody took to the open road in the Nineties. The biggest advertisers in the magazines were the manufacturers of the newfangled machine. By 1899 there were 312 factories manufacturing bicycles in the United States. In that year they produced 1,812,671 bicycles. Manufacturers vied with each other in adding improvements—chainless-driven safeties, cushion frames, coaster brakes and all sorts of gadgets. A prospective customer studied the various models with great care before making his purchase. There were many hot disputes over the relative merits of the *Yellow Fellow*, the *Rambler* and the *Columbia*. The price ranged from one hundred to three hundred dollars. The streets of Greenfield were soon crawling with bicycles, creating traffic jams at every street intersection. Mayor Charles M. Mains and the Town Council finally took cognizance of the recklessness of some of the riders and passed an ordinance setting the speed limit at eight miles an hour and requiring that every bicycle must be provided with a bell and lights fore and aft.

Business men declared that the bicycle was bankrupting the country. People defaulted on their grocery bills to buy bikes. The older generation was scandalized by the sights they saw along the roads. Angry pedestrians shook their fists after a rapidly disappearing rider who had almost knocked them down. Preachers fulminated from their pulpits at this new ally of Satan. One declared that "cyclists were rolling downhill to a place where there is no mud on the streets because of its high temperature." Green-

field had a *Century Club* made up of riders who had performed the feat of riding a hundred miles in a single day between dawn and darkness. A member received a medal and an additional bar for every additional century run. Bicycle races were all the rage. They were held every Sunday afternoon. The contestants started at the Public Square, rode out Washington Street past the Fair Grounds to Lover's Lane and thence along the thoroughfare leading into town. The race ended at the Public Square where a large and enthusiastic crowd always greeted the winner. A Greenfield boy by the name of Irwin Dunlap took his bicycle to Europe and made the Grand Tour of the continent on it. He had a lot to talk about when he got back home.

The ladies took to the bicycle like ducks to water. Even their voluminous skirts could not dampen their enthusiasm. No one, however, had the temerity to defy Victorian taboos until a popular young lady appeared in bloomers. Dress reform had at last reached Greenfield. Bloomers, however, were never very popular in Greenfield, the ladies preferred the divided skirt. The new fad also had a lasting effect upon the sartorial styles of the men. They blossomed out in coats of many colors, knickerbockers, plaid socks and turtle-neck sweaters. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The bicycle replaced the horse and buggy as an aid to courtship. Everybody was humming a catchy refrain:

"Won't she look sweet upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!"

46.

Water-works

In 1880 the method of fighting fire was still antiquated and inadequate. In 1881 a petition, signed by most of the citizens of Greenfield, was presented to the Town Council asking for a reorganization of the fire department to conform to the new state code. The reorganization was effected. A Volunteer Fire Company was created consisting of forty members with James P. Lowe as the first fire chief. It was a well trained and disciplined fire-fighting unit but it still had to depend upon public wells for its water supply and the fire signal still consisted of a succession of three short sharp taps sounded by the Town Hall bell. The complete destruction of the old *Woodland House* on Mirabeau street about 1887 demonstrated the inadequacy of this method of fighting fire. On March 10, 1891, a great mass meeting was held in the Town Hall to consider the matter of the town's water supply. Householders at that time were wholly dependent upon cisterns and wells, mostly dug of relatively shallow depth. The well-to-do had both while it was no uncommon thing for a well to be located on the property line between two

houses, serving both families. Many had neither wells nor cisterns and were dependent upon the town pumps spotted in various parts of the town. For those without cisterns the rain barrel sufficed even though its water, collected from the roof of the house during rains, was filled with dirt, germs and wrigglers.

There were no sanitary sewers in the village. The storm sewers were built with dry-stone walls and slab tops, following natural drainage channels. It is not to be wondered at that typhoid fever and other water-borne ailments of the intestinal tract sometimes approached the proportions of an epidemic. The mass meeting which was held on March 10, with Mayor G. W. Milholland presiding, decided unanimously to do something about this deplorable situation. The Council was authorized to take all necessary steps to provide the town with an up-to-date water-works system. Council moved swiftly. It entered into a contract with John P. Martin of Xenia for the construction of a pumping station, built of stone, on the west side of *Paint creek*, with a large well in the bed of the creek adjacent to the shore. On the highest point in the town, on North street between Sixth and Seventh, a large standpipe was erected. It was seventy-five feet high, fourteen feet in diameter and made of cast iron sheets. It held seventy-five thousand gallons of water and was for many years the town's most conspicuous landmark. Cast iron pipes were laid under the streets with fire hydrants at the street intersections. Power was furnished by two sixty-five horse power boilers with duplicate pumps. When completed, few small towns in Ohio had a more complete or satisfactory system of water-works.

The work of construction was begun on April 11, 1891. On July 1, 1891, bonds to the extent of \$35,000 were issued to finance the project. The work of construction was finished on July 12, 1891. Mayor Milholland appointed Fay Baldwin, H. L. Dickey and George W. Rucker as the first Board of Public Service and they, in turn, appointed L. F. Kengle as engineer. Mr. Kengle was a very capable man and served in that capacity for many years. We find the *Greenfield Enterprise* boasting that the work had been completed in less than one hundred days. And it could not refrain from taking a typical fling at our nearest and dearest neighbor: "Greenfield sends greetings to Hillsboro and wishes that she may soon know the pleasures and benefits which flow from water-works."

Many Oldtimers still remember the big demonstration which followed the completion of the water-works and the great crowds which thronged the streets to see jets of water thrown as high as the Town Hall steeple. And no one seemed to mind the drenching they received when they ventured too far into the area where the demonstration was taking place. The *Greenfield Enterprise* reported the affair in its issue of July 28, 1891: "Greenfield has bidden farewell to dust. The waters of the *Paint* now fizz and spout in every

street and on nearly every grass plot and flower bed in town, and the citizens are enjoying, with every evidence of satisfaction, and delight, the novelties and benefits of the newly completed water-works. On Tuesday evening the final test was made and the result was sufficient to satisfy the most conservative. According to the stipulations of the contract with Mr. Martin, four streams were to be poured simultaneously to the height of the Town Hall steeple. The pressure of the standpipe alone, while the engine was not running, is sufficient to play a stream of water against the dial of the clock which is twenty feet from the top of the tower. When the valve which cuts off the standpipe is closed and the direct pressure of the pumps is applied the stream rises to a height of one hundred and forty feet, fully twenty feet higher than the flag staff which surmounts the tower."

The *Enterprise* goes on to describe the great well which was sunk below the level of *Paint creek*. "A trench twenty feet long and twelve feet wide was sunk in the bed of the creek and walled up with stone, the underground chamber providing a constant supply of clear cold water which wells up from the sandy bottom and through the sides of the trench. As the creek never runs dry, the well will be kept constantly full by the percolation of water through the deep deposits of sand and gravel which underlie the creek channel and broad bottom of the *Paint*." The new water-works with hydrants on every street corner naturally proved a great boon to the town's fire-fighting forces. The big test came on Sunday, July 15, 1893. Most of the people of the town, including many members of the Volunteer Fire Company, had repaired to *Island Grove* where a big celebration was in progress. Sometime during the afternoon, the news spread through the crowd, "The whole town's on fire!" Great flames could be seen rising to the skies. Everybody, including the excursionists from other points, started for town.

The fire had originated in a shed on the alley back of the Le-Fevre Building which is now occupied by the Diamond Grill. If the Fire Department had been able to muster its forces quickly, the flames no doubt would have been quickly quenched. As it was, however, they rapidly spread to other inflammable buildings in the vicinity. Putnam's Hardware store had on hand a large quantity of powder and shells which promptly exploded when the fire reached them. With bullets flying in all directions, it became extra-hazardous to venture into the vicinity of the fire. Nevertheless the Volunteers, as soon as they could collect their scattered forces, attacked the flames with their improved fire-fighting apparatus. It was a long, hard battle but eventually the fire was brought under control. Many frame buildings were burned but most of them were rickety, ramshackle structures whose loss to the community wasn't very great. There is little doubt that the whole east end of town

would have gone up in flames if it had not been for the new water-works.

In 1898 the village purchased a team of horses and a chemical and hose wagon. The fire department was established in the southwest corner of the Town Hall. Walter Dunlap was the first driver. The department was again reorganized. The number of volunteer members was reduced to twenty under the new village ordinance. George W. Langley became fire chief. During the last fifty years almost every family in the community has had some member represented on the fire department roster. In 1904 the town built a two-story brick building on Washington street for the exclusive occupancy of the Fire Department and equipped it with the latest fire-fighting apparatus.

47.

Electric Lights

The old lamplighter was no doubt a romantic figure as he made his daily rounds, and the Cape Cod oil-burning lanterns, set on top of red painted cedar poles, had a quaintness all their own, even though they only served to intensify the inky blackness of the spaces in between. The citizens of Greenfield, however, were not sentimental about their quaint street lighting system. They wanted light, more light than the flickering kerosene lamps could give them. The lighting of municipalities by electrical current provided by a central power house was still in its infancy, but the citizens of Greenfield were willing to try the experiment. In January, 1893, John P. Martin, who had installed the water works, was called into consultation. He proposed that the town build the plant and make the necessary installations at a cost of \$17,000. He would then take over the operation of the plant, charging \$75 a year for each street light and a reasonable rate for private users. There was no law on the statute books of Ohio in those days permitting a municipality to own its own utilities. The Town Council, however, sent a delegation to Columbus and succeeded in securing enabling legislation which was passed on April 5, 1893. Greenfield, therefore, became a pioneer in municipal ownership of public utilities.

Mr. Martin's proposition, however, met with much opposition. Many favored the operation as well as the ownership of the lighting system. On July 3, 1893, an election was held to approve the issuance of \$20,000 in bonds to build and operate the plant. It carried by the overwhelming vote of 176 to 7. While other communities were debating the issue of municipal versus private ownership, Greenfield went ahead and demonstrated its practicability. After more than sixty years, no one advocates turning our utilities over to private individuals although several attempts to buy up the



Mrs. Theodore Hammond Residence, 306 South Washington Street

M. L. Carson Residence, 433 North Street



HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Mrs. E. G. Miller Residence, 226 South 2nd Street



Robert T. Frizzell Residence, 233 South 2nd Street

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Dr. Paul R. Minich Residence, 543 South Washington Street

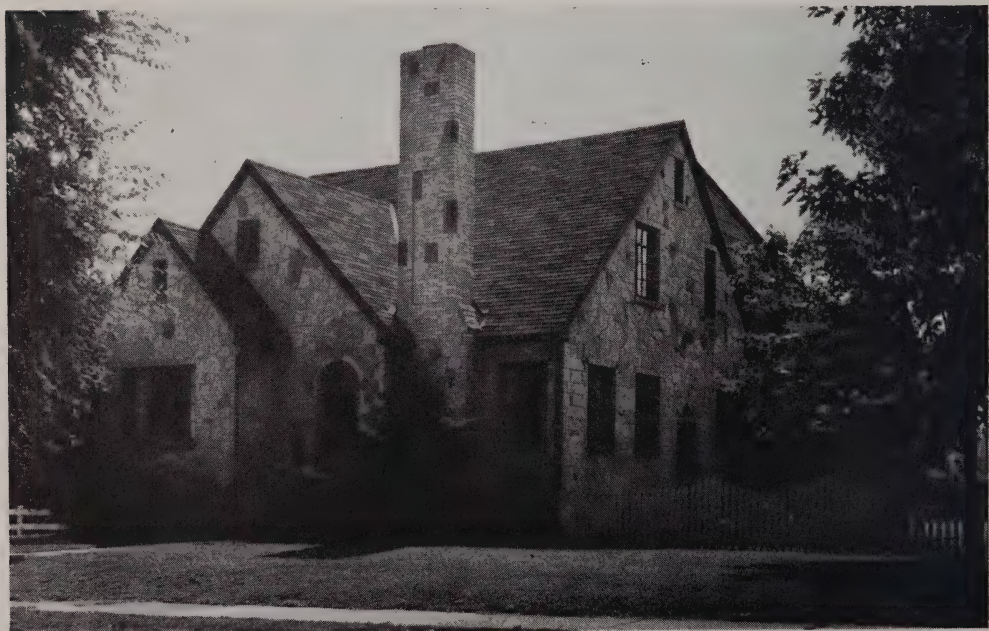


Paul Cameron Residence, 657 South Washington Street

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



John T. Mains Residence, 328 South Street



K. R. Roberts Residence, 230 North Street

plant have been made. This happy result can be attributed to the uniformly high character of the management through the years, and to the fact that politics have not been permitted to interfere with the operation of the plant. The building housing the water-works was enlarged. Two Russell engines of fifty horse-power were installed, one bolted to the arc dynamo and the other to an alternating current dynamo. Forty-seven arc lights were installed at street intersections. Carbon rods were used, two in each lamp. They were kept apart a quarter of an inch and fed toward each other by the mechanism of the lamp as it burned. It made a fairly good light with sharp shadows when anything interfered with the light. It had a distressing habit of failing to keep the carbons the proper distance apart. The lamps had to be lowered each day for the installation of new carbons. In spite of all objectionable features, however, it marked a great advance over the old system.

The bright lights attracted bugs by the thousands. Every day when the lamps were lowered a pint or more of these bugs was removed. A Mr. Taylor was employed by the department to look after the lamps. One evening he noticed that the arc light at the intersection of Second and Mirabeau streets was not burning. He lowered the lamp and poked it with his umbrella. He was killed instantly. Sixteen candle power lamps were installed in the homes. Consumers were charged a flat rate for the service which, under the rules of the Board, terminated at midnight. As there were no meters, many burned the lamps continuously night and day on the strange theory that the lamps lasted longer if not turned out, ignoring the great waste in current. In the early days of the Twentieth Century meters were installed and the service vastly improved with new devices. There was great rejoicing in Grenfield when the lights were first turned on. One mother of a new born babe signalized the occasion by naming the child, "Lectricity."

48.

First Football Team

High school enrollment in the Eighties and the Nineties never exceeded forty or fifty pupils and the girls far outnumbered the boys. The attitude of the average citizen toward higher education hadn't changed appreciably since pioneer days. Latin and Algebra might be all right for the fellow who was going to college with the intention of becoming a doctor, a lawyer or a preacher but, inasmuch as most of the boys were going to work in the factories or stores or on the farm, all they needed was reading, writing, spelling and a lot of arithmetic. Consequently most of the boys dropped out of school after the eighth grade or even earlier. As there was nothing for girls to do, they remained in school.

In 1892 a number of boys from the country enrolled in the high school. Soon they were complaining that they were being pushed around by the town boys. The sidewalk in front of Gadbury's bakery was, in those days and for many years thereafter, the favorite gathering place of school boys at the noon hour and after school in the evening. One evening the usual scuffling threatened to become something more serious and Andy Schwartz, who worked in Jacob Hafler's tailor shop next door to Gadbury's had to intervene to preserve peace. He decided that the boys needed some outlet for their superabundant energy. Why not a football team? When he encountered Mr. Arnott, the Superintendent of schools, he broached the matter to him. Mr. Arnott took kindly to the idea. There weren't a sufficient number of boys in the high school to form a complete team so some town boys were added.

A game was scheduled with a town team from Washington C. H. The game was played but there is a considerable difference of opinion on the part of Oldtimers in regard to the details. According to Harry Smalley, a member of the team, the game was played on the playground back of the old Central school building and Greenfield won by an astronomical score. According to George Ghormley, another member of the team, the game was played at the old Fair Grounds and Greenfield was on the little end of the score. It is quite possible that they had in mind different games. However, Harry Smalley had in his possession a photograph of that first team whose members may be identified as Arnold Harvey, Thad Kerr, Henry Price, Sam Patterson, Harry Smalley, Henry Elliott, Frank Smalley, Jim Sellers, Fred Kelso, Rob Kerr, Wert Duncan, Charles Browder and George Ghormley. It became the custom to have an annual game usually on Thanksgiving Day but the teams were never made up exclusively of high school boys. No regularly organized and supervised high school football team was organized until 1903.

49.

Newspapers

About 1880 the *Highland Chief*, no doubt sensing the spirit of the times, changed its highly picturesque name to the *Greenfield Enterprise*. In 1883 the *Enterprise* acquired a highly important addition to its staff. Carl Clouser succeeded Sam Buck as paper carrier. This marked the beginning of a newspaper career extending over fifty years, during which Mr. Clouser filled every possible position on a newspaper ranging from printer's devil to editor and publisher. The *Greenfield Enterprise* had an almost clear field during the Eighties. It was not until 1888 that an attempt was made to found another newspaper. In that year an am-

bitious young man by the name of J. M. Miller, believing that a rapidly growing community like Greenfield offered a fertile field for his efforts, established a newspaper which he called *Success*. The name, no doubt, was intended as a compliment to the highly successful Success Sweat Collar Pads. *Success*, however, survived for only a few months.

During the Nineties, the *Enterprise* had plenty of competition. In 1891 Frank T. Wickersham established the *Tri-County News*. In 1896, John L. Strange, a retired schoolmaster, established the *Greenfield Journal*. These two papers at various times during the next decade appeared as weeklies, bi-weeklies and dailies. Rarely if ever has Greenfield had three more able newspaper men than Frank Weller who edited the *Enterprise* and Frank T. Wickersham and John L. Strange who edited their own papers. They were all masters of the picturesque phrase.

The *Enterprise* was edited along conservative lines. The *News* and the *Journal*, however, were more vigorous in their approach to contemporaneous problems. Being in different political camps, their editors frequently engaged in knock-down and drag-out fights. Their differences were not confined to politics. They were frequently at loggerheads over small local issues and sometimes engaged in persiflage at each other's expense. The feud, real or fancied, was a great circulation builder. People had to subscribe to both papers so as to know what each editor had to say about the other. The *News* claimed to have the largest circulation of any paper in Highland, Ross and Fayette counties but the claim was disputed by the *Journal*.

When the editors of the *News* and *Journal* were not tilting at each other, they were usually directing their shafts at the editorial sanctums of the county seat. Mr. Wickersham could even find something in a cock fight to crow over, as attested by the following item which appeared in *Tri-County News*, January 13, 1894: "Last week a cocking main was held in Adams county twelve miles south of Hillsboro. There were several chickens entered from several places but the principal battles were between Greenfield and Hillsboro, the former winning four out of six contests. We have no very great admiration for such events but when Greenfield game birds are matched with foreigners we are gratified to learn that they come off victorious."

About the turn of the century an important newspaper merger was effected. Rankin Sprung, who had long been the publisher of the *Greenfield Enterprise*, died and his paper was acquired by a group of Greenfield business men. The same group purchased the *Tri-County News* and merged the two into a new weekly paper known as the *Greenfield Republican*. The *Journal* continued publication until 1917. After Mr. Strange's death it was edited for a

while by his widow, with his sons, John and Waltham, in charge of the press room.

50.

Financial Institutions

It seems rather strange that a growing community like Greenfield with plenty of local pride did not possess any banking facilities until 1859. The idea of starting a bank in Greenfield arose with James A. Miller who, at that time, was connected with the Merchants Bank of Dubuque, Iowa. During one of his visits to his brothers, R. H. and E. H. Miller, at his old home in Greenfield, he persuaded W. W. Caldwell and R. H. Miller to dispose of their successful mercantile business and organize a bank. The new bank was known as *Caldwell & Miller's Exchange*. It was located on the second floor of the two-story building east of the Smart Block. A small iron safe furnished ample protection for the funds and legal papers of the firm. That safe is still in use in the jewelry store of Donald Bussard. The bank was successful from the start and soon sought more commodious quarters in what is now the Daniels' Cigar Store.

When the U. S. government established a chain of National Banks in the Sixties, the *Exchange* promptly applied for a charter and became one of the first National Banks in America, its charter being Number 101. The new bank began business on September 1, 1863, with a capital stock of \$50,000. This was the *First National Bank of Greenfield* with W. W. Caldwell, President; R. H. Miller, Cashier; E. H. Miller, Bookkeeper; Washington Mains, Alexander Beatty, Samuel Sollars and Reese Jury, Stockholders. In 1865 the entire stock was sold to John V. Wright and family who conducted the business until 1871 when the stockholders surrendered their charter as a National Bank and then reorganized as the *Citizens Bank of Greenfield*. It was caught in the great panic of 1873 and failed, causing heavy losses to the depositors.

However, the community had another bank which weathered the storm and helped to put the community back on its feet. On May 1, 1867, the *Highland County Bank* was organized with W. W. Caldwell, President; R. H. Miller, Cashier; E. H. Miller, Assistant Cashier and F. W. Pearson, Bookkeeper. Additional stockholders were Reese Jury, A. J. Smart and J. J. Bell. A year later E. H. Miller bought out all the other stockholders. The *Commercial Bank of Greenfield* was organized in 1882 with H. L. Dickey, President; C. W. Price, Cashier; John Fullerton and D. O. Diggs, Stockholders. In 1891 it sold out to E. H. Miller who, in turn, sold it the following year to H. L. and C. A. Dickey. The *Peoples Savings Bank* was chartered in 1905 by Austin Ferneau, President; J. N. Douglas, Vice-President; J. L. Caldwell, Cashier; M. I. Dun-

lap, A. L. Dwyer and W. R. Cory, Directors. In 1909 the new bank acquired the assets of the *Commercial Bank*.

The *Peoples Savings Bank* later merged with the *Peoples National Bank* which received its charter as a National Bank on November 27, 1911. Its officers were: J. A. Harps, President; C. B. Lair, Cashier; Bert Lough, Assistant Cashier, and Coke L. Doster, Attorney. It is today Greenfield's only banking institution. The *Highland County Bank*, which had always been regarded as strong as the Rock of Gibraltar, went down in the great maelstrom which engulfed thousands of banks in the early depression years. Its fine new building, a symphony of marble and mahogany, was acquired by the *Peoples National Bank* whose assets at the close of business on April 11, 1955, amounted to \$5,413,725.-63. Its present officers are Oscar Heidingsfeld, President; Albert L. Daniels, Vice-President; Paul D. Fairley, Vice-President and Cashier; Wendell Shaffer, Clem W. Thoroman, R. C. Head and Gladys C. Mercer, Assistant Cashiers.

The small loan company performs an important service in every community today. In 1938 the Welfare Finance Corporation with offices in many Ohio cities established an office in the former *Peoples National Bank* building. On May 4 of that year it purchased the assets of the *American Loan Company* which had been in operation in Greenfield for about two years. The President of the company is Junius R. Lear; its Vice President, Gus W. Lear; and its Treasurer, Robert E. Vordem. In February, 1952, Frederick Young became Manager of the local branch with William Kennedy as Investment Manager. The company acquired one hundred accounts with assets amounting to \$7,500 from the *American Loan Company*. Today it has 1800 accounts with \$175,000 assets.

Two building and loan companies, the *Fidelity* and the *Home*, proved of inestimable value to home builders in the Nineties. The *Fidelity* was incorporated on May 5, 1887, with G. B. Anshutz as President; J. M. Waddell, Vice-President, and H. L. Dickey, Treasurer. Its office was located in the *Commercial Bank* building. The first loan was made on July 17, 1887. It consisted of four shares at a premium of eight cents. It had a curious method of lending money. When a surplus accumulated, it was offered for sale to the highest bidder at the next Saturday night meeting. The purchaser of the first loan was Nelle Waddell. This method of loaning out money, however, was soon abandoned. H. M. Fullerton served as President of *Fidelity* for 27 years.

In 1891, 75 houses were built in Greenfield and 100 more in 1892 in spite of the fact that the country was in the grip of a paralyzing panic. By the end of the century, fully 70% of the citizens of Greenfield owned their own homes or were paying for them through the aid of the building and loan companies.

The building of a house, however, was not the expensive proposition it is today. In 1900 W. H. Pommert built seven modern houses on "C" street at an average cost of \$550 and sold them for \$750. Most of the material that went into the construction of the houses — brick, stone and lumber — was produced locally. Mr. Pommert paid \$3.25 a square for red cedar shingles, \$1.25 per hundred feet for frame lumber, \$2.00 each for window frames and pulleys, \$1.50 for screen doors of varnished hard pine, \$8.00 per thousand for brick, 60 cents per gallon for turpentine, 6½ cents per pound for white lead and 5 cents a gallon for coaloil.

51.

The Churches

All the churches of Greenfield were rallying points during the great temperance crusades. There were numerous revivals with large accessions to the churches. During the Seventies all the churches joined in a great Union Service during the first week of each January. According to an Oldtimer, it wasn't hard to tell "who was who" at these meetings. "The Presbyterians stood up during the prayer, the Methodists knelt down and the Baptists bowed their heads on the back of the seat in front of them." In December, 1880, disaster again overwhelmed the Methodists. The church with all its furnishings was destroyed by fire. Only the heroic efforts of the Bucket Brigade saved the parsonage from a like fate. The church was immediately rebuilt and dedicated by Dr. C. H. Payne, President of Ohio Wesleyan University, on June 18, 1882. A great revival, conducted by Reverend LeSourd in 1894, added 214 to the membership of the church. By 1897 the membership had passed the eleven hundred mark and the Methodists were already planning the erection of a new institutional church edifice.

The Baptists erected a new brick annex to their church in 1883. The rapid growth of that section of the town generally referred to as the Southside and the new suburb known as Oklahoma led the Baptists in 1897 to erect a Chapel on Seventh street for the accommodation of the people in that section without a church home. In 1900 Rev. G. W. Bickett began a highly successful pastorate in the United Presbyterian church. After his departure the membership began to decline and, finally, the oldest of all the Greenfield church groups disbanded after considerably more than a century of service to the community. Most of the members united with the First Presbyterian church.

On November 30, 1900, the long and remarkable pastorate of Dr. Samuel Dickey Crothers came to a conclusion after thirty-seven years of service to the First Presbyterian church. He con-

tinued as Pastor Emeritus until his death on July 19, 1916. During his long pastorate, he had seen the membership of the church increase from 275 to 573 communicants. He had received 1209 persons into membership and had baptised 615 communicants. No pastor was ever more beloved by his people. Like the Methodists, the Presbyterians had found their old edifice completely inadequate to their increasing needs. Believing that the erection of a new church was just a question of time, a group of Presbyterians joined together in 1897 and purchased the Old Odd Fellows' Building at the corner of Fifth and Jefferson streets and the adjoining planing mill property as a suitable site for the new church.

To the old established churches, a new church was added. In October, 1896, Rev. C. A. Freer came to Greenfield and held a series of meetings under the auspices of the Richmond Street Church of Christ in Cincinnati. This church had established a foundation known as the Clark Fund for evangelistic work. Greenfield was considered a suitable field for their endeavors as the town had seventeen members belonging to that denomination without a church home. As a result of these meetings, the Church of Christ was formally organized on December 13 with Rev. Freer as the first pastor, W. Probst as Treasurer and Peter Roush, as Clerk. The congregation arranged to use the second floor of the new building being erected on Midway avenue as their church home. It was dedicated on Christmas Day, 1897. When the United Presbyterians disbanded, the Church of Christ acquired their church building. It was formally dedicated on May 15, 1921.

The close of the *Civil War* added a considerable number of colored citizens to Greenfield's population. Many had belonged to the Baptist denomination in the South. On July 8, 1866, they organized a Baptist church with Elder J. Powell as moderator and Elder J. M. Meek as clerk. For several years the congregation met in a schoolhouse three miles north of town. In 1874 they moved into Greenfield and erected a brick church on Lafayette street.

52.

"Remember the Maine"

On February 15, 1898, the American people were shocked and stunned by the news that the *Maine*, pride of America's new fleet of battleships, had been blown up in the harbor of Havana where it had been sent to safeguard American interests. I have a vivid recollection of the impact of that news on the people of Greenfield. Our emotions ranged all the way from amazed incredulity to burning indignation. There were no Fifth Columnists in the United States in those days, no organized foreign groups whose loyalty belonged to foreign lands, no Fascists or Communists with their strange ideologies. We were Americans all. *Remember the Maine*

was the slogan emblazoned on the front page of every newspaper in the land, preached from every pulpit and proclaimed from every rostrum. President McKinley was bitterly criticised because he didn't immediately declare war on Spain.

Finally on April 11, 1898, the President sent a message to Congress asking for authority to use the armed forces of the United States to expel the Spaniards from Cuba. On April 19, anniversary of the first battle of the *Revolution* and of the first bloodshed of the *Civil War*, Congress declared war on Spain. Our sympathy had long been with the Cubans who were fighting desperately for their Independence and against the Spanish who had been fighting with equal tenacity to maintain their last toe-hold in the New World. We had read with horror the stories of Spanish atrocities which had appeared in our American newspapers. We had immediately assumed that the *Maine* had been blown up by the Spanish and gave little credence to their claim that the deed had been done by the Cuban insurrectionists for the purpose of involving the United States in the war. I don't believe that it has ever been determined who really blew up the ship.

Greenfield had no National Guard company in those days but a number of young men enlisted in Company E of Washington C. H. and in other organizations. Names which come readily to mind, are Dr. Herbert Willson, Chedester Kidd, John Johnson, Harry Harris, Bert Pricer and John Holmes. Several of these served in Cuba and Porto Rico and two — John Holmes and Harry Harris — served in the War against Aguinaldo in the Philippines. Mr. Harris was also a member of the expeditionary force, led by another Greenfield boy, Captain Noble E. Irwin, against the Boxers in China. It was the opinion of Greenfield boys in those days that one American could easily lick half a dozen foreigners with one arm tied behind his back. Several wars, which have since taken our American boys into every corner of the world, have considerably modified my own views on that subject.

The news of Dewey's victory in Manila Bay on May 1, 1898, was greeted in Greenfield by a great spontaneous demonstration. All the factory whistles were blown and all the bells were rung. As bell boy at the school building, I rang the old school bell for over an hour. I believe that it was the first time in over a hundred years that it was ever rung for anything except a school event. I also remember the thrill I experienced many years later when I flew over Manila Bay and saw the remnants of the Spanish ships still projecting out of the water. When the full news of the *Battle of Manila Bay* reached Greenfield, we learned that the Spanish Fleet had been sunk without the loss of a single ship. The only damage had been inflicted when a Spanish shell struck a turret on the *Baltimore*, injuring an Ensign and six of his gun crew. The

Ensign was none other than Greenfield's own Ensign Noble Edward Irwin.

53.

Admiral Irwin

The *Sugar Run* neighborhood, two miles west of Greenfield, is famous for its bumper crops and unusual personalities. Its native sons range all the way from a General and Admiral to a celebrated bronco-buster and a Chicago racketeer. Away back in 1851, Henry Irwin described it as "this pleasant land that our Father has provided for his children who love him and like to live on the waters of *Sugar Run*." Forty years later one of his kinsmen, inspired no doubt by the "waters of *Sugar Run*" became Greenfield's most famous seafaring man. Noble Edward Irwin was born on his father's farm on *Sugar Run*, September 29, 1869. He was a typical farmer's boy who had never seen the sea but, like many inland boys, he had dreamed of some day treading the quarter deck. He attended the district school and later the Greenfield Schools but he did not remain for graduation as he had to help his mother with the spring plowing. He had applied for an appointment to Annapolis but with little hope of success. One day his sister, fluttering with excitement, came running out into the field to inform him that his appointment had arrived. He threw his hat into the air, tossed the reins over the back of old Dobbin and shouted, "Never again!"

The members of the family were very dubious about his ability to pass the entrance examinations as he had not finished high school. But he buckled down to work with the grim determination which ever after characterized his actions and in six weeks time passed the examinations with flying colors. His magnificent physique won a place for him on the Annapolis football team which played West Point in the first Army-Navy game in 1890. His team mates dubbed him "Bull" Irwin, a tribute to his powers on the gridiron. He captained the team the following year and again the Army bit the dust. He was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1891 but his fame as an athlete was such that he was called back to act as Director of Athletics from 1907 to 1909.

In 1893-94 he served on board the U.S.S. *Newark* at Rio de Janeiro during the Brazilian revolution. He had his first real baptism of fire in the Battle of Manila Bay on May 1, 1898. A Spanish shell struck the turret of the *Baltimore* and an Ensign and six of his crew were injured. The Ensign was Noble Edward Irwin. He had the distinction of being the only American officer wounded in that famous battle. After the close of the *Spanish-American War*, he participated in the Philippine campaign. It was during this period that the Boxer Rebellion occurred in China. The members of the

American and other foreign legations were besieged in Tientsin by the revolutionists. Five thousand American soldiers and marines were sent ashore, under command of Captain Irwin, to relieve the legations. The Boxers were quickly dispersed, after some of the most intensive fighting in the career of Greenfield's future admiral.

In 1913-15 he was the Commander of the *U.S.S. New Orleans* on the west coast of Mexico during the Turtle Bay incident. With the outbreak of World War I, he became the first Director of Naval Aviation and held that position from May, 1917, to May, 1919. He increased the number of qualified naval aviators from one hundred to more than two thousand and made all arrangements for the first trans-Atlantic flight of naval sea planes. He was not content, however, to stay on the ground. He was the oldest man in either army or navy to earn his flying wings. After the war he commanded the *U.S.S. Oklahoma* (1919-21); the Naval Yard, Portsmouth, N. H. (1921-22); the 15th Naval District Canal Zone (1923-25); the Scouting Fleet of the Destroyer Squadron (1925-27). In 1924 he attained the rank of Rear Admiral.

Admiral Irwin was not only a man of tremendous energy and a splendid organizer but a man of considerable diplomatic skill and tact in dealing with delicate international situations. He was frequently dispatched on foreign missions. While serving as navigator and executive officer on the *Kansas* in 1909-1911, he was a member of the goodwill mission sent to Germany and Russia where the party was entertained by the Kaiser and the Czar. One of his favorite stories had to do with the time he was invited by Kaiser Wilhelm to chop wood with him on the Kaiser's estate. During the years 1927 to 1931, he was chief of the naval mission which was sent to Brazil for the purpose of training the new Brazilian navy. From 1931 to 1933, he again served as Commandant of the 15th Naval District in the vital Canal Zone, retiring in 1933 after forty-two years of active service.

While still an Ensign, he married Elma Natalie Norris, daughter of Captain John Alexander Norris of the U. S. Navy, September 26, 1896. They had one daughter, Phyllis Natalie Irwin, who became the wife of Vice Admiral Charles Andrews Lockwood, now retired. Admiral Irwin died at Warm Springs, California, August 10, 1937. During World War II, a destroyer, named the *Irwin* in his honor, performed many heroic exploits in the Pacific theatre and was decorated by the government. Although more than half his life was spent in foreign lands and waters, Admiral Irwin always gave his residence as Greenfield, Ohio.

54.

Personalities

One of Greenfield's most interesting personalities at the turn of

the century was Jim Shoemaker, an old bachelor whose sartorial splendor has long been a matter of legend in the community. In his younger days, Jim could easily have qualified as one of "the ten best dressed men of the year." Arrayed in a high silk hat, cutaway coat, pin-striped trousers and patent-leather shoes, carrying a cane and gloves, he paraded Main street on Sunday afternoons, the observed of all observers, the "glass of fashion and the mold of form." Many an Oldtimer still has a vivid recollection of Jim, standing on the Public Square, leaning negligently on his cane, viewing the passing show with just the right touch of that bored indifference which is supposed to characterize a man of the world. In his more mature years still a "nifty" dresser although along more conservative lines, Jim could easily have posed for one of those "Men of Distinction" whisky ads.

Jim had a prodigious memory for inconsequential things. He was the town's authority on the Bible and race horses. He could repeat, with equal glibness, all the "begats" of the Bible and the pedigrees of all the thoroughbreds. He had a firmly fixed conviction that the earth was flat and could quote chapter and verse to prove his contention. He debated the question with school children much to the irritation of their teachers. In his later years Jim became an ardent basketball fan, following the team from town to town and from tournament to tournament, not entirely oblivious of the fact that strangers invariably asked each other, "Who is that distinguished looking gentleman?"

For forty years or more Blind John Kelly was a familiar sight on the streets of Greenfield. Rain or shine, sunshine or shadow, hot or cold, from early morning until late at night, he could be seen plodding along, sightless and heavy laden with the weight of years and the daily papers, calling his wares in a sing-song monotone that never varied in pitch or wording — "Enquirer, Commercial Gazette, the daily, daily papers." A native of Greenfield where he was born in 1845 and stone blind from birth, he never lived outside the pale of Greenfield, knew every nook and corner of the town which he navigated without cane or any device common to the blind. He could distinguish by touch any American coin and make change unerringly. An industrious man, seeking sympathy and charity from no one, he supported a blind wife and a large family by his own labor.

Another familiar figure on Main Street was Billy Macey, the town's peripatetic bootblack. With his shoe-shine kit, he wandered about, heralding his approach with a bell which some kindly disposed person had attached to the box. He was a small man with a handle-bar mustache, slightly "teched in the head." Like Jim Shoemaker he was a nifty dresser. He wore a derby hat and a Prince Albert coat which was covered with an amazing array of ribbons and rosettes, medals and campaign buttons, the gifts of an

admiring public. No German General was ever more wonderfully bedecked than Billy. Greenfield also had two midgets in those days, Anna Duffield and John J. Kelly who was always called "Little John" to distinguish him from Blind John Kelly. Anna was 39 inches tall and Little John ten inches taller. Anna lived in the house on the northwest corner of Mirabeau and Second streets just across from the old M. E. church, now the Catholic Church. When the two were married a red carpet was stretched from Anna's home to the church so that the happy pair could make the journey without soiling their feet. The whole town turned out to watch the wedding procession.

Hugh Hennis, agent for the American Railway Express for a period of forty years, had been a famous Indian fighter in the Seventies. He was six feet, four inches tall and built proportionally. When a youth, it is said, that he could leap over a pony from a standing position. His athletic prowess stood him in good stead in his Indian fighting days. Once when he was swimming in the *La Platte river* near Fort Laramie, a band of mounted Indians swooped down upon him. He managed to outrun the Indians to the stockade. Hugh lived to be ninety years of age. Even when a very old man, he was still the greatest wood-chopper and corn-cutter in these parts.

When James Murray, who had buried most of the early settlers of Greenfield, passed on to his reward, his son Jim became the village undertaker. Many Oldtimers still remember the soothing bedside manner with which Jim conducted the last rites of their loved ones. Every one of Jim's funerals was a finished production, staged with all the skill of a Broadway impresario. The corpse, however, played only a supporting role, the real star was Jim. On one occasion Jim was summoned as a witness on a trial at the county seat. He was subjected to a grueling cross-examination by Ulric Sloane, a celebrated criminal lawyer. "And just how many people did you bury last year?" Ulric asked. "Fifty-four," Jim replied promptly and proudly. Ulric settled back in his chair and chortled with satisfaction. "That," he said, "is the best news I have heard from Greenfield in a long time."

Gwynn Coyner was a rugged individualist of the old school. He had the benign philosophy of a David Harum, the consecration of a Sam Jones, the homely wit of a Will Rogers and a bit of the Crusading spirit of a Carrie Nation. Like old Lem Jucklin, he knew the Bible from "kiver to kiver" but unlike Lem he didn't indulge in such frivolous pastimes as cock-fighting. He was as honest as the day is long, as dry as the Dust Bowl, as salty as a slab of home-cured country smoked ham. He had a single track mind, a fund of homely wisdom and a few mild eccentricities which endeared him to all who knew him. He produced on his Buckskin farm the best maple syrup in the forty-eight states. He never hesitated to speak

his mind when the occasion demanded. A prominent farmer, so the story goes, was suspected of sharp practices. He had borrowed all the money he could from his neighbors. When the time to settle arrived, he reported that the venture had been a failure but that he would settle for twenty cents on the dollar. Although his creditors suspected that there was something crooked in the deal, they felt constrained to accept his terms as there were no visible assets. Shortly afterwards, the farmer invited all the countryside to a wedding feast. The tables were spread on the lawn in the shade of the trees. After everyone had been seated, Gwynn continued to stand for a few moments, surveying the choice viands with which the tables were spread. Then he remarked loud enough for all to hear, "This certainly doesn't look like twenty cents on the dollar."

General J. E. Hull relates a lot of anecdotes about his boyhood friends, Abe Frank and Dr. Robert Jones. Abe ran a clothing emporium but spent a lot of time hobnobbing with his neighbors on Main Street. He carried on a running feud with his good friend, Dr. Jones. On one occasion Dr. Jones failed to speak to him when he passed him on the street. Later in the day, Abe took the good doctor to task for his failure. Dr. Jones snorted, "I don't speak to darn fools." Abe was equal to the occasion. "I do," he replied. On another occasion, Abe stuck out his tongue at the doctor. Dr. Jones looked at him intently for a few moments and then entered his office. The next day Abe received a bill for five dollars. When Abe came fuming into his office, Dr. Jones reminded him, "I examined you, didn't I?"

Emil Uhl was Greenfield's only Alsatian. He had been a school-boy in Alsace-Lorraine when the Germans marched in after the Franco-Prussian War and watched them tear down the picture of the French Emperor and put up the Kaiser's portrait. The happy-go-lucky Alsations didn't like the roughshod methods of the Prussians. When the time came for military service, Emil slipped across the border with many other young Alsations and headed for America. He eventually landed in Greenfield where he became the progenitor of a large progeny of children and grandchildren who, from their height reaching up to seven feet, look down with good natured tolerance upon mere six-footers. Emil had a green thumb so he established a greenhouse out on West Jefferson street. Every morning Emil sauntered down Main street, smoking a big black cigar, with that look of peace and contentment on his face which signified that "all's well with the world."

One morning he dropped into the Round Corner Drug store where the usual early morning crowd had gathered, engaged in the usual early morning persiflage. The conversation turned on the topic of what each one did when he first arose in the morning. Will Meyers, the boot-and-shoe man, said, "The first thing I do when I get up in the morning is to kiss my wife." Emil admitted

that he always took a little bit of Rhenish wine "for his stomach's sake." Another volunteered that wine wasn't strong enough to prepare him for the arduous duties of the day, he always took a big slug of whisky. Abe Frank shook his head sadly. "I haven't any wife to kiss," he bemoaned, "and I haven't any wine or whisky to drink. All I can afford is beer. And there are only two kinds of beer that agree with me." "What are those?" Emil asked, flicking the ash from his cigar. "In the bottle and in the keg," Abe replied.

"There is magic in the shadowed past."

HORSELESS CARRIAGE DAYS 1900 1915



Gene Eley

TO A PINE TREE

*Pine tree, are you ever lonely
Standing near this village street?
Are you tired of hearing daily
Tramping of so many feet?
Do you ever long for silence
All around you still and white,
Hushed, tranquil, sacred beauty
Of a starry northern night?
When the sky was red at sunset
Did I see you start and quiver?
When you thought of forests burning
Did I see your whole form shiver?
Far away your memories go,
Is not this your consolation
Folks like me have loved you so?*

— ELSA LOCKWOOD

The New Century

The people of Greenfield greeted the advent of the Twentieth Century with a pandemonium of bells and whistles. The more serious-minded held watch meetings in the churches, the more frivolous danced the hours away. Everybody looked forward to the new century with great anticipations. To the average man it meant better jobs, better homes, better schools, a higher standard of living, more comforts and more opportunities, the full fruition of a hundred years of sweat, toil and sacrifice on the part of a pioneering and ingenious people. No one even suspected that it also meant wars and rumors of war, the atomic bomb and cataclysmic changes in the economic, social and political set-up of the American people.

Greenfield's new newspaper, the *Republican*, painted a rosy picture of Greenfield's future. "A few years since," it editorialized, "Greenfield was a mere country village. Today we have water-works, electric lights, two telephone systems, sewers and new streets in prospect. We have factories whose products go to all parts of the civilized world. Our people are happy. Not a speck appears on the horizon of our progress and none will appear as long as peace and prosperity continue to spread their benignant wings over us." In another editorial, however, we learn that there were a few specks on that apparently fleckless horizon: "There is no reason why Greenfield should not become one of the prettiest towns in Ohio. There are a few old mossbacks here who are so deathly afraid of any increase in the tax rate that they will oppose every movement towards improving the physical condition of the town." The editor proceeds to outline a program of improvements which he deems essential to the town—streets of good and lasting quality, adequate fire protection, a band concert every Saturday night, revival of the old-time fairs and a park. He bewails the fact that "the only place where love-sick swains can breathe soft nothings to their inamoratas, where children can romp and play and busy workers go on evenings and Sundays to get a breath of fresh air" is the cemetery. He expressed the belief that "the town was shedding its air of rusticity" and fast assuming "the mantle of urbanity."

One of the things most avidly desired by the people of Greenfield was an electric railway which would connect the town with Cincinnati and Columbus. In 1901 the Town Council granted a franchise to the *Cincinnati & Columbus Traction Company* to lay tracks and operate an electric railway on certain streets of Greenfield. The railway, however, was never built. A new contrivance

known as "the horseless carriage" was soon to put all the electric railways out of business.

56.

The Horseless Carriage

In November, 1906, the Town Council appropriated funds for the construction of hitching racks along Main street. The city dads apparently did not sense the imminence of the automotive age although by that time several local residents were chugging along the streets of Greenfield in that strange new contraption known as "the horseless carriage." Perhaps the erection of the new racks was just a gesture to appease the country folks who were very much incensed because the strange new conveyance frightened their horses, killed their chickens and covered their lawns with dust. The first horseless carriage appeared upon the streets of Greenfield in 1902 when a young man from out of town by the name of Bruce Chapman came calling on Miss Evelyn Rucker. His new car made a deep impression not only on Miss Rucker but on the entire neighborhood. Fay Baldwin, Cashier of the Highland County Bank, seems to have been the first citizen of Greenfield to purchase a car, probably in 1902. The car opened from the rear. It is said that he invited one of the bank's clients to take a ride in his new car. The client, a very large lady of considerable avoirdupois, managed to enter the car but Mr. Baldwin, much to his embarrassment, found that his conveyance was so heavily loaded that he couldn't start it. About the same time Dr. Robert Jones acquired a *Waverly Electric*. When the battery needed recharging, he took it to Mr. Kengle at the Power House who obligingly recharged the battery but in doing so plunged the whole town into darkness. Dr. Jones soon replaced the Electric with a *Rambler*, steered by tiller and cranked from the side. Bert Lough purchased the first five-passenger car, a *Logan* made in neighboring Chillicothe.

The first wheel-steered automobile, a *Crestmobile*, was acquired by Milt Strain. It had more features common to the automobiles of today than any of the early cars to appear upon the streets of Greenfield. Mr. Strain soon purchased a second car, an *Orient Buckboard* with no hood of any kind, merely a platform and foot rest and a single cylinder engine located on the back axle. I had my first automobile ride in this car. I remember that ride distinctly. About five miles out in the country something went wrong with the *Orient* and we had to walk back to town. Mr. Strain also pioneered the first buggy car in Greenfield, the first real horseless carriage.

The first really big car in town was a *Thomas Flyer* owned by E. L. McClain and operated by Erk Kerr, probably in 1905 or 1906. Dr. W. H. Willson was the first citizen to own a *Ford* and Rev. S. A.

Aikman the first to own a *Cadillac*. Other early owners of the new-fangled contraption were Charles M. Mains, E. G. Miller, D. O. Miller, S. A. Dewey, W. H. Moehlenpage, H. M. Fullerton, J. M. Waddell, A. L. Slavens, J. S. Arnott, L. J. Cole, Harry Christopher, and J. B. Renick. Ersa Beatty was the first farmer in the Greenfield neighborhood to purchase a car (1906 or 1907), a two cylinder, double chain driven *Lambert* with friction clutch. Dr. Robert Dunlap and his good friend, Luther Matthews, both purchased a *Queen*. One day Dr. Dunlap found that something had gone wrong with his car which was parked in front of his residence on Mirabeau street. He was lying on his back with his feet projecting out from under the car when Luther came down the street driving his *Queen*. He ran over the good doctor's legs and then panic stricken, realizing what he had done, he put the car in reverse and ran back over the doctor's legs again. For a while their friendship was somewhat strained.

By 1908 there were thirty cars in town. Some one conceived the idea of advertising the coming Chautauqua in neighboring towns and hamlets with a cavalcade of automobiles. The members of Price's Premier Band were loaded into the machines and a grand tour of the neighboring towns was made. The cavalcade stopped long enough in each hamlet to give a short band concert and pass out advertising matter. The tour was a great success. On July 19, 1905, Greenfield had its first recorded automobile accident. L. J. Cole, the leading furniture dealer of the town, was returning from Washington C. H. with Mayor E. W. Allen, Postmaster J. B. Elliott and Councilman Ward Allen in his car. Two miles north of town near the iron bridge, the car hit a boulder in the road and swerved from its course. It crashed through a wooden fence, grazed a telephone pole and hurled its occupants over a thirty foot embankment. The news of the accident was quickly conveyed to Greenfield by telephone from a neighboring farm house. A large crowd gathered on the Public Square awaiting news from the accident. The occupants of the car were severely shaken up but no one was seriously injured.

Newspaper men insist that it isn't news when a dog bites a man but just let a man bite a dog and that's news. Following the same line of reasoning, it wasn't news in those early days when a car frightened a horse, but when a horse frightened the occupants of a car half out of their wits it was really news. The *Republican* records such a bit of news in its issue of January 11, 1908. A touring party from Greenfield, on its way to Dayton, encountered a young man mounted on a horse north of town. The horse took the bit in its teeth but, instead of running away from the strange contraption, it attacked the car, showering well directed kicks upon its enemy. The occupants quickly evacuated the car and took to the nearby fields. In a few minutes the car had been damaged, one

spring broken and the sides badly dented. The *Republican* proudly concludes: "This is doubtless the first case of the kind to occur in the United States, which only goes to show the superior spirit of our local horses."

Old Dobbin was the hero of another of those "believe it or not" stories which would certainly have delighted the heart of Mr. Ripley. About midnight one dark night in 1902, a horse hitched to a rig ran amuck on Second street. At the B & O tracks, it turned eastward running along the tracks and across the lofty eleven hundred foot trestle which spans *Paint creek*. It crossed the trestle at a full gallop without breaking a leg or seriously damaging the rig. The next morning the footprints of the horse could be seen clearly, dangerously close to the edge of the ties. Another even more gruesome incident occurred in front of the residence of Captain T. M. Elliott on Mirabeau street. Dr. I. N. Smith, making a professional call at the residence, hitched his horse to a post whose top had been chewed by numerous horses to a rather sharp point. Luther Matthews, chugging along in his new horseless carriage, frightened the horse. It lunged forward and, being brought sharply to a halt at the end of the rope, it fell on its right side, impaling itself on the post. Dr. Smith put the unfortunate beast out of its misery.

57.

The Open Road

To those who had been brought up in the horse-and-buggy era, motoring was a highly exciting experience in the first decade of the new century. Rolling along the country roads at the amazing speed of twenty miles an hour was an exhilarating experience. There were some speed demons even in those early days. In 1908 the *Greenfield Republican* records that a *Packard*, driven by a Mr. Archey, had established a time record between Hillsboro and Greenfield—nineteen miles in exactly thirty-nine minutes. There were some inconsiderate motorists on the roads in those days. They swept by your car, enveloping it in a thick cloud of suffocating dust. Some even added insult to injury by displaying a sign on the back of their car—*Excuse My Dust*. In preparation for such eventualities, the passengers donned long dusters, caps and goggles. The ladies wrapped veils around their faces. Nevertheless the heavy dust from the graveled roads proved a deterrent to whole-hearted enjoyment of the open road.

Chickens scurried across the road. Horses reared back on their haunches, frightened by the puffing little car. Livestock sometimes jumped over fences. There were some considerate motorists who stopped their cars, got out and led the frightened horse past the

car. Most motorists, however, did not stop when they hit a chicken or a dog. Farmers shook their fists after the vanishing car, but only rarely did anyone take a pot shot at a motorist as happened in the case of S. M. Strain. While driving along the New Petersburg pike, Mr. Strain encountered two young men driving a horse and buggy. The horse became frightened. One of the young men fired three shots at Mr. Strain. Fortunately none took effect.

There were no garages or filling stations along the roads. Gasoline had to be purchased at the grocery store. Some people kept a supply of gasoline in a little building in the backyard in fifty gallon tanks. If anything went wrong on a trip to the country, the driver and all the passengers had to get out and tinker with the machine. Every man had to be his own mechanic. Many people still remember vividly their first trip in the horseless carriage. They walked home. In 1901 a man was arrested on the charge of driving twenty miles an hour on the city's streets. Motorists were frequently annoyed by dogs biting their tires. Some carried little glass bulbs filled with ammonium to throw at the dogs.

It wasn't long until automobiles were pouring off the assembly lines in a mass production which amazed and astounded the rest of the world. Everyone who could afford it, and many who couldn't, had to have a car. Even the farmers invested their savings in cars. The Buicks had a slogan, *Count the Buicks*. The Fords countered with another slogan, *Try to count the Fords*. The tin lizzie rattled and banged across the country. The automobile brought with it better roads. Gas pumps sprouted along every highway in the land. Poets wrote little ditties like this: "Hush little corner lot, don't you cry, You'll be a filling station bye and bye."

Better roads meant greater speed and greater speed meant a greater toll of life and limb. Sudden death on the highways became a matter of great concern. Many Greenfield people remember the days when a trip to Columbus was a harrowing experience. The highway was dotted with white crosses, each cross marking the spot where some one had been killed in an automobile accident. One railroad crossing looked like a miniature Flanders Field with its seventeen white crosses. In the course of the years the crosses have been removed but sudden death on the highways still exacts its toll of life and limb.

An *Oldsmobile* purchased by J. M. Waddell in 1911, made automobile history. Thirty-seven years later it was still able to make a trip to California. The car had enormous wheels, six cylinders and acetylene gas headlights. In 1935 Mr. Waddell sold the old machine to Earl Gault of Lorain for three hundred dollars. Mr. Gault made repairs as needed—a new drive shaft, a new axle shaft, bushings of various types, bolts, gaskets and the like. Altogether he estimated that he had spent 2400 hours of painstaking labor on the car, but he declared that he wouldn't trade his grand old *Olds-*

mobile for the latest 1949 model. Metropolitan newspapers gave Mr. Gault and his 1911 Model a lot of publicity when he started on his long trek to the coast in the spring of 1948.

The advent of the automobile definitely relegated the horse to a minor position in the economy of America. Old Dobbin had played an important part in our civilization. A frugal feedbox had often been her portion. Often she had worn an old and irritating collar for another year in order that her master might have a new suit of clothes. She had done her part nobly and well. Many of the younger generation will never know the thrill that comes from the pull of the reins over the sleek back of old Dobbin's progeny. But old Dobbin still refuses to give up the struggle for survival. She still has her share, though a minor one, in the world's work. The U. S. Department of Agriculture estimated that there were still 6,607,000 horses and 2,544,000 mules in the United States in 1948.

58.

Dream Car

There was a time when Greenfield, Ohio, might have become one of the great automobile manufacturing centers of America if its citizens had seized the opportunity when it presented itself. But opportunity, as everybody knows, "knocks once on every door and then is heard no more." Oldtimers insist that Greenfield would have pushed Detroit right off the map if its people had realized the possibilities of the Patterson-Greenfield Automobile which was proudly exhibited by Fred Patterson for the first time on September 23, 1916. We can dream, can't we? The car had been built from the ground up in the C. R. Patterson & Sons carriage factory on North Washington street, an oldline firm which had been doing business in Greenfield for half a century or more. The firm had been founded by C. R. Patterson, a blacksmith whose sinewy arms were "strong as iron bands." We do not know whether or not the smithy stood "under a spreading chestnut tree" but it is a matter of record that he could fashion almost any gadget of metal with his hammer and anvil. He made skates for the young fry and iron grills and weathervanes for their fathers.

In horse-and-buggy days he began to build vehicles for the carriage trade. He could make anything which rolled on wheels—buckboards, buggies, phaetons, rockaways, barouches and surreys "with the fringe on top." His product was as strong and durable as the fabulous "one-hoss shay." In the course of time his sons, Fred and Sam, joined the firm but by 1915 only Fred survived to perpetuate the traditions and the "know-how" of C. R. Patterson & Sons. The automotive age had already ruined the carriage trade.

Fred turned his attention to automobiles. The Patterson-Greenfield Automobile was an excellent car, much better looking than most of the models of that period. According to an advertisement which appeared inside the cover of the *New Atlas of Highland County* by H. W. Hunter, published in Hillsboro in 1916, it had all the latest gadgets—"full floating rear axle, cantilever spring, demountable rims, left hand drive, center control, electric starting and lighting system, one-man top and ventilating windshield." In performance it proved to be quite as satisfactory as the tin lizzies which were cluttering up the country roads.

Mr. Patterson described his new automobile in the following terms:

"It is not intended as an omnibus or carry-all but to meet the requirements of that class of users who, though properly able to expend twice the amount, yet feel that a machine should not engross a disproportionate share of expenditure to the exclusive of proper provision for home and comfort." In other words, Mr. Patterson was trying to produce, as Henry Ford had already done, a low-priced, serviceable family car. Its price—believe it or not—was quoted at \$850. The production of an automobile requires quite a lot of capital. The capital was not forthcoming. The Patterson-Greenfield Automobile never reached the mass-production basis. It was and still remains the first—and only—automobile ever built in Highland county. Having received no encouragement from the financiers, Mr. Patterson turned his attention to the production of school bus bodies for which there was a big demand in Ohio schools.

59.

The Flickers

Several world-shattering events occurred in 1903. *Sweet Adeline*, the sweetheart of every Barbershop Quartet and every bar-room tenor, made her debut; the first successful flight of a heavier-than-air craft was made by the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk; the first wireless message was flashed across the Atlantic ocean, heralding the birth of a new means of inter-communication; the first story-telling motion picture, *The Great Train Robbery*, introducing to the American public the first great screen personality, Bronco Billy Anderson, was filmed. Greenfield had nothing to do with these world-shattering events but it soon felt their full impact.

The first motion pictures in Greenfield were shown at one of the early street carnivals. Several tent shows featuring the novelty, attracted curious crowds. At about the same time the nickelodeons opened up in empty store rooms improvised for the purpose. One of these nickelodeons was located in the room afterwards occupied by the American Express Company on South Washington street near

Mirabeau. This seems to have been the first of the nickelodeons. Another was located in the store room now occupied by the Ashling Hardware Store. The nickelodeons charged a nickel admission. They were quickly superseded by more ambitious places of entertainment which charged ten cents and preferred to be known as motion picture theaters. The old German church on Mirabeau street was transformed into a motion picture theater but it did not survive very long. Greenfield's first real motion picture theater was the *Colonial Theater* located on the south side of Jefferson street, where the Vass Tavern had stood in pioneer days. At a somewhat later date, the *Royal Theater* was opened next door to the Harper House.

The early pictures were just wild and hilarious chases "over hill and over dale, through branch and through briar." They depended for their appeal upon the upsets and accidents along the way. They had a jumpy, jerky quality which soon won for them the name of "the flickers." They were quickly followed by blood-curdling melodramas, dramatic sketches, bucolic skits and slap-stick comedies featuring such stars as Bunny, an enormously fat comedian, and a thin lady of extraordinary angularity named Flora Finch. Every program also had a popular song, such as *Down By the Old Mill Stream* with illustrative slides accompanied by a tin-panny piano.

Serials, presenting an episode once a week, were exceedingly popular especially with the boys. Everybody followed with bated breath the *Perils of Pauline* as presented by Pearl White. When the *Yellow Menace* opened at the Colonial the management decided to give it unusual exploitation. A band of schoolboys was rounded up and a great parade was staged. The kids marched up and down the streets, beating drums improvised out of dishpans and tooting old brassy horns. For some unknown reason the serial was discontinued when half-way through. A great howl went up from the youngsters who had been promised free admission to every episode. Every theater had a set of slides which were thrown on the screen as the occasion required. We can easily visualize the scene in the theater from the slides. Here are a few:

While changing the reels our pianist will render some popular selections.

No smoking, please! It annoys the ladies.

One minute please to adjust machine.

Ladies under 45 will please remove their hats.

Somebody's baby is crying? Is it yours?

No dogs allowed in this theater.

Positively no stamping or whistling.

No loud talking. You'll disturb the piano player

Please read the titles to yourself.

You kids must keep quiet.

Good night!

Most of our citizens are not aware that William E. Waddell, who was born in the Waddell home on South Washington street, made the first talking pictures ever produced. Mr. Waddell, an engineer by profession, was a friend of Edison. One day he suggested to Mr. Edison that his phonograph might be synchronized with the pictures. Mr. Edison replied, "Billy, go do it." And Billy did. He joined forces with John D. Elms, a picture man. They made many experiments and finally, when they had perfected their device, they succeeded in interesting William Fox, the motion picture magnate, in their experiment. They made four pictures, *Movie Follies of 1929*, *Happy Days*, *Song o' My Heart* with John McCormick, the great Irish tenor, and *Oregon Trail*. The pictures were all exhibited at Roxy's, the largest playhouse in the world at that time.

Greenfield has had two representatives in the motion picture world. Grace Valentine was an important star of the silent screen while James Bush, in later days, has had important roles in the support of many stars of the first magnitude. Tyrone Power made one of his earliest appearances — perhaps the first outside of Cincinnati — in a production of *The Adventures of the Lady Ursula* in the McClain High school Auditorium on February 24, 1931. Mr. Power played the role of Mr. Dent while a Greenfield girl, Miss Lillian Brown, played Lady Ursula.

60.

Street Carnival

About the turn of the century, Greenfield had its first street carnival with its rides, slides and glides, ballyhoo and barkers. It was an enlightening experience. The stellar event of the week was a wedding on the Public Square. The happy bride and groom were presented by the merchants of Greenfield with almost everything necessary to set them up in housekeeping. There was a Ferris wheel, merry-go-round and other amusements but the show that attracted the most attention was the troupe of Oriental dancers which pitched its tent on East Jefferson street. The good ladies of the community were scandalized at the report of the exotic dances which were staged to the plaintive wail of Oriental instruments. They picketed the show. They didn't carry banners, but they took up their position on the sidewalk commanding an unobstructed view of the main entrance. Hospitable neighbors and storekeepers furnished them with chairs. The attendance fell off abruptly.

Street carnivals became an annual event, eagerly awaited by one segment of the population and severely berated by another. The *Greenfield Republican* gives us some impressions of the carnival held in August, 1903. "Early in the evening the great dive takes place and the people stand expectant while the man leaps from the

top of the high tower. Beautiful women appear in front of various shows, skirt dancers weave through the mazes of the serpentine, Hilliar the Great swallows eggs, the darkies sing coon songs and dance jigs, the barkers bark, the band plays, the crowd applauds, laughs and throws confetti, the enthusiasm is contagious and everybody is gay. The evening closes with the high wire bicycle riding act, the artist starts the perilous trip across the wire, first taking the precaution to light his bicycle lamp in conformity with the city ordinance. If one of Greenfield's high flyers should meet him on that dizzy height, the performer could not be held responsible for the result."

Every daring performer in a circus or carnival had his imitators among the small fry of Greenfield. After a few bumps and bruises most of the boys decided to try a less spectacular way of making a living. One Greenfield boy, however, far outstripped the daring performances he had seen performed by aerialists. Harvey Mills became the Marvelous Mills whose daring feats on the tight rope, stretched far above the heads of the spectators, made him the sensational attraction of street carnivals from coast to coast. He began his career by walking along the tops of every fence in the neighborhood, progressed to a tight rope stretched in the back yard and perfected his technique by walking the cables stretched across the stone quarries. In 1916 he joined a carnival company and soon was its stellar attraction. He married a professional aerialist who was known by the name of Madam Leonora and the two put on a spine-tingling act which won them the plaudits of the multitudes. The climax of the act was the Elephant Walk. The two donned an elephant panting costume and walked the rope, stretched between two high buildings, to the humorous chant of the Elephant Walk. Harvey was a fatalist. He frequently said, "I'll get it eventually." He did. While putting on his act in Chicago, he fell to the ground and was killed.

Another boy of this period found inspiration for his life's work in the gilt and glitter of the circus and carnival. His name was Clyde Beatty. He hailed from neighboring Bainbridge but the streets of Greenfield were about as familiar to him as those of his native habitat. Today Clyde Beatty is generally recognized as the world's greatest trainer of wild animals. He was the first man to successfully work lions and tigers together in the same cage. Clyde's wild animal act has been the central feature of many movie thrillers. He is still the greatest trainer in the business with his own circus which bears his name.

61.

"Play Ball!"

In the spring a young man's fancy always turned to thoughts of baseball, at least that was the way it was in Greenfield half a

century ago. Every vacant lot had its team made up of the neighborhood kids who played the game with all the fervor and enthusiasm of big leaguers. The kids graduated to the Town Team which was always able to more than hold its own with the teams from neighboring towns. In the spring of 1899, some of the boys got together and organized a team as usual. Jake White let them use the old Fair Grounds for their games. The boys took their shovels and scalped a diamond. Jim Brattin and Dr. David Hanawalt, a veterinarian, consented to book games and look after the business arrangements. The team clicked from the start. By the Fourth of July the town was baseball crazy. It was necessary to erect bleachers to accommodate the crowds. When it became necessary to pay for the bleachers at the end of the season, the till was empty and some Oldtimers still remember that they had to fork over ten dollars apiece to pay the bill.

Having disposed of all the neighboring teams, a game was booked with Waverly which had an unbeaten team. Greenfield fans invaded the Pike county metropolis headed by a band under the direction of Jerry Price. Waverly, however, had heard about the prowess of the Highland county boys and had strengthened their team with imported players. With Frank Spencer, a first class pitcher in the box, they were confident of the outcome. The gloom that settled over Mudville when the mighty Casey struck out was inconsequential compared with the gloom which enveloped Greenfield when the news was relayed back home that their favorites had gone down to defeat. The team returned home, their heads bloody but unbowed. They revamped the team, strengthening its weak spots and were ready when Waverly appeared to play the return game. It ended in a decisive victory for the local boys, but it was marred by a peculiar accident. Spencer, the Waverly pitcher, had a way of winding himself up in a manner marvelous to behold and delivering the ball with the speed and accuracy of a bullet. On one of these occasions, the spectators heard a sharp report like the crack of a pistol. Spencer stood on the mound with his arm dangling at his side. The bone had snapped under the stress and strain of his delivery.

In the spring of 1900, with Charles Parrett as manager, the team entered the semi-professional ranks. Washington C. H. and Wilmington also organized semi-professional teams. For the next three years Southern Ohio has rarely, if ever, witnessed such magnificent baseball as these three teams gave their communities. In addition to their games with each other, games were booked with teams from Columbus, Cincinnati, Dayton, Lancaster, Zanesville, Portsmouth, Springfield, Hillsboro, Chillicothe and other towns. The climax of Greenfield's 1900 season was a game with the Cincinnati Reds. The National League team had to extend itself to win a 3 to 1 decision. The *Republican* particularly commended the work of

Frank Doyle and predicted a brilliant future for him in the baseball world. It also had a kind word for the umpire. "Fred Patterson, the king of umpires, handled the indicator with his usual precision and skill which had a tendency to eliminate the senseless kicking that disgusts the spectators."

Perhaps the high spot in Greenfield's baseball history was the two-game series with the far famed *Mountaineer Tourists*, a team organized and directed by Max Fleischmann, a Cincinnati millionaire. It was reputed to be the best semi-professional non-league team in the United States. Greenfield split the series with the Mountaineers. During the period from 1899 to 1902 no less than twenty players on the Greenfield team were drafted by the Major and Minor leagues. Mike Mitchell, the Babe Ruth of his day, went to the Cincinnati Reds; Al Bridwell to the New York Giants; Gus Bonno to the Washington Americans; Sweeney to the Boston Nationals, Ben Nippert to the Cincinnati Reds. Fred Hunter, Greenfield's pitcher, made such a sensational record at Kansas City that he was sold to Pittsburgh for \$10,000, the highest price that had ever been paid for a player up until that time. He is now a scout for the Boston Red Sox. Summers, Schroder, McClain, Deckart, Benny Falone and Rantz all went to the minors. Jimmy Falls and Denning, who played under the name of McGraw, turned down minor league offers to enter the Catholic clergy.

Branch Rickey played his first professional baseball with the Greenfield Club. He was, at various times, a member of the Cincinnati Reds, the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Browns. Eventually he became manager and later president of the St. Louis Cardinals. He invented the famous Cardinal system of farming out promising young players. He later became president of the colorful Brooklyn Dodgers, affectionally known as "Dem Bums" and as such introduced the first negro player to Big League baseball. He is now president of the Pittsburgh Pirates and is universally regarded as "the brains of baseball."

Of Greenfield's own home town boys, Charles Doyle, Frank Doyle and Earl Boyd went to the Minors. Frank Grubbs from the neighboring hamlet of Good Hope, after playing with minor leagues in Ohio and Indiana, retired to devote himself to politics and poetry. Frank Doyle made a lifetime career of baseball, playing on and managing many minor league teams. Other local boys who played on Greenfield's famous teams were Luther Sexton, Frank Mitchell, Eugene Moore, Charles Hamilton, Fred Holby, Robert Bailey, Charles Stoneburner and Pearl Heaton.

62.

The New Harper

Greenfield lost one of its most venerable and historic landmarks in 1901 when the old *Harper House* was torn down to make way for an elegant new hotel which would continue to perpetuate the name of Harper. It had been a famous old tavern in its palmy days, and within its hospitable walls many men of national renown had found rest and comfort. But it had fallen on evil days. It had yielded its position as the leading hotel of the town to the *Elliott*. One of the local papers noted its closing without regret. "As a hotel," it records, "the old *Harper House* this morning ended its career when Pearley Ravenaugh, who has held the lease for several months past closed the doors, pulled down the blinds and began packing up preparatory to moving out. For several years after it lost its prestige as a hotel it retained a place in popular favor as a boarding house, and had an excellent patronage of that kind, also catching the class of travelers who pay their own expense bills and consequently stop at the cheaper hotels. The business rooms, too, were all occupied at good rentals, and it is said that for several years the building paid between twenty and twenty-five per cent income upon its valuation, an almost unheard of yield under normal conditions. Then came the decline. The hotel lost favor even as a boarding place. The occupants of the business rooms sought other quarters, and a cheaper class of business took their place. And now the old landmark is doomed to destruction."

Mr. Henry L. Dickey issued an invitation to all the people of Greenfield to attend the opening of the new *Harper House* on Wednesday, April 2, 1902. "The weather as if conspiring towards the success of the event was delightful," according to the *Republican*. "Hundreds upon hundreds of people were on the streets and many new bonnets and gowns which the inclemency of the Easter Day forbade being shown were in evidence. The beautiful Dickey building was of course the Mecca of all. It is an imposing and substantial looking building of graceful proportions and an air of metropolitanism which is gratifying to the owner and attractive to everybody who has the least sign of aestheticism in his nature. Stores, all splendidly appointed, with large plate glass windows and beautiful furnishings occupy the ground floor. The office on the Jefferson street side is a dream of compactness, convenience and elegance. Electric bells, speaking tubes, place dials and all the other devices used in up-to-date hostelries are present here. A magnificent circular settee, richly upholstered, occupies the center of the office. Surmounting the settee is a beautiful palm, giving to the place a dash of nature which is entrancingly beautiful. There are fifty-one rooms in the hotel all splendidly furnished with new Brussels and velvet

carpets, with electric lights and call bells and the other conveniences found only in up-to-date hotels. On the second floor is a magnificently appointed parlor from which a fine view of the business part of the city may be obtained.

"All who were present at the reception on Thursday were agreeably surprised at the beautiful interior of the *Harper*. Mr. Dickey certainly looked proud of his hotel as he showed his guests around and introduced them to the genial manager, Mr. W. E. Poppleton, who is a man of large experience with the knack of making friends and keeping them. His glorious little daughter, Gwendolyn, was everywhere in evidence, making friends with everybody. Gwendolyn is truly the mascot of the *Harper*. During the course of the afternoon, lunch was served in the spacious dining room and everyone was made to feel at home and everybody felt that glow of civic pride in the knowledge that Greenfield now has one of the finest hotels in Southern Ohio."

In the course of the years the *New Harper* has grown old. It is still an imposing building even though the circular settee, surmounted by the "entrancingly beautiful palm," has disappeared from the lobby. It still dispenses the open-handed hospitality which has characterized the *Harper* for four generations and has reminded many a travel-weary guest of the lines:

*"Who'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his footsteps may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."*

63.

New Churches

The Presbyterians began the construction of a fine new church of native Greenfield stone with a graceful bell tower on August 1, 1901. The corner stone was laid with impressive ceremonies. Dr. S. D. Crothers, Pastor Emeritus, handed the box containing many church relics to William Smith, the oldest member of the congregation, who placed it in the corner stone. The last service in the old brick church built in 1855 was an occasion of mingled joy and sadness, joy at the completion of a magnificent new Temple of Worship, sadness at leaving the scene of so many happy, fruitful years. The new church was dedicated April 5, 1903. The congregation at that time numbered over 700 members, the largest in the Chillicothe Presbytery. The church had been erected at a total cost of \$61,750. In 1950 the church acquired a *Singing Tower* which fills the air with melody and "concourse of sweet sound." The carillon was presented by members of the Bonner family which

has been identified with the church from early pioneer days. A bronze plaque commemorates the gift:

THIS CARILLON
is dedicated to the glory of God
to add melody to life
to bring music to the souls of men
Given by
William A. Bonner
and his sisters
Martha, Alice and Esther
1950

Since the end of Dr. S. D. Crothers' pastorate the following have ministered to the spiritual needs of the congregation: Rev. S. A. Aikman, under whose pastoral guidance the new church was built and dedicated; Rev. Freely Rohrer, December 2, 1906; Rev. John Newell, a native of Newfoundland, May 15, 1918; Dr. Willis B. Kilpatrick, August 1, 1928; Rev. Crawford Culp, 1951; Rev. Clair Emerick, 1954. A record of only nine pastors in 133 years contrasts rather sharply with the record of the *First Methodist Church* which has had 94 ministers since the first class was organized at a barn raising on the farm of John Robbins in 1804. From 1804 until 1841, when a resident pastor was appointed, 51 circuit riding ministers ministered to the spiritual needs of the Methodists. Since 1841 there have been 43 resident pastors.

* * *

Work on the new Methodist church was begun on August 11, 1902. The corner stone was laid on November 11 of the same year, Rev. W. H. Wehrley presiding. The dedication ceremonies were held June 24 to July 1, 1904. The special speakers included Bishops Bashford, Thirkeld and Moore and three former ministers, Rev. E. Burdsell, Rev. Marion LeSourd, Rev. Frank G. Mitchell. The new church, built of Greenfield stone, possessed many new and original features. It was the first institutional church erected in the Cincinnati Conference with reading rooms, library and a complete gymnasium and recreation rooms with Turkish, Russian, shower, tub and plunge baths. A Young Men's Club was organized with a part-time director in charge. Arthur McLean, a Greenfield boy who had made quite an athletic record at Ohio State, was the first director. He was followed by Dr. D. C. Huddleson of Ohio State who gave two days a week to the local gymnasium. He was succeeded by Prof. Alkire, a full time director, who remained for several years. The institutional features of the church were open to all Greenfield citizens.

An appalling disaster overtook this magnificent church edifice just as it had two previous Methodist churches. Under date of April 28, 1910, we read in the *Republican*: "The beautiful M. E. church, the pride of Greenfield, representing years of toil and

\$100,000 in money, burned with its contents Thursday night and a stately pile of charred and blackened ruins now stands to mark the spot. At 10:45 p.m. fire was discovered by a passerby shining through the windows in the rear of the pipe organ. In ten minutes the immense structure was a seething furnace from end to end, with flames pouring from every opening and licking up the woodwork of the immense dome that rose 135 feet above the street below."

Again the Methodists set about the rebuilding of their church on the old foundations. With \$50,000 of insurance, \$70,000 subscribed by members of the congregation and considerable salvage from the ruins of the old church, a fine new church was built. The architect was David Davis of Cincinnati, the contractors Northcutt Brothers of Covington, Kentucky. The institutional features were omitted from the new edifice as they had created some controversy among members of the church. Dedictory exercises were held October 23 to November 3, 1912, Rev. E. M. Ellsworth, presiding. Speakers included Bishop William F. Anderson, Dr. M. B. Fuller, Dr. Walter D. Cole and Dr. Luther Freeman. The new structure had a well equipped library, a Memorial Room set aside for literary and social functions and five ornamental windows, including the three beautiful figure windows from the Tiffany Studios of New York. The McClain family presented a lovely Sanctuary in 1941 and a Memorial Chapel in 1950. The church was extensively remodeled and rededicated in November, 1951. The congregation commemorated its Sesquicentennial with all-day services on October 24, 1954, Rev. Roy C. Vandegriff presiding.

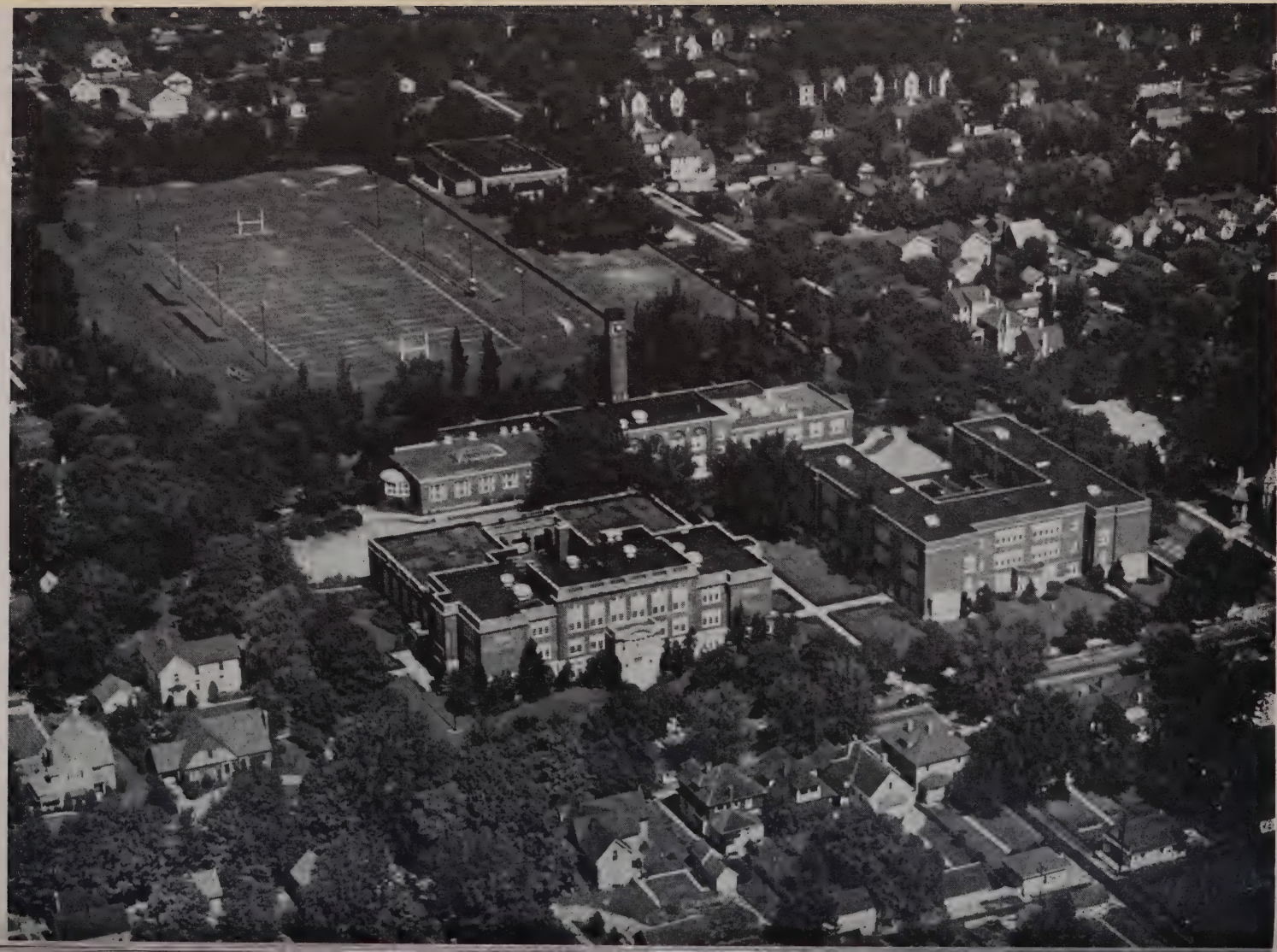
* * *

When the Methodists moved into their new church home, the Catholics purchased their former church and remodeled it for its new use. It was dedicated by Archbishop Moeller of Cincinnati on June 11, 1905. The Baptists completely remodeled their church in 1928 and rededicated it with appropriate ceremonies. The United Brethren Church traces its inception to a great revival held in a tent on the lawn of Charles Cox on North Fourth street in the summer of 1909. The church was formally organized by Elder James Barton in 1910 with 30 members. The Baptist Mission on Seventh street was purchased as a church home and formally dedicated by Clarence Mummert of the United Brethren College of Huntington, Indiana. The first pastor was Rev. Orange Lovett.

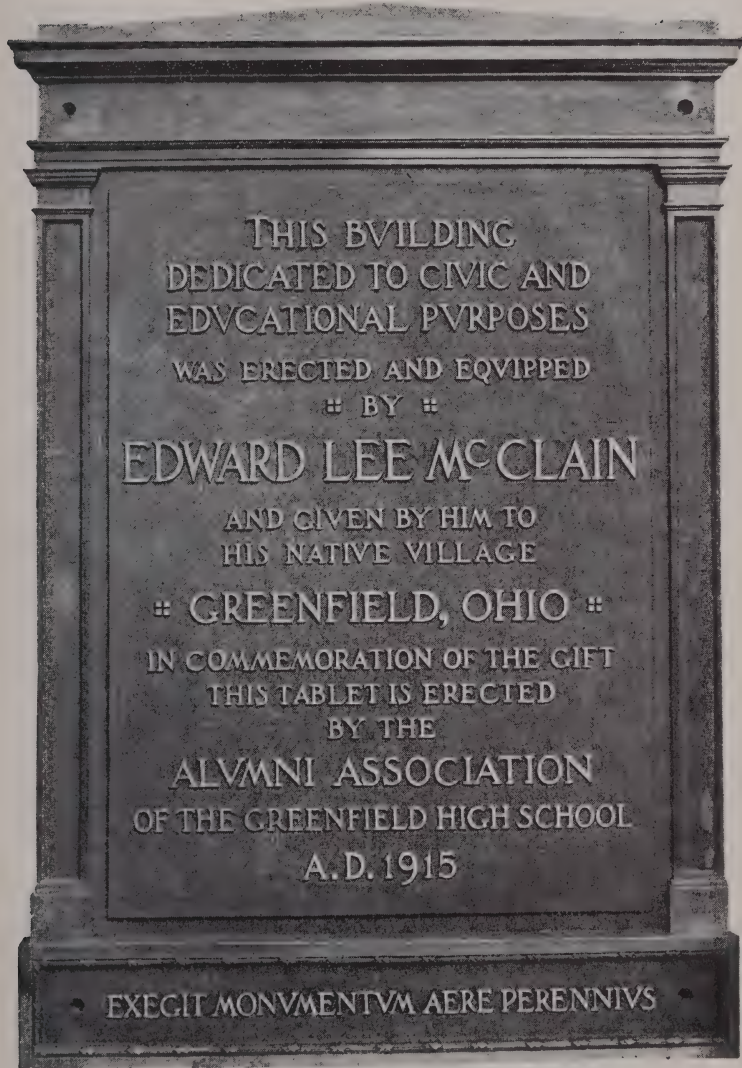
Since the turn of the century, a large number of evangelical churches have been organized. In 1945 the *Christian Union* acquired the eighteen acre tract north of town known as Chautauqua Park and later purchased the grove for the Ohio state headquarters of that denomination. Two main buildings were erected, including a Cafeteria-Dormitory for the accommodation of visiting members during the annual fifteen day conference of clergy and laymen.



Edward Lee McClain
Industrialist — Philanthropist
Donor of Edward Lee McClain High School
Vocational School, Athletic Field
Field House and Garage
Custodians' Cottages



A SCHOOL OF BEAUTY



Edward Lee McClain High School



Looking Eastward

The grounds were placed in charge of Rev. W. J. Ross. The grounds are the scene of the Annual Assembly of the 55 churches which are included in the district, a Bible School and a Youth's Camp. Eventually the church plans to build a large tabernacle, additional dormitories and other facilities for carrying on the work of the church.

There were many revivals and evangelistic campaigns during the first two decades of the new century. Perhaps the most notable was the Stephens-Storer campaign which was organized along lines laid down by the great evangelist, Billy Sunday. A vast wooden tabernacle was erected on the lots back of the Presbyterian Church. For six weeks the tabernacle was crowded nightly with crowds estimated at 3500 to 4000 people. It was described as "a great spiritual awakening."

* * *

We give a list of all of Greenfield's churches as reported on May 27, 1955, with the pastor in charge: First Presbyterian, Rev. Clair C. Emerick; First Methodist Church, Rev. R. C. Vandegriff; First Baptist Church, Rev. Vonald W. Hoffman; Central Church of Christ, Rev. W. E. Ransford; United Baptist Church, Dickey Avenue, Rev. Lawrence Benner; United Brethren Church, Rev. Franklin Norris; St. Benignus Church, Rev. John H. Antony; Christian Holiness, 205 Jefferson, Rev. Charles Snider; Christian Baptist Church, Tenth & South, Rev. F. E. Veach; Pilgrim Holiness Church, 549 N. Fifth, Rev. Leon Cook; Christ Gospel Mission, 672 Lyndon Ave., Rev. H. E. Everhart; Shiloh Baptist Church, Rev. B. W. Phillips; First Church of God, 910 South, Rev. K. E. Shook; Trinity Christian Union, Campgrounds, Rev. J. C. Shady; Church of the Nazarene, Rev. Charles Keel; Church of Christ in Christian Union, Fifth & McClain, Rev. G. K. McCorkle; Pentecostal Church of Christ, 113 N. Seventh, Rev. & Mrs. H. S. Ward; Gospel Lighthouse, N. Fifth, Rev. Roscoe Jones; Shorter Chapel & Church, Rev. A. L. Maura.

64.

Chautauqua

The Chautauqua was an extraordinary movement in a land famous for its extraordinary movements. It had its origin at *Lake Chautauqua*, New York, in 1874 as an open air Sunday School Teachers' Assembly with forty members. It reached its peak in 1924 when circuit Chautauquas pitched their tents in twelve thousand towns and villages and played to thirty million people. Its decline was just as spectacular as its rise, and infinitely more rapid. Theodore Roosevelt called it the "most American thing in America." And it was, in the sense that it could never have happened in any other land in any other age. Many lampooned and derided the

Chautauqua Idea. Some one said that it was "the refined cousin of vaudeville and a very distant relative of the circus." A metropolitan paper described it as "a vacant lot entirely surrounded by canvas and entirely given over to mosquitoes and oratory." To city dwellers the Chautauqua was a strange blend of corn-belt culture, insipid entertainment and uplift oratory. It is so easy to be superior. Sinclair Lewis was its severest critic. In *Main Street* it is described as "nothing but wind and chaff and heavy laughter, the laughter of yokels and old jokes, a mirthless and primitive sound like the cries of beasts on the farms." The Chautauqua audience was described as made up of "sallow women in skirts and blouses, eager to be made to think, the men in vests and shirt-sleeves, eager to be allowed to laugh, and the wriggling children, eager to sneak away."

Some of these strictures may have applied in the declining days of the Chautauqua when a noble institution had been thoroughly commercialized and the Chautauqua Idea had been perverted and exploited by designing men for their own personal profit. They certainly did not apply to the old *Greenfield Chautauqua* in its palmy days, as many who remember the white tented city in the shade of the noble oaks and elm trees, will bear witness. A better description of the Chautauqua, as it really was, will be found in one of the early booklets issued by the *Greenfield Chautauqua*: "The *Greenfield Chautauqua* was organized with the hope that it would give enlightenment and entertainment to all alike, old and young, rich and poor, at nominal cost, under the most delightful circumstances. It is a purely philanthropic movement in an effort toward the realization of the Chautauqua Idea—wholesome enjoyment, mental, moral and physical expansion. Its object is not so much to give studies that are exhaustive as suggestive; not merely educational but inspirational; not only intellectual but recreative."

It is hard for us to remember today how barren was the intellectual life of the great masses of men who lived outside the great cities fifty years ago. The Chautauqua grew and flourished because there was a need for it. But there was more than a need—there was a real hunger which nothing else could satisfy in those days. Like most of our American institutions the Chautauqua began in modest circumstances, it grew and flourished like the green bay tree, it made an unforgettable contribution to the American Way of Life and then, having fulfilled its mission, it gave way to other things more in keeping with the modern way of living. One sympathetic critic sums up its peculiar contribution in these words: "In a day when communities were isolated, education but thinly spread, and entertainment home-grown, when a horse and buggy were a luxury, not a term of derision, the Chautauqua was to rural America the quintessence of culture. Its trappings may sometimes have been tawdry and artificial, its programs more influenced by

the exigencies of train schedules than by the needs of the audience; but it represented an intellectual feast to the hinterlanders without which they would certainly have suffered cultural malnutrition, if not starvation."

Most of the early Chatauquas were the outgrowth of old time fairs and summer camp meetings which, in the course of time, had fallen by the wayside but in their passing had left an uncomfortable void in community life. Civic minded citizens seized upon the Chautauqua as a wholesome means of filling this void. Such was the history of the *Greenfield Tri-County Chautauqua*. It was the lineal descendant of the Greenfield Fair which for fifty years had been an integral part of our community life. It inherited the old Fair Grounds with their magnificent grove of virgin forest trees as its home. And surely no small town Chautauqua ever had a more beautiful setting. For twenty-one years it brought to Greenfield entertainment and recreation, music and oratory, inspiration and uplift. The Chautauqua was organized in March, 1906 with J. S. Arnott as President, W. I. Barr as Vice President, J. L. Caldwell as Treasurer and F. S. Alley as Secretary. Ray Harris replaced F. S. Alley as Secretary in 1907 and continued in that position for a number of years. He, in turn, was succeeded by Lee W. DeVoss. It was a non-profit sharing organization with three thousand dollars of authorized stock divided among one hundred and twenty-four share holders. Jacob White, who had leased the Fair Grounds as a part of the Welsheimer farm, generously put the grounds at the disposal of the Chautauqua. Mrs. Lucy Welsheimer later presented the grounds to the Chautauqua. Unfortunately, as later developed, she attached no conditions to the gift. It was thereafter known as *Douglass Chautauqua Park* in honor of the original owner of the site.

The first Chautauqua was held July 24 to August 3, 1906. It was a tremendous success. The Auditorium was a huge circus tent seating twenty-five hundred people. It was pitched in the eastern part of what had been known as "the quarter stretch." The western part of the grounds, which had once been the site of Floral Hall and a varied array of side shows and exhibition stalls, was devoted to campers. One hundred tents were rented the first year at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$3.50. In later years the number of tents rented reached three hundred. Camping out was one of the major attractions of the Chautauqua. The campers came from far and near. The southern part of the grounds, amply shaded by fine old oaks and elms, was set aside as a hitching ground. Like the old time fairs it was filled with every conceivable type of vehicle. Within a few years, however, automobiles had supplanted the horses and buggies.

The headline attraction at the first Chautauqua was Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of Santiago Bay. There were three ses-

sions each day. The morning session was given over to the study of social, religious and economic problems. The afternoon and evening sessions were devoted to lectures, concerts and entertainment. At 6:45 p.m. there was always a concert by *Price's Premier Band*. This arrangement prevailed as long as the Chautauqua remained independent, booking its own programs and providing its own management. During this period the Chautauqua presented to its patrons a glittering array of orators, opera stars, statesmen, preachers, university presidents, scientists and explorers. There was plenty of entertainment ranging from Pamahasika's trained birds and dogs to Laurant, the magician.

Among the headline attractions were William Jennings Bryan, Ernest Thompson Seton, Billy Sunday, George R. Stuart, Bill Bone, Strickland Gilliland, Opie Read, Albert Edward Wiggam, Innes Band and Dr. Cook, who discovered (?) the North Pole. William Jennings Bryan, running true to form, drew the largest crowd that ever assembled in the Park and commanded one of the highest fees. The local management paid him five hundred dollars for an afternoon appearance, about the equivalent of two thousand dollars today. But the Chautauqua paid an even larger fee to another attraction. An aviator named Rogers, associated with the Wright brothers of Dayton, was paid one thousand dollars for three airplane flights on three successive days in 1910. It was one of the earliest airplane flights ever made in Ohio, but it could hardly be described as a money-maker for the Chautauqua. The roads for miles around were filled with vehicles, crowded with spectators eagerly awaiting the "free show." The Chautauqua secured the services of Frederick A. Cook while he was still being widely acclaimed as the discoverer of the North Pole. His claims were later completely discredited, but the management could point to a nice little profit on the engagement. Dr. Cook gave a thrilling lecture and presented the writer with an autographed copy of "My Conquest of the Pole."

The Chautauqua grew and prospered. By 1915 the management was able to build a fine new steel auditorium with comfortable seats, stage and other necessary accessories. People from neighboring towns looked forward to ten days camping amid the pleasant surroundings of Chautauqua Park. Many Greenfield people closed up shop and moved out to the Park. Some campers had two tents, one for sleeping quarters and the other for cooking purposes. Groups of young people sometimes combined forces and rented a tent. The grounds and the tents were lighted by electricity. An eating house and refreshment booths provided for those who did not care to prepare their own meals. "Chautauqua is over," the *Greenfield Journal* recorded. "All of that long list of things that we have been postponing until 'after Chautauqua' can now be attended to. Chautauqua is the crest of the summer. During the fortnight

of the season all things lead up to it. Of anything happening later we say, 'That was after the Chautauqua.' Chautauqua is over. The white city which rose like an exhalation in the grove has vanished as silently as the Arab's tents. The lights are out and silence and darkness have resumed their reign beneath the oaks and elms that have looked down upon the pleasures, the sports and the recreations of three generations of this community. Another group of mental pictures has been formed and stored away in the galleries of memory. Another chapter has been recorded in the history of Greenfield's intellectual and social life."

Even when the Chautauqua was at the peak of its popularity, rapid changes in the American way of living had foredoomed it to oblivion. The horse-and-buggy days had passed. The automotive age had arrived. Distant cities were within easy reach of the automobile and those distant cities provided a wide variety of entertainment suited to every taste. Motion picture theatres provided more exciting fare than the steady diet of "Sunshine" lectures and "Mother-Home-and-Heaven" discourses which the Chautauqua provided. It was more comfortable on a hot summer night to sit on the family porch and listen to tuneful melodies which could be obtained by the simple turning of a dial. A marked improvement in the public taste, aided and abetted by the early Chautauquas, hastened the decline and fall of the Chautauqua as an institution. The people refused to accept the "fillers" which had become a part of programs, cheapened to meet the growing annual deficits. The Greenfield Chautauqua was definitely "in the red." To meet the situation, the management joined one of the traveling seven day Chautauqua circuits which promised better programs for less money. It wasn't a happy solution. In spite of greater efforts, people stayed away in great numbers and the total of the deficits reached alarming proportions. The Chautauqua management instead of meeting each year's deficit as it arose resorted to the favorite American custom of deficit financing. It borrowed money from the bank. Each year the notes grew in size until they reached some six thousand dollars.

The Chautauqua was kept alive for almost a decade after other Chautauquas had folded up and died by a group of determined Chautauqua-workers. The end came in 1930. In order to effect still further economies a five day circuit Chautauqua was booked, the gates of Chautauqua Park were closed and the brown tent was pitched on the old Presbyterian hitching ground which has since been converted into an Elementary school playground. The big attraction was Billy Sunday but not even that spellbinder could further postpone the inevitable end. The Chautauqua had sacrificed the very thing which had made the *Greenfield Chautauqua* in the early days a wholly delightful experience—the charm and glamour of summer days and nights under the shadow of the great

oaks and elms. To the directors was left the unpleasant task of liquidating the indebtedness.

65.

Newspapers

The Greenfield Printing & Publishing Company was incorporated April 12, 1901. In the course of the years, it has become one of the finest printing plants in Ohio, publishing magazines such as *Ohio Motor Travel* and the *Buckeye Horseman* as well as beautifully printed and bound books which compare favorably with the products of the best publishing houses. Its initial enterprise was the *Greenfield Republican* which revived a newspaper name distinguished in antebellum days. The first copy appeared May 2, 1901. Its first editor was William Keller who had traveled widely in various parts of the world, judging from his casual references to his sojourns in London, Paris, Berlin and other European capitals. He stated that he had come to Greenfield fresh from "the clang of cable cars, from the smoke of smelters and rolling mills" and had been so entranced by the town and its possibilities that he had "determined to settle down for good."

He also stated that, when necessary, he would apply "the lash of caustic criticism" which forthwith he proceeded to do, singling out the mossbacks of the community for special attention. His political principles brought him into direct conflict with the *Greenfield Journal* and occasionally with the *Hillsboro Gazette*. Instead of a headlong collision with his adversaries, he usually resorted to the more subtle approach of innuendo, irony and satire. Sometimes he demolished his opponent by calling attention to a split infinitive or a dangling phrase. His editorials were sprinkled with classical allusions and Latin quotations. When the opposition press accused him of being an Englishman, he responded with an editorial which was a model of indignation without specifically denying the heinous charge. As the people were rather dilatory in shedding "their air of rusticity" and assuming the "mantle of urbanity," he finally departed after three years of strenuous effort, returning no doubt to "the clang of cable cars, the smoke of smelters and rolling mills" from which he came. He had given the town an excellent newspaper.

For three decades, the weekly *Republican* was the leading newspaper of Greenfield. It had a succession of able editors who wielded a vigorous and trenchant editorial pen, among them Mary Strain, W. W. DeLong, Oscar A. White, C. M. Hobart, Kader Jenkins and Mack Sauer. The paper was discontinued at the end of 1936. Mack Sauer has since attained a national reputation as a humorist, widely sought for all sorts of occasions in all parts

of the country. He is also the author of two books, *The Editor Squeaks* and *Ramblings and Rumblings*. Mr. Sauer now lives in neighboring Leesburg where he edits the *Leesburg Citizen* and concocts his famous April Fool hoaxes which have ranged all the way from the settlement of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor in Leesburg to the arrival of Adolph Hitler at the Wilmington airport. He has even been quoted by Walter Winchell on the radio.

The *Greenfield Journal* finally ceased publication November 2, 1917, and was absorbed by the *Republican*. In 1919 Carl Clouser established the *Greenfield Independent* which he sold to the *Republican* on December 31, 1922. The *Greenfield Daily Times* had a very humble beginning. In 1928 a young man by the name of Wise came to town and started the *Times* as a weekly paper. It was a small, three-column paper, poorly printed, amateurishly written and filled with amazing typographical errors. Mr. Wise sold the paper to William A. Shimp who had purchased the Clouser job printing shop. In September, 1932, Mr. Shimp sold the paper back to Mr. Clouser who, a month later sold it to C. Carlton Hartley. Mr. Hartley had studied journalism at Ohio State and for four years had edited the *Hilltop Record*, a community weekly paper in Columbus. He was on the lookout for a small town which might, at some future time, support a daily paper. Greenfield and the *Times* seemed to fit his needs.

After a down payment of \$500, he had only \$200 working capital and this was quickly exhausted. He managed, however, to keep the paper afloat for two years. On November 6, 1933, the first issue of the *Daily Times* appeared. No one outside the immediate staff knew that the paper was to be issued as a daily until it appeared on the streets. The new daily did not immediately catch on with the public. After a week's canvass for subscribers, the solicitors could report only seven subscriptions. Mr. Hartley persisted, however. By 1935 the *Daily Times* had a larger circulation than any Greenfield paper had ever had. Ninety-five per cent of the homes in Greenfield received the paper every day. It has continued to increase steadily throughout the years until today it is undoubtedly one of the most successful small city dailies in Ohio, with its own building and first class equipment. For several years Mr. Hartley edited and managed the *Times*, with the aid of Pat Shrock as news and sports editor and his father, E. F. Hartley, as accountant and circulation manager. When he returned to Columbus and became owner and publisher of the *Hilltop Record*, Pat became editor and E. F. Hartley, manager. Mr. Hartley laughingly remarks that his father is the only known instance where a father got his training in the newspaper game under his son.

66.

Oil Cans

At the beginning of the new century the oil can was an indispensable household fixture. The electric light had not yet superseded the kerosene lamp in millions of homes. There were no gas stoves. No one thought of starting a fire in the kitchen range or in the coal-burning grate without a liberal portion of kerosene from the family oil can. There were no filling stations on every corner and at every crossroads for the accommodation of the motorist. He had to carry his supply of gasoline in his own oil can. No improvement had been made in the oil can in a hundred years. It was a dirty, greasy receptacle which soiled the hands and offended the olfactory organs. About 1900 Eugene Arnott, another of Greenfield's original geniuses, had an inspiration. Why not produce a clean and sanitary oil can operated by pneumatic pressure? He invented such a can. C. W. Price began the manufacture of the new pneumatic oil can on a small scale, marketing it through jobbing houses. The new can was a vast improvement on the old. Through air pressure the oil could be drawn from the can without any overflow and returned to the can when desired.

In 1901 James A. Harps, a native of Pennsylvania, became interested in the new can and purchased the rights, title and interest of the original patentees. He moved his family to Greenfield, built a home on West Jefferson street and started the manufacture of the *Never Fail* oil can, as he called his product, in the Armburst building on South street. By 1904 the J. A. Harps Manufacturing Company was able to report that they had made a shipment of 140 dozen of the cans in a single day. In 1907 a new factory was erected on Fifth street, just south of the B & O tracks. It employed forty workmen in addition to the office and sales force. It produced almost a thousand oil cans a day. The phenomenal growth of the oil can industry was directly due to a change in sales policy. Mr. Harps was thoroughly versed in the art of salesmanship. He took the marketing of his product out of the hands of the jobbers and sold directly to the public through specialty salesmen. Even Hughey Long, the Kingfish of Louisiana, handled the *Never Fail* oil can when he drove a tinker's wagon through the bayous of old Louisiana.

Mr. Harps became one of Greenfield's outstanding citizens, contributing much to the prosperity of the community. He was a member of the Board of Education, President of the Peoples National Bank, an influential member of the Methodist church and a booster and heavy contributor to all civic enterprises. He acquired 6,000 acres of land near Pineview, South Carolina, and developed a profitable lumbering business and model plantation. He had many interests aside from his business enterprises. He traveled

widely in foreign lands and was an ardent sportsman. Many people still remember the six deer and moose, which swung from a heavy pole in the Town Hall yard—the spoils of one of his forays, with his sons, Alex and Ted, into the northern wilds. And many still recall the Gargantuan venison feast to which he invited his friends.

Technological advances and new inventions have a way of rendering obsolete many flourishing industries. That fate eventually overtook the oil can. With incandescent lights, a gas stove in every home and a filling station on every corner, the demand for oil cans dwindled and finally vanished. Mr. Harps liquidated his oil can industry and devoted his attention to other business enterprises. He remained a resident of Greenfield until his death. His factory building was occupied by a number of small industries until it was purchased by the Vanadium Tool Co. of Athens in 1948. The Hicraft Tool Company, a subsidiary of Vanadium, has equipped the plant for the manufacture of high-grade machine tools. While Mr. Harps was manufacturing and marketing the *Never Fail* oil can the E. L. Arnott Manufacturing Company was also making oil cans in the large brick building formerly occupied by the First Presbyterian church. The same technological advances which sealed the fate of the *Never Fail* oil can also overtook the *Ever Ready* oil can, as Mr. Arnott called his product.

67.

“Tapatco”

The E. L. McClain Manufacturing Company continued to grow and expand. It had a capacity of a thousand dozen of sweat collar pads per day when it was incorporated on July 1, 1903, as The American Pad & Textile Company with a capital stock of \$1,250,000. It adopted as its trade mark *Tapatco*. This trademark, a guarantee of high quality of merchandise, dependability, stability and fair dealing, is now applied to many articles other than sweat collar pads. In 1905 Mr. McClain erected a large textile plant on the outskirts of Cartersville, Georgia. The company was now in position to produce everything it needed from the raw materials to the finished product. To accommodate the employes of the cotton mill, a model town was erected, complete in all details with church, school, assembly hall, stores and homes. It was known as Atco and immediately attracted the attention and won the commendation of those interested in improving the living conditions of southern workers. The vast expansion of the export trade of the company led to the establishment of a branch factory in Chatham, Ontario, a thriving Canadian city fifty miles east of Detroit. The new plant, constructed under the supervision of A. E. McClain and W. O. Skeen, was ready to begin operations on March 1, 1912. It manufactured not only pads but workmen's gloves, overalls and suspenders.

All this expansion in facilities occurred just at the time when many people were predicting that the automotive age would soon completely eliminate the horse and with it the demand for horse collar pads. Old Dobbin, however, did not immediately disappear from the streets and the farms. A brisk demand for the pads continued for many years until the farm tractor made serious inroads on the number of horses employed on the farms. The company still manufactures a complete line of sweat collar pads and riding saddle pads. It has added, however, many other lines for which its factory equipment was adapted. Having perfected his organization, Mr. McClain retired from the active management of the company in 1913 to devote himself to his many other interests. He was succeeded by Mr. Charles M. Mains who had been associated with Mr. McClain for many years. Under his able management the company continued to grow and expand. Mr. Mains was an exceedingly able executive and a public spirited citizen who filled many positions of trust in the community and won the respect and esteem of his fellow citizens. He was universally regarded as Greenfield's First Citizen in the years following Mr. McClain's death on May 2, 1934. In his later years his sons, Charles F. Mains and John T. Mains, were associated with him in the management of the company. In 1929 Mr. McClain sold the Atco cotton mill to the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Akron.

On December 28, 1945, the Portable Products Company of Pittsburgh acquired control of the company through the purchase of stock held by the McClain family. In April, 1948, this stock was transferred to the Great Western Fuse Company. In the recent years the company has added many new items to their list of nationally advertised products. One of the most important is the life preserver stuffed with Kapok, a fiber grown in Java which floats when thrown into water. This new type of life preserver has proven superior to the old-fashioned cork preserver, automatically turning the wearer over in the water, something the cork preserver will not do. Admiral Byrd's expedition to the South Pole in 1934 was equipped with the *Tapatco* preservers. They stood up so well under the severe tests to which they were subjected in the Antarctic they were quickly adopted by many of the leading steamship lines in the United States and by the U. S. Navy. Many thrilling stories are told of the rescue of sailors from a watery grave in our recent wars through the medium of these life preservers.

The company now specializes in sporting and out-of-doors equipment. The long list includes sleeping bags, camp mats, pack sacks, duffel bags, camp pillows and a full line of hunting coats, sports shirts, racing vests, game bags, Eskimo and football parkas, all styled for beauty as well as utility. They also make a wide range of marine products—buoyant cushions, stay-a-float scientifically designed swimming aids for children and adults, ring buoys,

boat fenders, swimming vests and life preservers. In 1949 the Great Western Fuse Company transferred all its manufacturing activities to the Greenfield plant with Henri Marc as General Manager. Included in the transfer was the Coldwell-Philadelphia Lawn Mower Company of Newburgh, N. Y. *Tapatco* has since acquired and consolidated in the Greenfield plant Wilber & Son of Fairfield, California, manufacturers of marine life-save equipment, sleeping bags and tarpaulins; the Seaway Manufacturing Company of New Orleans and the Masland Sportswear Division of the C. H. Masland & Son Company of Carlisle, Pa. With these acquisitions, *Tapatco* is today the nation's largest manufacturer of marine life-save equipment and allied products.

68.

Industries

Eventually the Waddell Wooden Ware Works became the Waddell Company, incorporated under the laws of the state of Ohio. In 1936 Dean T. Waddell purchased the stock held by his brothers, Lew P. Waddell and Neal P. Waddell. Mr. Waddell was later joined by his sons, George M. Waddell and Dean M. Waddell, in the active management of the business. In recent years the output of the factory has greatly increased. The number of employees has increased two and one half times while the area of the floor space has reached one hundred and forty thousand square feet. The concern now concentrates on the production of show and premium cases which are sold in every state in the Union to various wholesale trades such as bakers, beauty and barber shops, confectioners, druggists, grocers and jewelers. On July 8, 1948, the company had on hand, boxed and ready for shipment, 4403 cases with 2873 more in process of manufacture. The company uses its own original designs and construction which are protected by U. S. patents. Formerly a show case had a rear frame, a front frame, a top frame and two to four door frames, usually nine frames in all. Today the Waddell cases have only one rear frame, with consequent savings in cost and greatly increased visibility and improvement in appearance. The company has also taken the lead in experimenting with new materials. Its latest improvement has been to set the glass in clear plastic channel. The method of shipping has also been vastly improved. Formerly wood frame cases were shipped knocked-down. Now the cases are shipped set up and ready for use.

* * *

For over a hundred years the old stone quarries constituted one of Greenfield's major industries. During the last thirty years, however, they have been operated only intermittently. New stone quarries, however, have been opened north of town. Blue Rock,

Incorporated, produces more stone than the old quarries in their palmy days. Its president, Harold Biehn, traces his interest in materials for road building to his first job as the driver of a truck hauling gravel. He studied engineering at night, accepted a position with the Caspers Stone Company which operated the old Rucker quarry and made a careful survey of the stone formations in this vicinity. He was particularly impressed by the blue limestone formations two and one half miles north of Greenfield. The rock was hard, resistant to alternate freezing and thawing and almost inexhaustible in quantity. In 1929 he formed the Blue Rock, Incorporated, which now owns 576 acres of land, almost all underlaid with the blue limestone. It produces half a million tons of crushed rock, suitable for railroad ballast, road building and agricultural lime, every year. Its product is in great demand in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Virginia and West Virginia. The company also has a ready mix concrete plant and a hot mix plant for asphalt mixed with crushed stone available for road building within a radius of forty or fifty miles. The quarries operate practically the year around and employ thirty workmen. Practically every operation is performed by machinery. Gigantic crushers grind and pulverize immense stones. A screening plant with vibrating screens separates the crushed rock into stones of different sizes. A huge crane handles fourteen loaded cars at one operation. "Precision produced limestone" is the slogan of Blue Rock, Incorporated.

* * *

The Greenfield Chamber of Commerce, having learned that the United States Shoe Corporation, makers of the famous Red Cross shoes for over fifty years, was seeking a site for a new factory, called a mass meeting on September 19, 1938. In order to secure the factory it would be necessary to raise \$50,000. The meeting adopted the slogan, "A shoe factory here, prosperity all year." On October 4 a great drive was started with a highly efficient soliciting committee under the direction of John Driver. Pledges in excess of \$42,000 were secured. The company, with this tangible evidence of Greenfield's very real interest in the project, decided to build its factory here. A site was secured at the corner of Edgewood and McClain avenues and a fine modern factory building erected. The local plant is one of five factories operated by the Company whose main offices are located in Cincinnati.

Since it was first put into operation in the spring of 1939, the local factory has grown from an infant industry producing a mere five hundred pairs of shoes daily to the present total of 4400 pairs daily with seven hundred employees and an annual payroll of \$1,350,656. In 1941 it was necessary to build a large addition to the original plant. The United States Shoe Corporation was one of the very first, if not the first, shoe manufacturer to institute a profit

sharing plan for its employees. Under this plan employees participated in the profits of the company on the basis of years of service, all this in addition to a midsummer vacation with pay and a Christmas bonus of one week's pay. The distribution amounted to \$165,-562.50 in 1948. The shoe factory has brought much more than just a place to work to the people of Greenfield. It has brought security to many for even seasonal lay-offs have been few and far between. It pays a wage that tops the shoemaking scale in other parts of the country. Under the efficient management of Roy Bergen it has given a new impetus to the industrial life of Greenfield.

69.

Price's Premier Band

During the closing years of the Nineteenth century Greenfield was without the services of a local band. The lack was severely felt in a community which had long enjoyed the distinction of having one of the best bands in the state. In 1901 the Ringgold Lodge I.O.O.F. band was organized and Jerry Price, the photographer, was persuaded to act as conductor. The roster of the band included the names of O. E. Styerwalt, Miles Townsend, Fletcher Ogle, Reed Townsend, cornets; L. M. Boyd, Herman Jentzen, Ed Edmondson, altos; Ralph Boyd, baritone; Jess Edmondson, John Case and Albert Bland, trombones; George Price, Frank Depoy, L. O. Limes, clarinets; Clifford Adams, piccolo; Lud Keener, saxophone; Glenn Shrock and John Massie, drums.

Jerry Price was growing old, however, and he soon surrendered his baton to Ralph Price. The band continued to be known as the Odd Fellows band until 1907 when it assumed the name of *Price's Premier Band*. Under that name it was widely known throughout the state and was in great demand for holiday parades, fairs, celebrations, festivals, picnics, public gatherings and political rallies. Band Night once more became a firmly fixed institution, with everybody parading Main street in their best bib and tucker, listening to the dulcet strains of *Stars and Stripes Forever*, *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*, and *Redwing*. People were entranced by one of Mr. Price's innovations — the famous echo. Two musicians were stationed on the outside stairways at the old Smart block and the Round Corner pharmacy, producing the effect of a reverberating echo.

Every winter *Price's Premier Band* produced a Minstrel show which was the big event of the year. The first Minstrel was given about the time that Mr. Price took charge of the band for the benefit of the baseball team. E. A. Foulke sang, *I Hates to Get Up in the Morning*; Henry Price, *Just Kiss Yourself Goodbye*; Isaac Kidd, *I Lub Mah Baby Sue*; Dr. E. J. Tulleys, *For Old Times Sake*;

Newton Adams, *Asleep in the Deep*; and R. S. Jackson, *The Girl With the Dreamy Eyes*. Miles Townsend gave a cornet solo, Henry Price whistled and Professor Beach played *The Blue Bells of Scotland* on his violin. In this and many other minstrels, Henry Price was famous for his whistling, his clowning as end-man and his comedy skits.

Members of Price's Premier Band recall many pleasant and amusing experiences, and at least one that was neither pleasant nor amusing at the time. A joint concert of the Greenfield and Chillicothe bands had been arranged to be given in one of the local churches. All the details had been carefully worked out. The task of printing the programs had been left to the Chillicothe management. The visiting bandmen arrived early in the afternoon and paraded up Washington street. As they marched up the street, they distributed the programs from house to house and from store to store. On the first page of the program a view of the church, where the concert was to be held, appeared. When people eagerly opened their programs, they discovered that the inside pages were thickly strewn with advertisements of Chillicothe breweries and saloons. Greenfield was in the midst of one of its periodic local option elections. The wets chortled with glee. The dries were horrified. The local band was filled with consternation. The elders of the church met and grimly withdrew permission to use their edifice for the concert. The concert was hastily transferred to the Town Hall, but the incident was a bit of juicy gossip for many days.

Ralph Price was undoubtedly Greenfield's foremost musician for over half a century. He gained distinction not only as a bandmaster but in every field of music. He was a composer of note. His stirring marches and church music, published by the Henry Filmore Company, were exceedingly popular. Best known of his marches are *Western World*, *Marching Men*, *Stadium* and *Avalon*. During the First World War, the first two of these marches were frequently played by military bands overseas. His church music included special arrangements of *Jubilate Deo*, *My Faith Looks Up to Thee*, *Lord's Prayer* and *One Sweetly Solemn Thought*.

Mr. Price was an expert pipe organist and for many years presided at the pipe organ in the First Presbyterian church and directed the choir. In 1914 he became supervisor of music in the Greenfield Schools and retained that position until shortly before his death in 1939. He staged many school operas and minstrels and conducted the school's band. Some men became symbols in their communities even before their death. To the people of Greenfield Ralph Price was the symbol of that innate urge, which every living creature possesses, for creative self-expression. He expressed himself — and taught others to express themselves — through the

medium of "concord of sweet sounds." The poet had in mind someone very like Ralph Price when he wrote the words:

"Over the keys the musing organist
Beginning doubtfully and far away
First lets his fingers wander as they list
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay."

70.

The Soldiers' Monument

Wednesday, October 23, 1907, all Greenfield was in gala attire. The buildings were decorated with flags and banners. Thousands of people lined the streets. The parade, under the direction of Grand Marshall J. H. Wickersham, formed at the B & O depot and marched to the Cemetery. It was headed by Price's Premier Band followed by the full quota of Company L of the Seventh Regiment in full uniform and bearing arms, most of the patriotic and civic organizations of the town and seven hundred school children. The occasion was the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument which had been erected, through the generosity of one of Greenfield's patriotic citizens, to the memory, courage, sacrifice and devotion of the brave soldiery of this community who had fought in the Civil War.

Thousands had gathered at the base of the impressive granite shaft which stands at the entrance to Greenfield's beautiful new burial ground. John I. Collier, member of the Monument Commission, presented the shaft to the community. Miss Hortense Freshour, sister of the donor, drew aside the tri-color veiling, revealing to the assembled multitude a noble monument of enduring granite, bearing the inscription:

ERECTED BY
JAMES H. FRESHOUR
of
Co. I 81st Regt. O. V. V. I.
To the Memory of
THE UNION SOLDIERS
of
GREENFIELD AND VICINITY
1861-1865

Mayor Albert Mackerly accepted the gift on behalf of the citizens of this community. General G. H. Hirst, who had known many of the Greenfield soldiers personally, delivered the dedicatory address. "And now on this supreme memorial day for this community," he concluded, "as we consecrate this noble monument to the memory of our heroes, may we weave new garlands of love and honor to enshrine their memories in our hearts forever. One there is, however, among these heroes for whom we may find no words of fitting

recognition. That one is the conceiver, the creator and the donor of this splendid monument; born of heroic parentage with the blood of Revolutionary heroes coursing through his veins, cherishing through all his years with just pride the heritage of his noble ancestry."

It took 198 tons of granite to build the monument which is 56 feet high and surmounted by a soldier at parade rest eight and one half feet tall. At the bottom of the pedestal and at each corner of the cap an eagle is carved. The four faces bear floating banners and the inscriptions, Patriotism, Courage, Victory and Sacrifice. At the base, four figures on pedestals represent branches of the service, Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry, and the Color Bearer. The figures are the work of the noted Scotch sculptor, James Brown King. Altogether it is an impressive shaft.

James H. Freshour left six thousand dollars in his will for the erection of the monument. His sister, Miss Hortense Freshour, added four thousand dollars to the bequest. The monument is not only a memorial to the soldiers of the Civil War but to one of Greenfield's most patriotic families. James Freshour was the son of Abraham Freshour, who opened a general store on the site immediately west of the new Post Office building in early pioneer days, and Juliana White Freshour, Greenfield's only real Daughter of the American Revolution. Her father was Charles White, a Revolutionary soldier, whose name appears repeatedly in the early chronicles of Greenfield. Juliana was born in Greenfield, February 7, 1815. She was married to Abraham Freshour on October 31, 1839. She died November 8, 1907 and was undoubtedly one of the last surviving daughters of Revolutionary soldiers.

James Freshour, or Jim as he was generally called by his friends, returned home from the war with a serious wound which never healed. Eventually he inherited his father's general store with all its traditions. He lived frugally, saved his money and, in the days when a few thousand dollars were considered a fortune, he was reputed to be "the richest man in town." He continued to operate his general store until the late Eighties. It was Greenfield's last pioneer store, offering everything from needles and pins to pickles and crackers. His sister, Hortense, was interested in every patriotic movement. She helped to organize the Juliana White Chapter of the D.A.R., named for her mother, and became its first Regent. Since its organization on December 11, 1920, the D.A.R. and its sister organizations, the Duncan McArthur Chapter of the Daughters of the War of 1812 and the Rebecca Ross Chapter of the Children of the American Revolution have been active in promoting the cause of patriotism in this community and preserving the best traditions of a fast receding past.



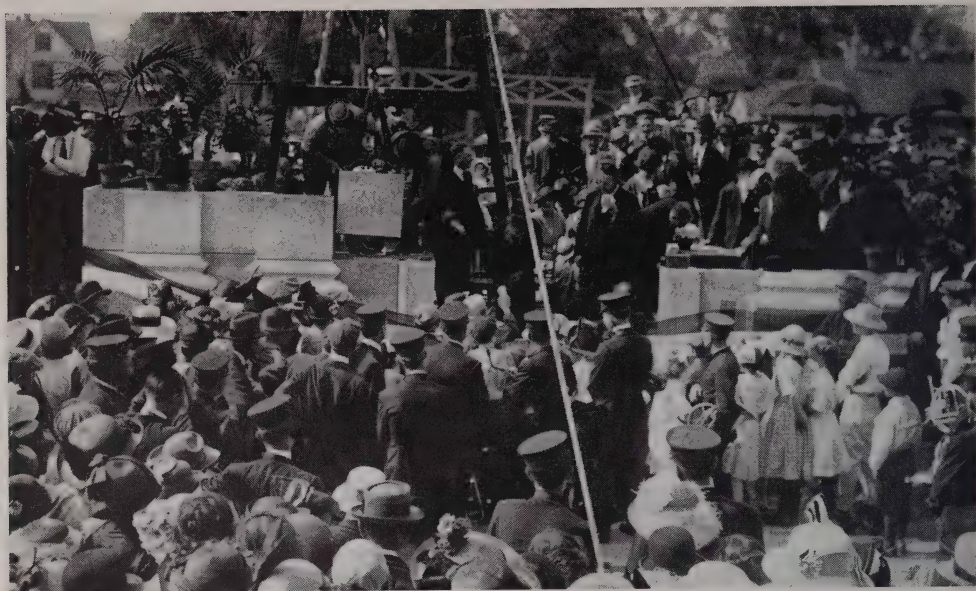
Looking Westward



"If Winter Comes



Can Spring Be Far Behind?"



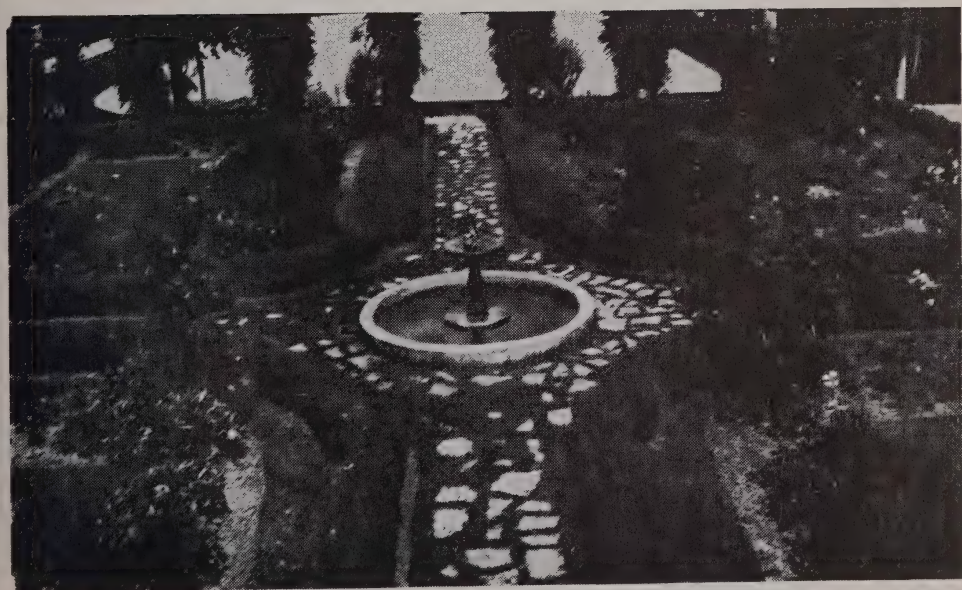
**The Cornerstone Is Laid
May 20, 1914**



High School Library



Custodians' Cottages



Formal Garden



The Apotheosis of Youth

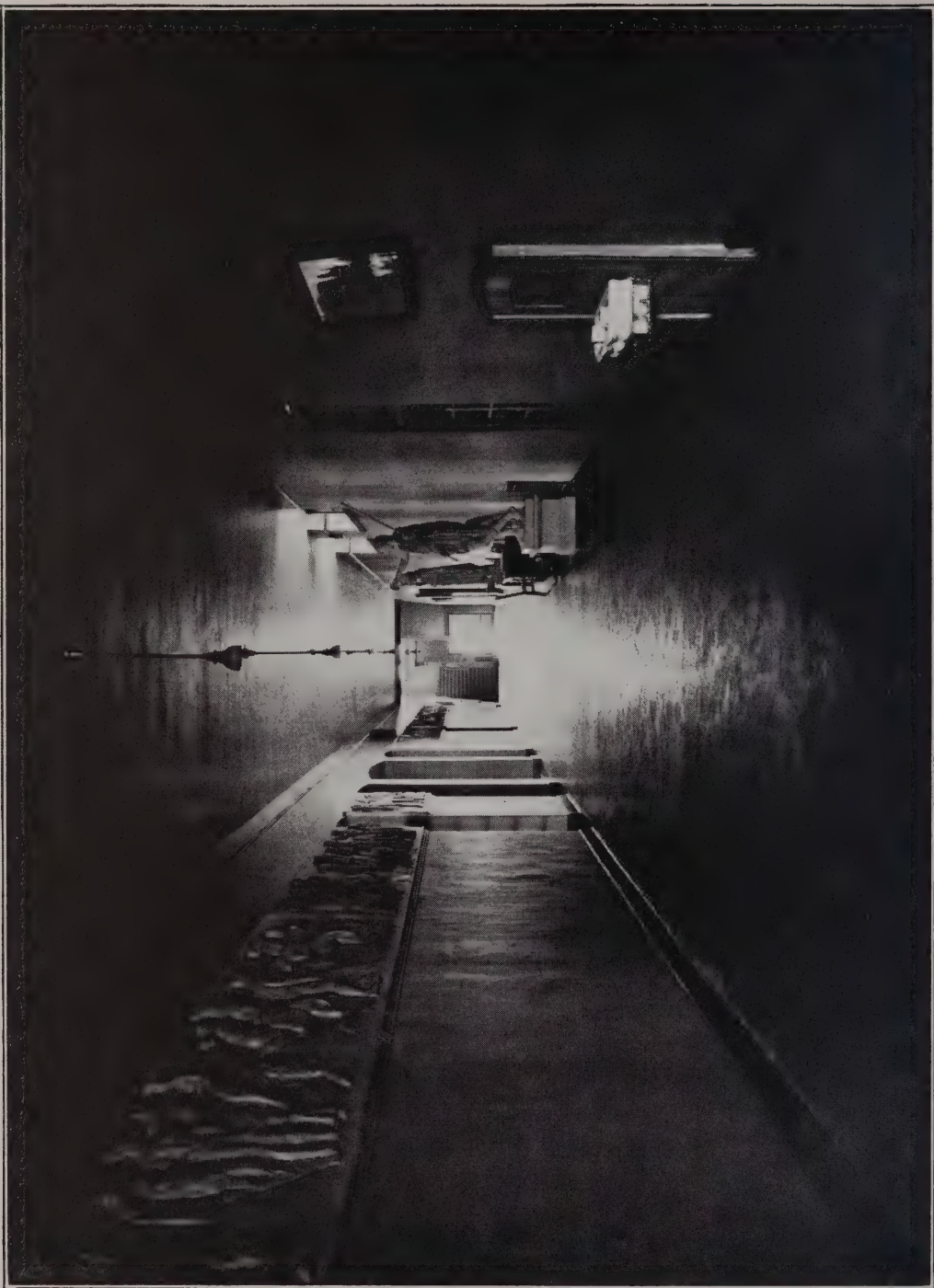
This beautiful mural painting stands at the head of the main stairway in the Edward Lee McClain High School. It is one of the three great murals by Vesper Lincoln George.



405



406



HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR

71.

Old Round Top

In almost the exact geographical center of the mythical County McArthur rises the green-mantled summit of old *Round Top*, commanding a superb view of all the surrounding country for many miles. In almost any man's country it would be termed a mountain, but to the inhabitants of the County McArthur it is just a high hill. At its foot is the lovely little hamlet of Fruitdale, famed for its fish fries, strawberry festivals, gorgeous fruits and open-handed hospitality. "The business interests are carried on in the suburban areas," according to one of its Oldtimers, "but as a quiet, healthy place of residence it can't be excelled. The biggest thing ain't the place, it's the observatory which is about four hundred feet high. Our first settlers called it *Round Top* and old *Round Top* it is yet."

Who could resist a cordial invitation to view the magnificent panorama from the vantage point of old *Round Top*? "Come with me to the summit," the Oldtimer invited, "and view the beautiful vista spread at our feet. Beautiful houses, happy homes where peace and prosperity reign, the best place on earth to live. We can also see our suburban villages. Off to the north is South Salem, known to the world as a religious and educational center. A little farther north is Lyndon on the B & O. In the southeast, and about seven miles away, is Bainbridge, a very prosperous village but very much set in her own ways. Off to the south, we can see the ragged and jagged contours of Ohio's Wonderland. To the southwest is Rainsboro and New Petersburg, and off to the northwest is Greenfield, a business and manufacturing center and our most important suburb and living so close that on a clear day one can almost count the houses. It is best that the manufacturing should be done in the suburbs so that our residential district may be free from the smoke nuisance."

This description of old *Round Top* and its neighboring hamlets, which appeared in the local press many years ago, evoked a tart response from one of the hamlets which had been overlooked. "The sage that stood on *Round Top* with field glasses," the communication ran, "no doubt forgot to remove them from his eyes and, like the peacock because of his pride, failed to look down at his feet at the repudiated hamlet of Humboldt, formerly known as Spout Spring, with a population of twenty-five, situated on the D T & I three miles south of Fruitdale, known to all the employees of the railroad as the most beautiful station on the entire system. There is the woodland with its clinging vines within which one can hear the squirrels barking, see the groundhog and the rabbit and innumerable birds of song. There is the fox barking with every bound under the cover of darkness, the beautiful lawns trimmed with flowers in the summer-

time, the general store where all from far and near are welcomed with a smile."

We have no doubt that these two delightful hamlets have patched up their differences in the intervening years and are well content to share the honor of having old *Round Top* in their own backyard. But the man with the field glasses apparently failed to observe another Sweet Auburn on the northern periphery of the County McArthur, the charming village of Good Hope, "loveliest village of the plain where health and plenty cheer the laboring swain." Good Hope is the home of Frank Grubbs, the poet laureate of all the little hamlets. No one has ever more beautifully expressed the hold those little hamlets have on the affections of their inhabitants:

*"Dear to my heart's remembering,
The placid town where I abide;
Dear as the dreamy splendoring
Of far sung Ayr on Avon's tide;
The sunny meadows broad and bright,
The green arcade above the streets,
Make it fit shrine for any wight
Whose soul communes with Nature's sweets.*

*"No soldier, statesman, seer nor sage,
Has placed it e'er on pictured page
By reason of their rank or birth;
But kindly hands and kindly hearts
Are more than coronals of fame;
And in this little hamlet's marts
Is graven many an honored name.
Halting and crude my simple lay
Wanting of golden notes divine;
Yet, though enduring but a day,
I sing this little town of mine."*

72.

"Gold is Where You Find It"

In May, 1901 the people of Greenfield and the surrounding country were electrified by the news that gold had been found on *Paint creek* a few miles below the town. Most citizens were skeptical concerning the reputed discovery. Some said that it was probably just iron pyrites or fool's gold. But all doubt about the presence of gold was removed when Harvey C. Claggett, who had been one of the original Forty-Niners and had made the great trek across the plains to the goldfields of California, declared that it was real gold.

There were still a few skeptics, but most people began to experience the excitement which accompanies a gold rush. The metal was discovered on the farm of Henry C. Nevins on the west side of the *Buckskin* near Spout Spring, which may now be identified as the hamlet of Humboldt. It was what is generally referred to as "free gold," mixed with sand and soil. Some amateur prospectors had rigged up a crude sluice box made from an ordinary watering trough and had washed out a ton of sand and loam and had secured for their labor ten dollars' worth of gold dust. A company headed by E. C. Rockhold was formed to exploit the gold field. When they approached the owner of the farm with a view to purchasing it, they found that the value of the land had gone up enormously. Unable to purchase the land at a reasonable figure, they abandoned the attempt to mine gold on the *Buckskin*.

Nothing further was heard of the presence of gold in the *Paint Creek Valley* until the year 1923. In that year the *Greenfield Republican* carried the story of another gold diggings in an almost inaccessible place among the hills seven miles south of Greenfield. The gold had been found on the farm of James Warner near Humboldt. After digging through a deposit of shale and blue limestone, Mr. Weaver had come upon a vein of quartz in between two natural walls of hard rock. The vein was twenty-two feet up and down and six and one half feet across. Several tons of dirt had been excavated and sluiced, yielding fifty dollars of gold to the ton. We can find no further mention of this gold discovery in subsequent issues of the *Republican*.

Ten years later gold was found on *Cliff Run* on the farm of T. E. Carlisle. Mr. Carlisle was an experienced mining man. With his son he had been collecting flakes of gold and tiny nuggets for several years. Some of the nuggets were half as large as peas and of good color. Some of the gold had been found in the sands of the stream and some in a vein of quartz in a nearby ravine. Garnets and other semi-precious stones were also found in the sands, and silver and manganese in small quantities in the immediate vicinity. In the ravine Mr. Carlisle had found a gold-bearing ledge fourteen by twenty-two feet in thickness. With the aid of his son he had sunk several shafts. One of these shafts was driven down thirty-two feet with a lateral tunnel extending off for some distance.

Most of the quartz was so rotten that it could be crumbled with the hand. The gold diggers constructed a unique gold washing machine out of parts of binders, mowing machines and other farm equipment. Mr. Carlisle sent the gold he had mined to the Curator of Mineralogy of the Ohio State Museum for analysis. The Curator pronounced it real gold and added: "We have in our Museum a

small bag of black sand brought from California in 1849. This appears to correspond exactly with the sand you sent up, only it has more gold in it." He also disclosed that the samples of rock were unlike any rock he had ever seen in Ohio. It was decided that the gold did not exist in sufficient quantities to warrant the cost of mining it so nothing further was heard of the gold on *Cliff run*. Is there really gold in "them thar hills"? There were some who believed that all the stories of the discovery of gold on the *Paint* and its tributaries were just a gigantic hoax. Others believe that the gold is there, in such minute quantities, perhaps, that it would never be profitable to mine it; perhaps in larger quantities in hidden veins that have never been uncovered. Our own belief is that "gold is where you find it."

73.

Lake Greenfield

Periodically during the past half century, people living in the *Paint Creek Valley* have been excited by reports that dams were to be built across the *Paint* and its tributaries at various strategic points, creating a series of artificial lakes. I. N. Miller, a retired civil engineer living in Cincinnati, made a series of surveys with the financial aid of John M. Waddell of Greenfield. The surveys with maps and detailed blueprints demonstrated the feasibility of the project. In 1908 the *Paint Creek Power & Heat Company* was organized. It proposed to build four dams, one at *Mackerley's Bend*, another at the *Falls of Paint Creek*, another on the *Rocky Fork* and another at *Alum Cliffs Gorge*. The dams were designed to produce hydro-electric power for the surrounding towns. By backing up the waters behind it, each would create a small artificial lake.

The *Greenfield Republican* hailed the project with enthusiasm and stated that one of the dams would back the waters of the *Paint* clear up to Greenfield. "Imagine getting into a naphtha launch," it added, "at the foot of Main street and taking a spin of twenty miles before we back track! Row boats will dot the waters and the patient angler may rest on his oars and angle at all angles. The finny tribe will be given a chance to multiply and the wild duck and goose will take note of this new creation of water and rest on it on their long flights in the fall and spring." It was just a pleasant pipe dream. Nevertheless, the project was never entirely abandoned. It has kept bobbing up at intervals during the years. In 1928 an eastern syndicate, represented locally by M. I. Dunlap, agreed to build such a dam if the town would sell its Power & Light plant to the syndicate. The proposition was submitted to a vote of the people

and carried by a vote of 1078 to 416. The dam was never built.

All the early projects were private enterprises. The recurrence of destructive floods on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers turned the attention of state and national governments to the necessity of conservancy measures. It was proposed to hold back the waters of the upper tributaries by a series of reservoirs. In 1933 government engineers surveyed the *Paint Creek Valley* and recommended an appropriation of \$211,000,000 to build the dams. Congress neglected to make the appropriation. The U. S. government does not seem to have entirely abandoned the project. The Valley has been resurveyed in more recent years. Perhaps in time to come, we will be able to step into that naphtha launch at the foot of Main street and go for that breezy twenty mile spin over the smooth waters of *Lake Greenfield*. Who knows?

Another project, however, has been realized largely through the efforts of Greenfield's own Albert L. Daniels, former state senator. The state of Ohio has erected a dam across the *Rocky Fork* at picturesque McCoppin's Mill, a few miles from Greenfield. An artificial lake covering 2,200 acres with a thirty mile shore line has been created. The dam is 80 feet high, 111 feet thick at the base of the spillway and 380 feet across the top. The whole project embraces 3,700 acres and represents an expenditure of almost \$2,000,000. The work was begun in 1951 and completed on April 18, 1952. The Rocky Fork area is rapidly becoming the favorite summer playground of all Southern Ohio.

74.

Out of the Mud and the Mire

For considerably more than a hundred years Greenfield had been mired in the mud. Periodically the press of the town had felt it necessary to call attention of the village dads to the ruts, gullies, mudholes and hog wallows which marred the streets of the town. As late as 1913 we find Oscar White, editor of the *Greenfield Republican*, expressing his exasperation in these words: "Visitors to our town are being daily charmed by the depression which runs up along the center of Jefferson street. It has become more and more accentuated until it now resembles an old canal bed. According to the logic of past events, it is now in order to load up wagons with gravel and scatter it over the streets to be in the future scraped off." Mr. White possessed the true crusading spirit. He entered into the campaign of lifting Greenfield out of the mud and

the mire with vigor and zest. He even resorted to free verse to advance the cause:

*'Tis now a hundred years
Since Greenfield hit the map;
Babies that listened to
A fond mother's croon,
When Greenfield was a
Lonely hut or two
Have long been
Gathered to their Fathers;
Distance is all but annihilated
And Mother Shipley has
But a single
Prophecy unchallenged;
A hundred years —
Yet Greenfield
Has not one single inch
Of streets for which
She does not apologize;
Every inch the same
That nature gave
Or worse.*

Week after week Editor White continued to bombard the public with his poetic effusions and tirades. Even Luke McLuke, famous columnist of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, became interested and contributed a jingle to the campaign:

*"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand
Make a mighty ocean
And a pleasant land;
Add a little cement,
Enough to make a mix;
Roll with wheels of steel
And cover up with bricks.*

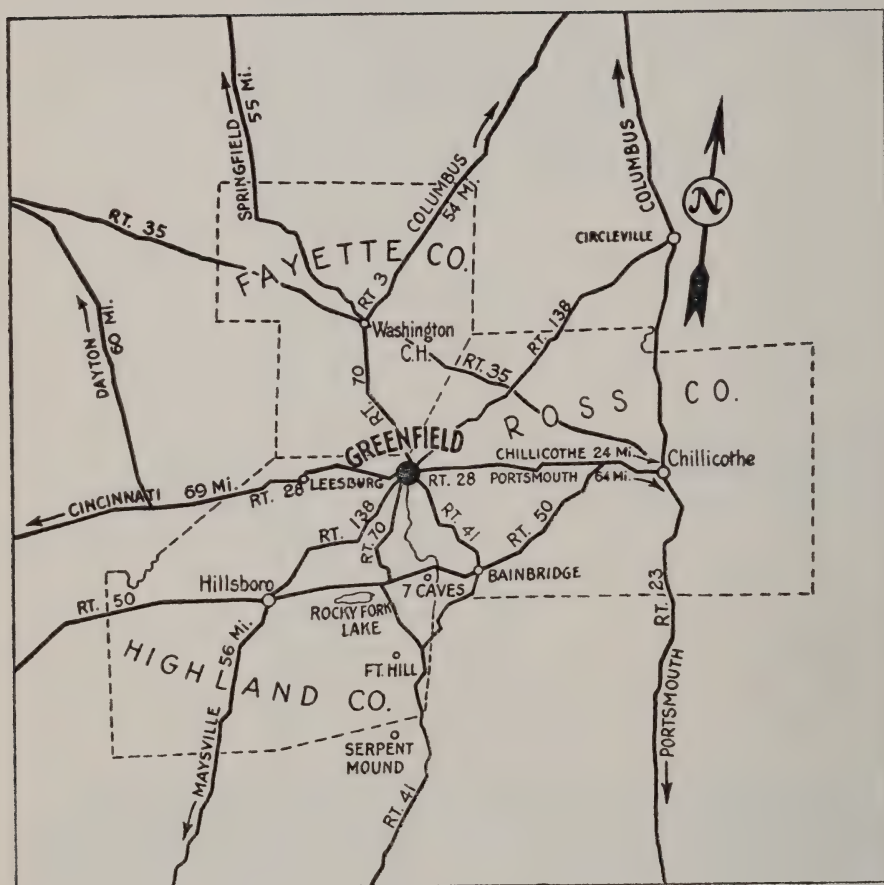
We do not know whether this bombardment so shamed the citizens of Greenfield that they determined to do something about it, but it is a matter of record, that the newly organized *Business Men's Club*, at a banquet held at the Methodist church in the spring of 1913, took the first real steps to remedy a deplorable state of affairs. They followed the matter up with such vigor that finally on June 28, 1915, the Town Council let the contract for the paving of the main thoroughfares. Brewer, Tomlinson and Brewer were awarded the contract for \$48,649.48. The work was begun immediately and finished by the first of August. There was great rejoicing in Greenfield at the elimination of mud, grease, chuck holes and impossible crossings. Wilson B. Brice, prominent New York attor-

ney, sent congratulations to the old home town, fittingly expressed in verse:

*Take me back to dear old Highland
'Mongst her hills of billowy green,
Where old Paint creek winds the valleys
Like a thread of silver skein.
Take me back to dear old Greenfield
Just awakened and replete
With the spirit of improvement
Leading up the modern street.
Tell the boys that did the business
They are stepping true to time,
There is reward for him that liveth
From the lowly to sublime.*

"A people that takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote generations."

WINSTON CHURCHILL



TRI-COUNTY AREA
"All roads lead to Greenfield"

SCHOOL DAYS

1900-1949



WORDS OF DEDICATION

EDWARD LEE McCLAIN HIGH SCHOOL

As promising the most good to the greatest number for the longest
time

In sacred memory of those of his own people and of others whom
he long and well knew and loved now passed away

In high esteem for this community as it exists today

In full confidence in the generations yet to come

In behalf of higher education, purer morals and broader and better
citizenship

This property is dedicated by the Donor.

— EDWARD LEE McCLAIN

September 1, 1915

The New Principal

Teaching could hardly be considered a profession in the early years of the Twentieth century. Anyone could teach who held a teacher's certificate. These certificates were issued by local and county boards of examiners whose members were sometimes susceptible to personal and political pressure. Each Board of Education established its own qualifications for the members of its teaching staff. Ordinarily a high school diploma was required in the grades and a college degree in the high school, but even these requirements were frequently set aside in favor of some individual favored by the Board. There were no continuous and continuing contracts. Teachers were usually elected for a term of one year. At the end of the year they could be dropped without any explanation. Salaries were very low. In the Greenfield schools the prevailing salary in the grades was thirty-five dollars a month, fifty dollars in high school. Larger towns and cities which could offer higher salaries often raided the Greenfield schools for experienced teachers. The editor of the *Greenfield Republican* took a gloomy view of the local situation in his issue of September 3, 1903. "The schools of Greenfield," he wrote, "are going to open with a new Superintendent, a new Principal and many new grade teachers. On first thought this might appear a disaster but it need not be, if everyone will suspend judgment and do everything possible to assist, the school will soon be running smoothly."

The patrons of the schools had every reason to feel apprehensive. Superintendent F. W. Warren had resigned a couple of weeks before school was scheduled to open. His successor, F. S. Alley, faced a difficult situation. The new Principal was a callow youth, still in his "green and salad years," not much older than some of the high school boys. He had had no experience in the art of teaching and no professional training. His only assets were a lot of enthusiasm, a conviction that he wanted to make teaching his life work and an A. B. degree. He had still to learn that there are twenty-four more letters in the alphabet which had to be learned the hard way. He owed his position to the fact that he was a home town boy and needed a job. I know a great deal about the new Principal. We use the same birth certificate. Having elected me to the principalship, the members of the Board of Education seem to have been assailed by serious doubts about my ability to handle the situation. Collectively and individually, they talked to me like Dutch uncles. The burden of their discourse seemed to be that I would have to run things with a firm hand from the very first day or the high school boys would get the upper hand. When I asked Superintend-

ent Warren what he thought about the honor system in high schools he said that he favored it. "Put 'em on their honor," he advised, "then watch 'em like a hawk." If discipline was necessary to hold the job, I decided that I would become a disciplinarian.

The high school comprised two rooms and a so-called laboratory on the second floor of the Central building. Its equipment consisted of about three hundred books, a few maps and charts in a deplorable condition and a few pieces of obsolete apparatus. The Superintendent taught two classes, the rest of the work was done by the Principal and a teacher who bore the title of Assistant Principal. I was very lucky in having Miss Cora B. Crawford as my assistant. I taught four classes of Latin and three of Mathematics each day. At the last moment, Superintendent Alley added a class in Bookkeeping to my schedule. He thought that it would be an effective answer to those who insisted that the high school course wasn't "practical." It may also have been inspired by the fact that Greenfield had a recently organized *Business College* which was making inroads on high school enrollment. The fact that I didn't know anything about bookkeeping didn't seem to matter. In those days teachers taught any subject that was handed to them.

In addition to teaching eight classes a day, I was expected to perform all the duties of a Principal, keep the records, act as librarian, handle disciplinary problems, arrange programs, promote public relations and supervise school activities—if any. Since there weren't any activities to supervise, I set about organizing a few. The boys wanted a football team. None of them had ever played football but they were all enthusiastic at the prospect. I organized the team. Then I discovered that I had to coach, manage and finance it. The Board of Education was sympathetic—many citizens were not—but they refused to accept any financial responsibility. I also organized the Chrestomathean and Philomathean literary societies, started a school paper and opened negotiations with Hillsboro High School for an interscholastic debate. The enrollment which, on the opening day, had been fifty-eight rose to seventy-five by the first of November. We moved the high school to an unoccupied double room in the northeast wing of the building. I spent the Thanksgiving recess installing seats with the aid of some volunteers from among the high school boys. We were very proud of our new Assembly Hall and adjoining library which, in the course of the years, became known as the *Rogue's Gallery*.

With the aid of Superintendent Alley, I managed to wangle some new apparatus and equipment out of the Board. By the end of the year we had been inspected and approved by the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. With eight class preparations every night in addition to all my extracurricular activities, I had very little time to bemoan the unfortunate lot of a teacher. In fact I felt that I was a very lucky fellow. I was gaining

a lot of valuable experience at public expense. I did not sense, however, that I had embarked upon a teaching career at a propitious moment. The attitude of the American public toward the high school was undergoing a fundamental change. Within a few years it would be transformed, in a very real sense, into the People's College.

76.

Football Days

Due to certain "fortuitous circumstances" over which I had no control, I had the honor of becoming the first coach of old Greenfield High School. I didn't want to be a coach. I liked football but I certainly had none of the specialized knowledge of the game which a coach is supposed to have. No one wanted the job. Therefore it devolved upon me. My coaching system was simplicity itself. I took the boys out into the middle of a ten acre field, threw the football on the ground and told them to go to it. They did — with a vengeance. I still think that that system has some advantages over more modern systems. It taught the boys initiative. I usually hung around the field, when my other duties permitted, to see that practice sessions did not degenerate into horse play. Sometimes I even invented a new play. They were usually wild and weird but occasionally they worked. Take the huddle, for instance. Authorities usually attribute the huddle to Knute Rockne — he was a good coach, too — but we used it ten years before Notre Dame ever tried it out. With us, however, it was simply another trick play, not a means of calling signals. In those days the quarterback barked out the signals, concealing the play in a jumble of meaningless letters and numbers. One day our team gathered in a huddle back of the line. Such a huddle was not unusual in those days as a means of screening a player from the public eye while he was changing his pants which had been torn in the fracas. After deciding upon the play our team quickly returned to their positions and then, without waiting for the signals to be called, swiftly executed the play. It was usually good for a touchdown, but it couldn't be used a second time on the same team.

Financing the team was a part of the coach's job. At the beginning of the 1903 season we had to completely equip the team. We decided to give a lawn fete on the lovely school lawn under the fine old forest trees. The *Republican*, in its issue of October 3, noted the occasion: "The school lawn was brilliantly lighted with Japanese lanterns. The tables were artistically ornamented with cut flowers and the whole scene was gaily attractive." The fete was highly successful. We netted forty dollars. Business men contributed sixty dollars to the fund. With one hundred dollars in the treasury, we equipped the team, rented Dunlap's pasture out on Spring Street for

ten dollars and put it in condition for the games. Our purchases included goal posts and a bucket, a whitewash brush and a supply of lime with which to make whitewash. Some of the boys outlined the sidelines with the whitewash. The lines were rather wavering but they served our purpose. There were no cross lines. We bought a football which lasted us for several years. We were very proud of our new uniforms. Some of them were still in use ten years later. We could afford only two or three replacements a year. The boys furnished their own jerseys, shoes, stockings, shinguards, helmets, pads and nose guards — if any.

It cost the school about five dollars to equip each player. Today I am told, it costs one hundred and twenty-six dollars to equip a single player. But the dollar was almost as big as a cartwheel in those days. We were always financially embarrassed. Every season had its deficit. Baseball and track added to the deficits. Periodically we would get together and organize a minstrel, a food sale or some other entertainment with which to pay off the debt. But we were never completely out of debt until the growing popularity of basketball took us "out of the red." The coach had plenty of financial worries in those days.

We had fewer than twenty boys in the high school out of which to organize a team. I remember that Melvin Hussey, one of the bigger boys who had returned to school in the hope and expectation that we would have a football team, exclaimed in disgust after looking the freshmen over: "They get smaller every year!" I have heard that remark repeated at intervals throughout the past 50 years. Freshmen by this time must have reached the vanishing point. Some of the boys were not available for the team because of parental opposition. We managed to get together a team by getting permission from neighboring schools to play eighth grade boys. We made our trips to neighboring towns in a horse-drawn carry-all. Sometimes the boys put on their uniforms at home to avoid the expense of a hotel room. Nevertheless they had a grand time in those good old days.

77.

The First Team

In all the range of sports there is nothing that can be compared with modern football in dramatic intensity, spectacular appeal and sheer pageantry. It adds color to the American scene and affords an emotional outlet to thousands of spectators who take their sports vicariously. The breathless hush as the kicker prepares to boot the pigskin; the roar of the crowd as the ball goes hurtling through the air; the thrill of a dazzling, twisting, weaving run in a broken field; the superb execution of an artfully placed coffin-corner kick; the

razzle-dazzle of bewildering forward passes; the perfection of a rousing key block or a teethshattering tackle; the perfect timing of a shift play, a line buck or an end run; deception, strategy, team work — that's American football. It's a far cry from Dunlap's cow pasture out on Spring Street where Greenfield's first football games were played and the beautiful McClain Field of today with its brilliantly lighted gridiron, its roaring thousands, blaring bands and strutting majorettes. But the emotional appeal has not altered one tittle or one jot. The glorious autumn sun, setting over Dunlap's hill, was all the pageantry we needed in those days. The crisp October air afforded a stimulant more potent than the reddest of red wines. And the few score spectators, parading up and down the sidelines, enjoyed an intimacy with the players not possible in these more modern days.

Everything in the game has changed — except the goal posts. The flying wedge has given way to the forward pass. The back-breaking, bone-crunching, muscle-grinding mass plays have been outlawed. The continual replacements of players, which gives to the modern game the aspect of a cross-country run, were not tolerated in those early days. A player stayed in the game until he was taken out on a stretcher. No one dreamed of leaving the game because of a sprained ankle, twisted knee or a bloody nose. If you left the game you stayed out. There were no quarters and no pauses for rest and refreshment. The method of scoring, the length of the game, and the number of downs have all changed. Modern football is still no game for a panty-waist but Oldtimers sometimes sigh for the good old times when mayhem was the order of the day.

Football had a humble beginning in the old Greenfield High School back in the year 1903. The first copy of the high school paper, which bore the weird title of the *Dragon*, thus records its beginning: "The prospects of a winning team were discouraging. Not a member of the high school had ever played football and the majority had never seen a game. In addition to this, the material was extremely light, the team averaging less than one hundred and thirty pounds. The first few evenings were devoted by Mr. Harris to explaining and defining the different football terms. As soon as the suits arrived, however, practice was begun. At all times the members of the team were faithful and conscientious in practice and to this no doubt is due the magnificent ending of the season." It might be added that all the games were played with schools where football was already firmly established. After a bad start, the team finished the season with three victories out of seven starts.

The members of this famous first team, as given in the *Dragon*, were: Charles Gadbury, Right End; Algernon Briggs, Left End; Ralph Doyle, Right Guard; Eph Loggans, Center; Frank Frazier, Left Guard; Carl Brafford, Left Tackle; Tom DeVoss, Left End; Charles Ellis, Quarter Back; Emmet Harvey, and Melvin Hussey,

Left Half; Charles Cleaveland, Right Half; Lynn Ware, Full Back and Captain; Frank Hussey, Ernest Barr and James Cleaveland, substitutes; Coach, Ray Harris. In concluding its account of the First Season, the *Dragon* says: "We are proud of the team. They have reflected honor on the high school by their manly bearing both on and off the gridiron. They have fought the season through in the face of overwhelming odds and have given the high school prestige among neighboring high schools. They have placed athletics on a firm basis and have paved the way for future success. We may feel proud of such a team.

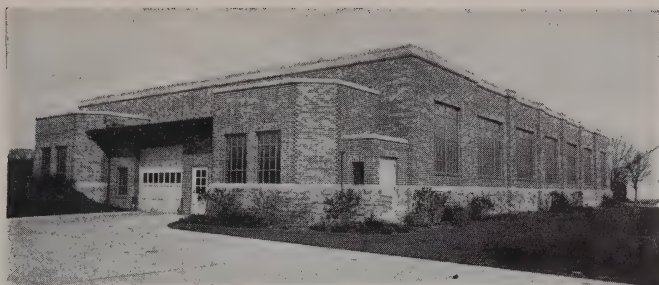
*Here's to each lusty lad,
In his dun armour clad —
Canvas and guard and pad —
Tough as a beam!
Up with the high school hues!
Whether it win or lose,
Cheer till the stones enthuse —
Cheer for the team.*

78.

School Activities

In those early years, football was always played on Saturday afternoons. Modern football, on a brilliantly lighted gridiron has its spectacular aspects but many an Oldtimer still maintains that the ideal setting for the greatest of all games is a hazy Indian summer afternoon, when the trees are flaming with gold and red and brown, and the air has the tang of old wine. Old copies of the *Dragon* give us many intimate glimpses of those days which are now fast-fading memories. There was, for instance that football game at Washington C. H. in the fall of 1904, the first game ever played between these two schools which, in the course of the years, have become traditional rivals. The unexpected happened. With the score 10 to 6 in favor of Washington and less than a minute to play, Captain Hussey of the Greenfield team secured the ball and, aided by splendid interference on the part of Gadbury, ran eighty-five yards for a touchdown, making the score 11 to 10 in favor of Greenfield. Without waiting on the order of their going, the Greenfield boys piled into the carry-all and departed, amid a shower of sticks and stones from some of the disgruntled followers of the Washington team, singing their own version of one of the popular ditties of the day:

*"In the good old football time, in the good old football time,
Strolling down the football field, gaining every time;
We bucked their lines and ran their ends, and that's a very
good sign,
That we rubbed it into Washington, in the good old football
time."*



Field House and Garage



High School Entrances



West Main Street 1906
Central School Building and First Presbyterian Church



Central Building Playground



**First Platoon
High School Cadets 1920**



**Typical Senior Play 1920
"The Man Who Married A Dumb Wife"**



Frank Raymond Harris
Principal High School
1903-1909 1911-1923
Superintendent of Schools
1923-1939

Photos taken in 1939 and 1903

The fun was not confined to the playing field as this excerpt from the *Dragon*, describing a trip to Wilmington in 1904, indicates: "The boys took dinner at the Cafe and enjoyed a meal remarkable both for quantity and quality. After eating a hearty dinner, three of the boys took their wraps and solemnly filed out of the restaurant. A moment later a second course was brought on. The boys who remained enjoyed the joke immensely at the expense of the other boys. After disposing of the pie, several more left. The merriment became hilarious when a third course, consisting of ice cream, arrived. Only three were left at the finish. 'You boys seem to be in a powerful hurry,' observed the waiter."

In spite of the coaching, or rather the lack of it, the teams during those early years more than held their own with neighboring schools. In 1906 the team laid claim to the championship of the South Central Ohio area on the basis of a season when the locals scored 124 points to their opponents' 5 points. There was no League in those days to bestow formal championships. Greenfield based its claim on its own outstanding record compared with the records of competing schools. Members of this team were: Carl Brafford, Glenn Winfough, James Cleaveland, Robert McBride and Howard Fullerton in the backfield; Claude Watt, Center; Ernest Barr, Robert McBride and James Cleaveland, tackles; Raymond Styerwalt and Charles Mains, guards; Ben Brown and William Davis, ends; Charles Slavens, George Ellis and Roy Starn, substitutes.

In 1911 the high school produced another outstanding team composed of Edgar Moritz (Captain), John Davis, Robert Duncan, Dean Evans, Ray Ashling, Edwin Hull, Alvern Squier, Alva Kising, Forest Woodmansee, Clarence Fox, Lynn Browning, Otto Lloyd, Roland Allen and Donald McWilliams. On this team was Greenfield's most distinguished football player, General Edwin Hull. The *Dragon* hailed this team, on the basis of its impressive record, as "Champion of South Central Ohio" and added:

*"To you the laurel crown,
Glory and great renown,
Gladly we bring."*

In 1912 Greenfield had another championship team. Under the captaincy of Edwin Hull, the team ran up a score of 237 points to their opponents' 8 points, scoring victories over their traditional rivals by such impressive scores as 44 to 0 over Wilmington, 59 to 0 over Kingston, 46 to 0 over Wellston, 10 to 0 over Chillicothe. Hillsboro was not represented on the gridiron, having abandoned the sport after the death of one of their players on the gridiron.

Baseball has had a checkered career in all the high schools in the area generally referred to as South Central Ohio. Some years it has flourished like a green bay tree. Some years it has disappeared entirely from the roster of school sports. Greenfield High School's first game of baseball was played May 2, 1903, with Hills-

boro, the latter winning by a score of 8 to 6. A return game at Hillsboro on May 9 resulted in a sweeping victory for Greenfield by a 23 to 9 score. In the spring of 1904 a series of five closely contested games were played with Wilmington, Greenfield winning three of the five games. The *Dragon* records an incident which happened on one of the trips to Wilmington: "A room had been provided by the manager of the Wilmington team where the boys could change their clothes. After the game the boys returned to the room to dress. When all were ready to depart, the crowd was amazed to discover that the landlady had locked the door. She demanded a dollar before she would allow the team to depart. The situation appealed to the boys as irresistibly funny. A window opened upon a porch which afforded easy access to the ground. Before the landlady had time to realize what had happened, the boys had made good their escape."

In the spring of 1903 Greenfield High School joined the South Central Ohio Athletic League which had been organized for the sole purpose of promoting track and field athletics. In its first meet Greenfield scored only one point. The point was acquired by Robert Bailey who won third place in the hammer throw. Greenfield never succeeded in winning first place in the annual meet but frequently copped second and third honors. It had its most successful season in 1909 when it won second place in the district meet at Athens and fifth place in the state meet at Delaware. It had the champion relay team of the state winning first place at Athens, first place in the C. O. I. A. L. and first place in the Big Six relays in Columbus. The members of the team were William Davis, Ray Rhinehart, Roy Starn, William Henry and Raymond Styerwalt. To this period belongs Greenfield's outstanding track athlete, William Davis, whose stellar performances in the running broad jump and all the dashes from sixty yards up to and including the 440-yard dash made track history in this section. Perhaps his outstanding performance was his tie for first place in the 100-yard dash in the state meet at Delaware.

The S. C. I. O. L. disbanded about 1910. Later on the schools, which had made up the League, formed the South Central Ohio Athletic League, particularly for the control of football and basketball; at various times it also added to its program baseball, track, swimming and tennis. It has been disbanded several times because of internal dissension, only to be reformed at a later period. Throughout its checkered career Greenfield, Hillsboro, Wilmington and Washington C. H. have formed the solid core around which it has been built. Other schools which have belonged to the League at various times are Chillicothe, Circleville and Frankfort.

The necessity of providing a suitable playing court interfered with the early development of basketball in the Greenfield High

School. However, with the opening of a skating rink in the old stone Methodist church on East Mirabeau street, basketball enjoyed a growing popularity during the years 1906 and 1907. The first game was played with a New Petersburg town team on its own floor, Greenfield winning by a score of 18 to 9. Girls' basketball also flourished during the year 1906 with Audrey Post as Captain and Ethel Kisling as Manager. It won four out of seven games. Just as basketball was hitting its full stride, the closing of the skating rink necessitated the abandonment of the game.

In all the early athletic contests there were no fixed eligibility rules. It was generally understood that a player must be a bona fide student in his school but this rule was sometimes set aside by mutual agreement of competing schools. Some schools were notorious for playing "ringers." Also the conduct of spectators wasn't always what it ought to be. They crowded out on to the gridiron, interfering with the orderly progress of the game. They started fights and brawls. Sometimes a player running down the sideline was artfully tripped by a spectator. Officials, also were far from satisfactory. The custom was for each team to bring along an official who alternated with the home town official as referee and umpire. Each team insisted that its own team referee the last half. Some officials were simply incompetent, some had a blind spot where their own team was the offender. A really competent official usually got a dirty deal from the crowd. The Ohio High School Athletic League was formed for the purpose of eliminating these evils. It set up definite eligibility rules and undertook to discipline those schools which did not enforce them. It began in a humble way with less than a hundred schools. Today it numbers over a thousand schools with a salaried Commissioner to enforce its rulings. Greenfield joined the Association in the spring of 1907.

The high school's activities were not confined to athletics. Inter-scholastic debates were productive of even more interest than athletics. In 1906, 1907 and 1908 a series of debates was held with Hillsboro High School on such subjects as the Trusts, Municipal Ownership of Utilities and the Annexation of Cuba. Greenfield emerged victorious from the series. The debaters in those years were Melvin Hussey, Harley Gossett, Edward Loggans, Charles Machin, Louise Waddell, Brent Oxley, Robert McBride and Claude Watt. In later series with Hillsboro, Washington C. H., Circleville and other schools, Greenfield dropped only an occasional decision.

79.

"In Greenfield, There's the School"

A noted educator, commissioned by one of the leading magazines to write a series of articles on the schools of America, sought

out the little city of Greenfield in Southern Ohio where, he had been informed, he would find the "Blue Bird" school. He began his investigations in a neighboring city. "And what is there in Greenfield?" he asked a young man with whom he had entered into conversation. "Well, principally," the young man replied after a moment's reflection, "there's the school." And that, most likely, is the answer you would receive if you asked the same question of any casual acquaintance from coast to coast — always provided, of course, that your acquaintance had ever heard of Greenfield, Ohio.

Some towns point with pride to their magnificent public buildings. Others take pride in showing the stranger within their gates their great manufacturing plants, their stock-yards and their marts of trade. Some even specialize in climate or scenery or beautiful parks. But in Greenfield, "there's the school."

The Greenfield schools of today afford a remarkable contrast to those of fifty years ago. At that time the town possessed a school plant of the vintage of the Eighties, two unimpressive buildings, ill-adapted to the needs of a modern community, with few provisions for the health, comfort and convenience of pupils and teachers. The adjacent rural districts were even worse off. The little old red school house, enshrined in song and story if not in the hearts of those who attended it, still dispensed the Three R's. Today Greenfield presents the spectacle of a school which has risen above its material limitations. It has discarded its old buildings, planned and built a new plant, modern in every detail. It has junked its inadequate and antiquated equipment. It has effected an organization ideally adapted to its community and in accord with the best educational thought of the day. Eighteen adjacent rural districts, embracing considerably more than a hundred square miles of territory have seen fit to unite their destinies with those of Greenfield and the whole constitutes today one of the most interesting and unique school systems in America.

To this central plant the pupils of the rural districts are brought in motor transports. The ideal basis for rural school organization, so educational theorists assure us, is the trade center with its adjacent land basis. This area, bound together by trade relations, constitutes an ideal area as to population, cohesion, community of interests, intellectual and business contacts, upon which to build a school system. The Greenfield Schools embody an application of this principle which has been in operation long enough to demonstrate its practicability. Situated on the main thoroughfare of the town, upon a spacious campus, is a remarkable group of three buildings, each presenting a distinct individuality of its own, yet all embodying certain fundamental similarities, the whole forming an ensemble, altogether varied, unified and refreshing. The noble colonnades which connect the buildings, suggestive of "the beauty that was Greece"; the vistas of ivy-covered walls banked with green

shrubby and flowering plants; the sun dial which "marks only the sunny hours," the graceful fountain, glimpsed through a riot of oldfashioned flowers — all contribute to a sense of harmony and beauty and unity, rarely attained in our public buildings.

In the rear is the splendid athletic field, brilliantly lighted at night, whose smooth, green surface, enhanced by the art of the landscape artist, is a source of perpetual wonder and delight to the beholder. Any evening, when school is out and Young America has donned his moleskins or his running trunks, the field presents a scene of animation and activity. Here, if we are to believe the dictum of Wellington, the battles of the future are being fought and won. Adjoining the athletic field is the field house and school garage, and across the street three modern cottages designed for the custodians of the plant. "And how," asks the wondering stranger who views this magnificent group of buildings for the first time, "did Greenfield secure such an extraordinary plant?" Few communities possess the wealth or the taxing power to erect at public expense a plant of this type and Greenfield is no exception to the general rule. The story of how Greenfield got this remarkable school plant constitutes one of Greenfield's most absorbing chronicles.

80.

Another Big Idea

The Greenfield school plant, as it stands today, had its inception in the mind of Edward Lee McClain, a native son of Greenfield whose own prosperity had been linked with that of the community in which he lived. It was an even bigger idea than the "big idea" of attaching a metal hook to a sweat collar pad which had been the basis of his industrial success. Mr. McClain had always been interested in the local schools and, in an unostentatious manner, had shown his interest on many occasions. Perhaps the memory of his own school days, spent in unpleasant and uncomfortable quarters, in surroundings sometimes unsympathetic and uncongenial, influenced him in his final decision. Perhaps the fact that he had acquired the old *Seminary* building, inseparably linked in his memory with his own school days, and had installed there the factory which had been the basis of his own successful career and whose walls were still incorporated in the mammoth plant he had built up through long years of endeavor, had its influence, too. In any event he decided to erect and fully equip a new and modern high school at his own expense and to present it to the community "as promising the most good to the greatest number for the longest time."

It was my good fortune to have been associated with Mr. McClain from the very beginning to the completion of the project many

years later. I had talked to Mr. McClain on many occasions in regard to the needs of the high school. I knew from conversations with him that he wished to do something for the community in which he lived. He had considered presenting a park, a library, a Y.M.C.A. building or a hospital but he had hesitated because he did not know how such a gift would be received. He had been shocked when the citizens of Greenfield had gone to the polls in 1908 and turned down a proposal for the purchase of a site for a new Carnegie library. I pointed out that schools were in an entirely different category from that of parks and libraries; that schools were required by law and that sooner or later the citizens would be forced to provide a new high school building. Mr. McClain was very much interested in the idea of a new high school for Greenfield.

Shortly after this talk with Mr. McClain, I resigned my position as high school principal to continue my studies in the graduate school of Harvard University. After securing my degree, I accepted a position in the Male High School of Louisville, Kentucky. In the summer of 1912 Mr. Herbert Massey, who had succeeded me as Principal of the High School, resigned his position. I was offered my former position and, at Mr. McClain's urgent request, I accepted it. Mr. McClain disclosed to me at the time that he had decided to build a new and modern high school and present it to the community if the Board of Education saw fit to accept the gift. He wanted the matter kept secret, however, until his plans were completed. During the preliminary stages I was the only person who was aware of Mr. McClain's plans.

Under the date of December 7, 1912, Mr. McClain announced his intention through the columns of the *Dragon*. Preliminary plans had already been submitted to and approved by the Board of Education. W. B. Ittner, foremost school architect of the day, had been secured to make the plans and a site adjoining the Central building had been purchased. The announcement came as a complete but pleasant surprise to the people of Greenfield. They were delighted at the prospect of having a new high school building. It was not until late in 1913 that the actual work of construction was begun by the Roche-Bruner Company of Cincinnati. The corner stone was laid May 20, 1914. The *Dragon* gives the following account of the impressive ceremonies:

"Under a cloudless sky, in the presence of many thousands of interested spectators, the corner stone with its simple inscription, 'A. D. 1914,' was lowered into place and a bronze box, filled with interesting records and relics was placed inside and sealed from human eyes. From every point of vantage cameras and moving picture machines recorded this interesting event." It might be added that this was the first time that any high school event had ever been recorded by moving picture cameras. The *Dragon* con-

tinues its account: "The great commonwealth of Ohio contributed her chief executive, Governor James B. Cox, who delivered a magnificent address. Audleigh Doster, of the Class of 1914, delivered the initial speech as representative of the high school, and brought lasting honor not only upon himself but upon his class as well, by his brilliant effort. The exercises of the day were brought to a fitting climax by the presentation of a magnificent flag to the school by the *Ladies' Relief Corps* on the Central school lawn. As the flag was slowly raised to the top of the flag staff, a salute was fired by Company A, bringing to a close a day that will live long in the memory of all who were present."

81.

The New High School

The new high school was completed and occupied in September, 1915. The dedicatory ceremonies were held on September 1, 2, 3, and 4. The building was thrown open to the public and thousands of people thronged the corridors and marveled at the beautifully equipped rooms. The gymnasium was the scene of demonstrations in the use of physical education equipment. The auditorium offered the public an opportunity to observe a demonstration of the motion picture machine — something new in school equipment in those days — and the magnificent pipe organ. People paused to inspect the bronze tablet which had been erected by the school alumni. Not everyone remembered enough of their school-day Latin to translate Horace's famous line, *Exegit Monumentum Aere Perennius*, but everyone agreed with its sentiment, "He has builded a monument more lasting than bronze." I can bear testimony that Mr. McClain did not build this high school as a monument to himself. The name was carved above the main entrance while Mr. McClain was absent on a long trip, without his knowledge or consent. With the passage of the years, however, the building has become a real monument to one who "had full confidence in the generations yet to come."

There were dedicatory addresses by many eminent men — Frank B. Willis, Governor of Ohio; Frank W. Miller, State Commissioner of Education; Dr. P. P. Claxton, U. S. Director of Education; William B. Ittner, the Architect; and many local people. Arthur B. Dunlap contributed a history of the schools and the dedicatory ode. M. Irwin Dunlap delivered the deed to the property; Charles Davis, President of the Board of Education, accepted the deed on behalf of the citizens of Greenfield. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Claxton stated that it was "the biggest single gift that had ever been made by a single individual to the public schools of America." Mr. M. I. Dunlap concluded his splendid address with the words, "And now Mr. Davis, I deliver to you this deed and, as I relinquish my last

touch, every interest of Mr. McClain has vanished and the people of this community and their descendants are enriched."

And thus Greenfield acquired its high school, so beautifully described by Arthur B. Dunlap in his Dedicatory Ode:

*Foundations that rest on bedrock
Where the foot of a glacier has trod,
Walls that shall stand unshaken
Through an earthquake thrust and prod;
A roof-tree where bands of iron
Are wove into truss and beam
With marvelous skill and cunning
By the hand of the giant Steam;
Nor fire, nor frost, nor tempest
Can injure this pile sublime,
From age to age it shall still defy
The gnawing tooth of Time.*

All who have visited the Edward Lee McClain High School in the course of the years — and their number is legion — have carried away with them a distinct and lasting impression of the beautiful works of art with which the rooms and corridors are adorned, and particularly of the three magnificent mural paintings, the work of Vesper Lincoln George. The artist has caught the very spirit of youth and transferred it to the canvas in brilliant blues and greens and golds and softer shades and tints. *The Apotheosis of Youth* stands at the head of the main stairway. The Library is adorned with *The Melting Pot* and *The Harvest Festival*. Dr. McAndrew, Superintendent of the Chicago Schools, when he visited the local schools in the Twenties, pronounced the Library "the most beautiful schoolroom in America."

82.

The Complete School

Rome, it is said, was not built in a single day; nor was the "Complete School at Greenfield, Ohio," as educational journals liked to describe "the magnificent trinity of buildings" which made up the Greenfield school plant. It was a whole decade before the last of these buildings was completed and two decades before the combined garage and field house, the last of the auxiliary buildings, was built and occupied. During those decades a fundamental change had taken place in the conception of the function of the secondary school. The high school was no longer regarded as merely an adjunct of the college. Its courses were no longer limited largely to preparatory courses designed to fit those in the higher economic brackets for college entrance. It had become a separate and distinct institution in its own right. Some referred to it as the "People's College." This

changing conception in the function of the high school was recognized by Mr. E. L. McClain long before it was generally accepted. He anticipated the trend of educational thought by erecting a *Vocational School* in 1923, providing vocational courses in wood-working, sheet and metal working, forging and machine work, agriculture and business training. The building also housed a large cafeteria and a natatorium with the largest swimming pool that had ever been installed in a high school building. It was, and probably still is, the most complete building of its type in any town of Greenfield's class.

About the same time the Board of Education had to face the fact that the old *Central Building* needed extensive repairs which would cost many thousands of dollars. It was decided that it would be more economical in the long run to erect a new elementary building. The electors of the Greenfield school district were asked to approve a bond issue of \$325,000 for the purpose. At an election held on May 17, 1921, the issue was approved by a vote of 1232 to 195, a majority of 1037. The result was immediately challenged by a group of electors living in Ross county. On December 3, Judge Craig McBride held that the resolution providing for the election had not been properly adopted. Another election was held on April 4, 1922, but the amount asked for was reduced to \$250,000. There was no opposition to the new proposal which carried by an overwhelming vote. On February, 10, 1923, the contract for the new building was let to Murch Brothers of St. Louis for \$221,777. The work of demolishing the *Central* building began as soon as school was dismissed for the summer vacation. The problem of housing the elementary pupils during the year 1923-24 was solved by using the South Side school and the newly erected custodians' cottages. Half-day sessions were held.

The corner stone of the new elementary building was laid October 12, 1923, with the Senior class in charge of the ceremonies. Charles Staub delivered the corner stone oration. He said in part: "This stone we are about to lay is but a symbol. The real corner stone is not made of material things. It is made of the love and pride of our mothers, the ambitions and the sacrifices of our fathers. The dreams that they have dreamed for us must always remain unrealized if we fail their hopes and expectations. Within this stone is placed a copper box and within that box are many articles that may serve to remind future generations of the boys and girls of today. We may be permitted to pause for a minute to speculate upon the time and the occasion when the contents of this box shall again be brought to the light of day. It may be a century, it may be a millenium. Who knows? But sometime, sooner or later, we may rest assured that curious eyes will again gaze upon the contents of this box and curious minds will speculate upon what manner of men we were in the Year of Our Lord 1923. Let us hope that they, when they look back upon our careers in retrospect, will find that

we have justified the hopes and expectations of the men and the women who, by their sacrifices, have made it possible to lay this corner stone; that we have dreamed manfully and nobly and that our dreams have been true prophets."

An athletic field had not been included in the original plans although its need was apparent. Games were played at *Chautauqua Park*, half a mile from the school grounds. In January, 1917, the Board of Education purchased a six-acre plot lying between North and McClain streets and Seventh and Eighth streets for the sum of \$3000. The high school undertook to equip the field. Picture shows were held twice a week, the proceeds going into the special athletic field fund. At the end of six years, with \$7000 in the fund, it was evident that many years must elapse before the school could equip the athletic field without aid from some other source. At this time Mr. McClain, who had watched the effort to raise funds sympathetically, decided to include the field in his own plans. He purchased all the land north of the school plant to McClain avenue. Forty buildings were moved or torn down to make way for what is today one of the most beautiful athletic fields in America. The funds raised by the high school were devoted to this purpose, Mr. McClain providing all the rest. In 1936 the Board of Education sold the six-acre plot to the town for the nominal sum of \$300 to be used as a municipal *Recreation Park*.

The need of a garage to house the motor transports used in bringing children to the central plant from the country districts was also apparent. In 1933-34 a combined garage and field house was built on the corner of McClain and Fifth streets. In 1924 the *Highland County Normal School*, supported by state funds, was established in the new *Elementary building* under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Chandler. After several successful years, it was discontinued when the state abandoned its county normals. P. F. McCormick served as Superintendent during the year 1919-1920; E. P. Porter from 1920 to 1923; F. R. Harris from 1923 to 1939; B. R. Duckworth from 1939 to the present. Mr. Duckworth first became connected with the Greenfield schools in 1917 as teacher of science. He served as principal of the high school during Mr. Harris' administration.

Under the able administration of Superintendent Duckworth and Principal C. E. Booher, the Greenfield Schools have continued to grow and prosper like the proverbial green bay tree. Like all the schools of Ohio, the local schools passed through a period of severe financial stringency largely the outgrowth of the depression, the war, the shortage of teachers and the continually rising cost of living. The problem has been partly, but not entirely, solved by a vast increase in the amount of state aid and additional millage voted by the electors of Greenfield. 1784 pupils were enrolled in

1955 with 701 in the Junior-Senior High School and 1083 in the grades, the largest enrollment in the history of the schools. The amount expended amounted to \$433,452.31. To carry out the school program a staff of 61 teachers was required. The non-teaching personnel included 13 full-time and 11 part-time employees. The school plant has reached its full capacity. In view of the fact that additional class rooms will soon be needed to take care of the ever increasing enrollment, the Board of Education has had plans drawn up for a six room addition to the Elementary building.

83.

School Life

No feature of the new high school attracted as much attention or elicited as many comments as the *Roof Garden* which was certainly something new and startling in high school architecture. Old man Kaiser, who built the building, jokingly offered to pay the expenses of operating the high school if the Board would grant him the beer garden privilege. The Seniors decided to capitalize upon the interest. Through the columns of the *Republican*, they announced: "Spend an evening on the Roof Garden of the *Edward Lee McClain High School*. Fifteen cents takes you all the way to the top, gives you free service of ice cream and cake — gives you a free look at the Queen of the Heavens, permits you to promenade across the High Bridge, allows you to stand and contemplate the majesty of space. This will be the first big night on the big red tiled roof with its ten thousand square feet of surface, lifted half a hundred feet into the upper darkness. You can't afford to let the first event escape you. There will be no cloud to obscure, the atmosphere will have the snap and tingle of aged wine, and the stars will twinkle with amazing dazzle. *Old Round Top* will roll his big black hulk against the south horizon. The lights of Lyndon will blink against the deepening dark beyond. The Royal Purple will trail her length from Leesburg as she sputters and rumbles and screams her warning of approach. A shaft of light in the north will leap into the heavens to tell whereat is Washington, she with the Court House attached. Miss a night like that? Not if Jupiter Pluvius behaves himself and if he doesn't we will gather in the gym, proud but disappointed."

Jupiter Pluvius behaved himself. The night of September 23, 1915, was an ideal night and many hundreds of curious people thronged the Roof Garden and enjoyed the hospitality of the Seniors. It was the first of the long series of socials and entertainments which, in the past 40 years, have made the High School the social center of the community. School life, compared with what it was forty years ago, has become exceedingly complex, with scores of

clubs and organizations and a multitude of extracurricular activities. During its first ten years, the McClain High School was probably the most visited school in the Middle West. People came from far and near — school boards planning the erection of new buildings, college classes on observation trips, teachers on their visitation days. Names of visitors from every one of the forty-eight states and many foreign countries are found in the early school registers.

One group of visitors recorded its impressions in the following words: "On a visit to the Greenfield Schools one is particularly impressed with the happy spontaneity of the children. They met us on the grounds and in the buildings. They conducted us through the several departments and took pride in telling us about their daily activities. We were thrilled with their happy abandon in the gymnasium, on the playgrounds and in the swimming pool. We accompanied groups of them to the auditorium for movies, class plays and demonstrations. We noted with interest their controlled observation and intelligent cooperation in the laboratories, their eagerness to work in the shops and libraries, their joy in participation in music and dramatics; verily, a child world and all because one man had a worth-while day-dream which became a reality."

Dr. William McAndrew, afterwards Superintendent of the Chicago schools, wrote in similar vein in the *World's Work* (January, 1924): "For hours I had been within the walls of the institution which is this citizen's idea of a contribution to happiness. I had purposely gone there first to get impressions unflavored by any suggestion as to what the school was intended to do. The happy atmosphere is there. You can't escape it. All the things which the State of Ohio says a public school should do are being done. Around them and in them is an influence of enjoyment, refinement, courtesy, and cheer that makes one want to linger. The silent tuition of beauty has been secured everywhere. An amazing thing is the condition of the plant today. For eight years children and adults have enjoyed continued use of it. You would think that it was opened yesterday. Not a scratch is observable on the furniture. You could eat off the floor."

84.

Athletics

With the completion of the McClain High School, Greenfield possessed the largest and best equipped school gymnasium in Southern Ohio. It was the wonder and admiration of all who beheld it. A complete and comprehensive course in Physical Education was inaugurated with Elmer Unger as full time Physical Director. Mr. Unger had the ability of a professional acrobat. He possessed the finesse of "the man on the flying trapeze." He staged spectacular

gymnasium exhibitions but he had no interest in competitive sports. Football was discontinued and basketball appeared only as an intramural sport. He was succeeded by Carl Beghold in 1916. Mr. Beghold and his successor, Mr. Bundgard, were thoroughly trained in body-building exercises and, in addition, they were not antagonistic to competitive sports. Football was revived and basketball became a highly popular sport. In 1917 the first of a long series of invitational tournaments was held in the McClain High School gymnasium at a time when there were no official tournaments in the state. An invitational state tournament was held at Delaware under the auspices of Ohio Wesleyan University which was considered the climax of the basketball season. The Greenfield tournament was extremely popular, as many as twenty-four teams participating for silver cups and banners.

During 1917, 1918 and 1919 Greenfield produced what might be described as "good average teams," but it was not until the advent of Frank L. Hayes that basketball came into its own. Duke Hayes, as he was familiarly known, came to McClain High school fresh from the war in the fall of 1919. He had been a great basketball star both in high school and college. He literally lived basketball by day and dreamed of it by night. He had his little idiosyncrasies which endeared him to the fans. During the tense moments of a game, he could always be seen biting his finger nails and when a real crisis arose he gnawed his knuckles with almost cannibalistic vigor. In order to avoid crossing the trail of a black cat, he would make a detour of several blocks. Any player who had the temerity to get a hair cut before an important game, generally found himself benched for the duration of the game. Duke wasn't superstitious but he took no chances.

Duke ushered in a "golden age" in Greenfield's basketball history. During the years 1920, 1921, 1922 and 1923, the team won 89 out of 97 games, including all tournament games. It scored 3319 points to its opponents' 1251. It played all the leading teams from the Great Lakes to the Ohio river and even invaded Indiana and Illinois. It took on all comers, irrespective of their size or reputation. During the years 1920, 1921, 1922 and 1923 it won the invitational tournaments held in the local gymnasium and was recognized as the undisputed champion of South Central Ohio. In 1921 it was undefeated in its regular season and won five out of six games in the state tournaments, losing out in the finals to Cambridge by a score of 14 to 11. In 1922, it won five straight games in the state tournament, toppling Stivers from the position of State Champions which it had held for six consecutive years. The *Athletic World*, the All-American Sports Magazine, termed McClain High School "the world's most remarkable high school," and stated that its basketball record was unparalleled in high school basketball circles. The great outstanding athlete of McClain's team was Gerald Armstrong whose

sandy hair gained for him the sobriquet of "Red." Other players who were worthy running mates for Red were Howard "Softy" Robinson, Robert "Lubber" Stroup, Curtis Bumgarner, Paul Smith, Homer Watts, Harold Hiatt, Edward Uhl, Glendon Stephenson, Roy Mossbarger, Stanley Carter, Robert Buck and Walter Bruch.

In 1929 Gerald Armstrong returned to Greenfield as Athletic Director of McClain High School, ushering in another "golden age" in high school athletics. The football teams were undefeated in 1932, 1934, 1938, 1940, 1941 and 1944, although there were some ties. During those years McClain was the undisputed football champion of the South Central Ohio League and one of the outstanding teams of the state. The basketball teams were undefeated in their regular schedules in 1933, 1941 and 1943 and during those years they were the SCL champions. In 1935, 1942 and 1943 McClain also won the basketball championship of the Southeastern District of the O.H.S.A.L. During this period other forms of athletics flourished. The swimming team won all its matches in 1935. The baseball team won the Southeastern District championship in 1940, 1941 and 1942.

Armstrong-trained athletes won many individual honors both in high school and in college. All-Ohio honors were won by Jimmy Hull in 1935, Everett Marcum in 1938; Robert Miller in 1940, Don Grate in 1941 and 1942 and Joe Glassner in 1944. Jimmy Hull — now Dr. James Hull — captained the Ohio State basketball team to a Big Ten championship in 1938-1939 and won All-American honors. Don Grate was also an outstanding star at Ohio State, winning All-American honors. McClain's latest claimant to national honors is Big Bill Uhl who stands 6 feet, 11 inches in his stocking feet. In 1954 and 1955 he made basketball history at Dayton University.

Red Armstrong was succeeded as football coach by John Griesheimer and he, in turn, by Everett Marcum who piloted the football team to an undefeated season in 1953 and another SCL championship, bringing to a fitting close half a century of Athletic competition in McClain High School. He was succeeded in 1954 by Paul Orr, another of McClain's outstanding athletes. Ever since Red's departure, the basketball team has been coached by Tom Doyle and it, too, captured the SCL championship in 1953-1954. In 1954 Tom assumed the additional duties of Athletic Director. Not all the basketball teams have won championships in recent years but none has ever failed to make potential champions extend themselves. Few towns in Greenfield's class have had a finer or more consistent record in athletics during the past fifty years. Football attendance in recent years has ranged from 2,000 to 3,500 and basketball crowds have been limited only by the seating capacity of the gymnasium.

Don Grate is the only Greenfield boy who has ever crashed the closely guarded doors of baseball's vaunted *Hall of Fame* at Cooperstown, New York. He has twice performed that feat by tossing a

baseball farther than any man living or dead has ever thrown it. In September, 1952, Don broke the record established in 1910 by Sheldon "Larry" Lejeune which had stood for over forty years. While a member of the Chattanooga Lookouts he heaved the ball 434 feet, 1 inch, breaking Lejeune's record by almost eight feet. On August 23, 1953, he broke his own record with a throw of 443 feet, 3½ inches, a record which is apt to stand for a long time to come. The autographed baseballs with which he made his famous throws now repose in baseball's *Hall of Fame* in Cooperstown.

Both football and basketball have provided the people of Greenfield with many "big moments" and a lot of Frank Merriwell finishes. We can mention just a few. In 1922 Softy Robinson, just as he sat down abruptly on the floor of the Sandusky gymnasium, tossed the ball back over his head and through the loop for the winning points. In the same year with Portsmouth leading by one point in an overtime game on their own floor, Bus Carter secured possession of the ball directly under Portsmouth's basket and tossed it the entire length of the gymnasium and straight through the rim of the basket, just as the pistol cracked. On January 7, 1947, Hamilton's Big Blues, Champions of Ohio, went down to an ignominious defeat by a score of 46 to 33, the biggest upset of the season. In 1932, with Hillsboro leading by a score of 13 to 7, Jimmy Hull tossed a pass across the goal line, Wolfe completing it and thereby tying the score. In 1938 McClain defeated Wilmington in the most spectacular game ever played on McClain Field, out-razzledazzling their opponents by a score of 52 to 31.

The "biggest moment" of all came in the game with the far-famed Waterloo Wonders in 1934. This barnstorming organization which played four or five games a week, traveling hundreds of miles and paying little attention to scholastic standards, had made an unparalleled record of 58 straight victories in two seasons. Many weird stories were told about their unorthodox training rules. The coach, it was said, gave them a big steak dinner before each contest and another after the game if they were victorious. They didn't have a steak dinner after the Greenfield game. In one of those heart disease games, filled with thrills and chills, the Waterloo Wonders finally met their Waterloo. They went down to defeat at the hands of McClain in an overtime game by a score of 26 to 24. For many months the hills of Southern Ohio reverberated with the echoes of that game.

85.

The Dragon

For half a century the *Dragon* has faithfully recorded the happenings in the high school, the big things and the little things

which, in retrospect, seem so much more interesting than the big things. The bound copies of the *Dragon* for the years 1904 to 1941, during which the *Dragon* was published first as a monthly magazine and then as a bi-weekly newspaper, give us an almost unparalleled picture of high school life during that period. They trace the development of the high school from a small institution with only 58 pupils and few interests to the large Junior-Senior High School of today with over seven hundred pupils and a multiplicity of interests, curricular and extra-curricular, somewhat bewildering to the layman. They indicate clearly that the high school is a distinct community living its own life within, but somewhat apart, from the life of the larger community which is inclined to regard its manifold activities with mingled alarm, amusement and pride. In 1941 the *Dragon* ceased publication as a newspaper due to financial difficulties but its name is still perpetuated by the Senior Year Book.

As one of the persons responsible for launching the *Dragon* on the stormy seas of journalism, I have often been asked just how the publication got its weird name. For half a century I have evaded a direct answer to that question, pointing out that most high school publications at the turn of the century seemed to prefer such wild and weird names as the *Lion*, the *Tiger*, the *Phoenix*, the *Sphinx* and the *Salamander*. A few years ago, in one of my unguarded moments, I promised the Faculty adviser that I would disclose the carefully guarded secret of how the *Dragon* got its name on its fiftieth birthday. In 1954 the *Dragon* celebrated its Golden Anniversary. It was up to me to make good on my promise even though the explanation might come as a shock to those who had anticipated a romantic or poetic significance in the name. The first number of the *Dragon*, I might explain, was published "on a shoestring." The staff had no surplus funds with which to secure an appropriate title page. Rummaging through the stock cuts at the printer's office, we found a small cut of a dragon which Ed Irwin, the foreman, worked up into a very attractive cover design, using the materials he had at hand. The paper had to have a name to go with the design. Hence — *The Dragon*.

The first copy of the *Dragon* made its appearance in January, 1904. It was a sixteen-page magazine with literary aspirations. That first copy is beautifully printed on paper which still shows no signs of yellowing with age. It certainly realizes the staff's self-proclaimed ambition to give its readers "a bright newsy paper; one that will be truly representative in all respects, covering every phase of school activity." The staff consisted of Charles Cleaveland, Editor-in-chief; Melvin Hussey, Business Manager; assistants, Harley Gossett, Ernest Barr and Carl Brafford; department editors, Virginia Strange, Carrie Milburn, Charles Ellis, Jeanette Ellis, Blanche Doyle, Virgil Henry, James Beatty and Emmett Harvey. The *Dragon* was published as a monthly magazine, the emphasis being

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Dr. J. Martin Byers Residence, 320 North Sixth Street

W. E. Seilkop Residence, 615 Jefferson Street



HOMES OF GREENFIELD

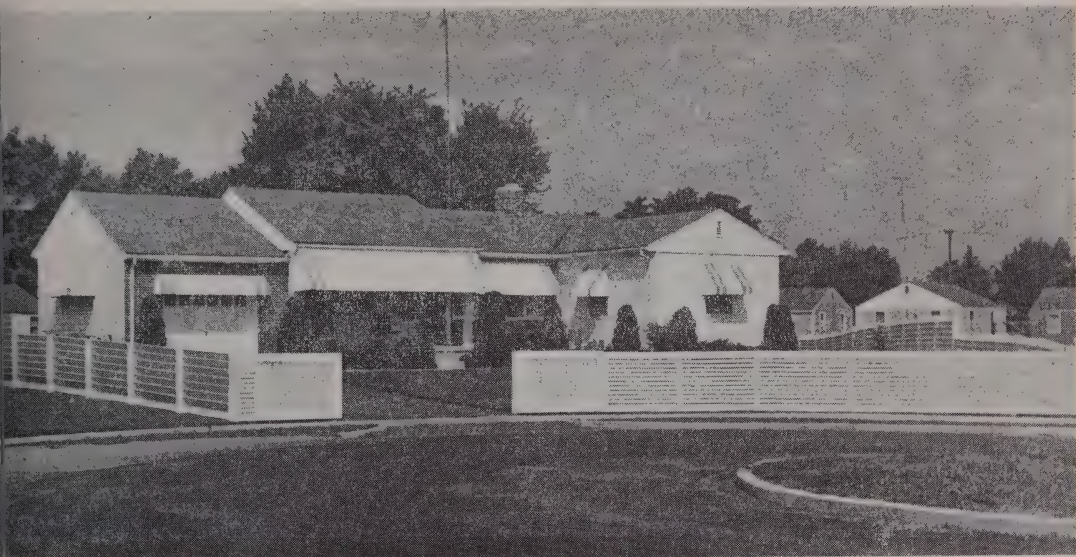


Tom S. Davis Residence, Hillcrest Drive



Harry C. Younghans Residence, 428 North Street

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Arthur Nichols Residence, 915 Lafayette Street



P. J. Fleming Residence, 923 Jefferson Street

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



A. D. Pitcher Residence, 440 North Street



Clyde Lain Residence, 226 South Sixth Street

placed on its stories, poems and literary articles, until 1917 when it became a weekly newspaper. During that year it was known as the *Forum* but the following year it reverted to its old name of the *Dragon*.

Thumbing through old copies of the *Dragon*, one is impressed by the fact that the boys and girls in those early years did not differ radically from the boys and girls of today. They had the same likes and dislikes, the same enthusiasms, the same ebullient spirits. They liked to jibe and jest at each other's expense and particularly at the expense of their teachers. They had no hesitation in expressing their views with candor and vigor. One issue, for instance, gives the Seniors' views on "the ideal teacher." They were all agreed that there was "no such critter." One Senior sapiently remarked that there could never be an ideal teacher without the ideal pupil. Reading their effusions after the lapse of years, we cannot escape the conclusion that they had a lot of fun during their high school days in spite of the fact that unsympathetic teachers insisted that they devote an undue amount of time to study and recitations.

Contributors to the *Dragon* were fond of "take offs" on some of the famous characters of the magazines of that day. Mr. Dooley, after a visit to the high school in 1906, told his friend, Mr. Hennessy: "Iverywan should avail himself of the priceless opporchunity uf a high school ijication. You study many things up there you will be glad to fergit in after-life." Another "take off," however, had an unexpected ending. *Collier's Weekly* threatened to bring suit against the *Dragon*. A popular feature of that weekly was the *Letters from a Japanese Schoolboy*, by Will Irwin, the well known humorist. Virginia Love conceived the idea of enrolling Hashimura Togo in the Greenfield High School and publishing his quaint comments on high school life. It will never be known how *Collier's* learned that the *Dragon* was poaching on its private preserves, but one day the staff received a formidable looking document ordering the *Dragon* to "cease and desist" publishing the letters. Highly flattered at this attention from its esteemed contemporary, the *Dragon* complied with a few pertinent remarks about *Collier's* sense of humor.

In 1923 a class in Journalism took over the *Dragon* as a class project. It became an eight-column newspaper with as much news coverage as the average country newspaper. In 1924 Miss Grace Blake took charge of the class in Journalism and acted as adviser until 1941 when the *Dragon* was discontinued as a newspaper. No high school paper probably ever won as many honors as the *Dragon*. From the National Scholastic Press Association it received in the years from 1928 to 1941 the All-American rating six times, First Class Honor rating six times and Second Class Honor rating once. In the years from 1922 to 1941 it received from Ohio State University First Class Honor rating three times and All Ohio rating sixteen

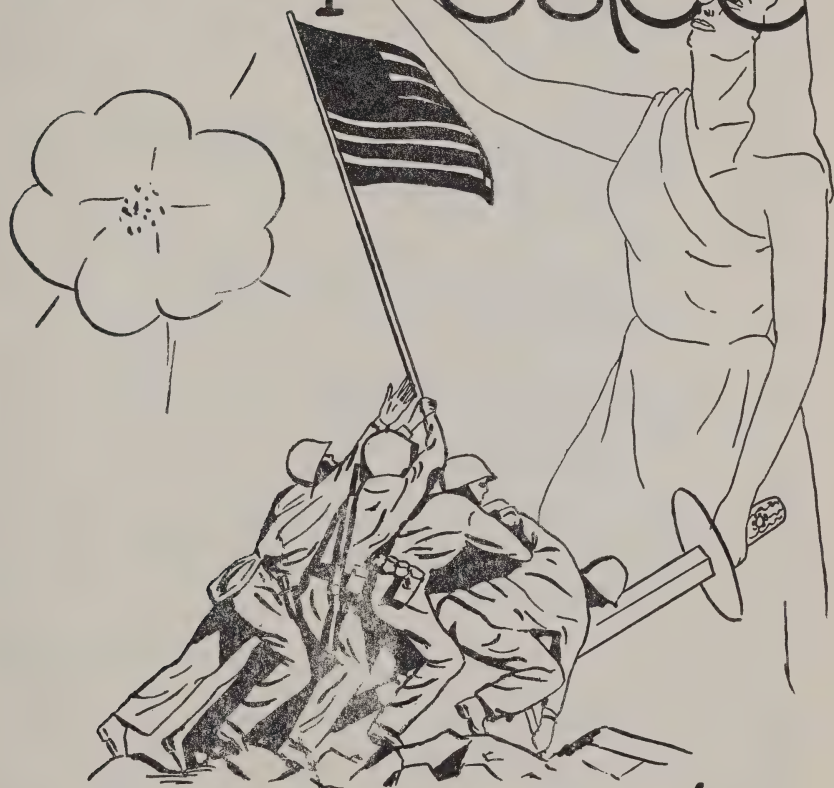
times. In 1928 it received a plaque from Ohio University for "best service to the school community." In 1940 it received a copy of *Seasoned Timber* by Dorothy Canfield for a copy featuring the "Children's Crusade for Children." In 1932 the Columbia Scholastic Press Association awarded the *Dragon* a blue ribbon signifying First Place in the nation. In 1934-35 it received the Tercentenary Award — *magna cum laude* for outstanding contribution to education from the National Association of Student Editors, an activity of the National Education Association. In 1940 and again in 1941, it received the International First Place Award from *Quill and Scroll*, the international honor society for high school journalists. An imposing array of silver cups, blue ribbons, plaques and Certificates of Merit still attest the golden days of high school journalism.

Whatever may have been the origin of its name, I think that we may all agree with the sentiment expressed in an early number under the title

THE DRAGON SPEAKS

*In days of old when knights were bold,
Beyond the Isles of Greece,
In distant lands, stout-hearted bands
Sought for the Golden Fleece;
No longer now, the seas they plow,
At last their labors cease;
For in these walls and classic halls,
I guard the Golden Fleece.*

WAR AND Peace



1915 - 1949

Gene Eley

PEACE

*Down long dim aisles 'mid forest trees I strolled,
And in their swaying branches, ages old,
I heard the wind play melodies untold —
The Voice of God.*

*I sailed upon the ocean's heaving breast,
The billows rolling high were ne'er at rest,
And as the ship was tossed from crest to crest
I saw His might.*

*Through rocky vistas, grand and still, I passed
Near mighty mountains at His word enmassed,
I watched a bird float in the sky so vast
And felt His peace.*

*I trod the earth from frozen pole to pole,
O'er desert wastes and many a rugged knoll,
In all, touching the harp-strings of my soul,
I felt His hand.*

— DOROTHY ROHRER

First World War

During the opening stages of the First World War we were neutral but not indifferent. We had been profoundly shocked at the German invasion of Belgium in 1914 and even more shocked at their calloused declaration that their treaty of neutrality was "just a scrap of paper." But we felt no sense of responsibility for the conditions or the causes which made the conflict inevitable. Traditionally isolationist in our point of view, we felt that we could sit in security behind our two oceans while Europe went up in flames. We had forgotten that "when your neighbor's house is on fire, your own is in danger." Even when we suffered indignities at the hands of the Germans we were "too proud to fight," as President Wilson expressed it. All the time, however, we had an uneasy feeling that great moral issues were involved which we could not forever ignore. The change came rapidly after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, May 7, 1915, with the loss of over a thousand American lives. War finally was declared on April 16, 1917.

Long before war was declared, Greenfield was seething with patriotic fervor. On April 12 several persons who had been rather indiscreet in expressing their sympathy for Germany were forced to salute the flag and to retract their statements. About the same time 27 members of the Ohio National Guard were dispatched to guard the B & O bridge. We had our spy scare. It was reported that the Germans had installed a powerful radio sending set in the hills south of town. Steps were taken in March to organize a company of the National Guards. Street loafers, who sat in shade or sun, were ordered to go to work under penalty of the vagrancy laws. In March, 1917, Lieutenant Don L. Caldwell and Sergeant J. W. Strange returned from duty on the Mexican border. They set about organizing a National Guard company. After war had been declared a recruiting tent was set up in the Town Hall park. The spot where the tent stood is now marked by a maple tree which has an interesting history. In February, 1918, "Dutch" Sulceberger and John Killoran, linemen for the *Greenfield Telephone Company*, were working south of town. Dutch noticed a rock maple sapling on the Harley Taylor farm and suggested that they take it up, transport it to town and set it out on the spot where the recruiting tent had stood. This was done. The tree was brought to Greenfield, planted and dedicated to Greenfield's own *Company G* which had been recruited on that spot.

Company G was mustered into service on July 15, 1917, with eighty recruits. It had 135 members when it went into camp at

Chautauqua Park where Greenfield's first company in the Civil War had encamped. It was only half equipped with rifles and uniforms and slept in tents. Meals were served under the direction of A. E. Ballentine and the company cooks in a vacant store room across from Ballentine's restaurant. The company entrained here on August 13, with an enrollment of 143, for Camp Perry where its roster was increased to 250 men. Arthur B. Dunlap has left us a memorable picture of the scenes which attended the departure of the company: "It was indeed a memorable scene that rainy morning when we gathered by thousands on old Washington street and watched with proud but tear-dimmed eyes while our first contingent—our own *Company G*—marched by to entrain for the front. It was one of the tensest moments in the emotional life of the old hometown when the B & O train pulled out carrying our boys away to unknown lands and unknown adventures—and some, alas, to the Great Adventure. These were trying days of partings and farewells. But in every case, when the instant of separation came and the cords that bound them to us and to home were snapped asunder, there swept over the hearts of all—those departing and those who remained—a wave of spiritual exaltation that remained as a memory and an inspiration for all the stress and strain of the tragic months that followed."

After the National Guard companies had been inducted, further recruiting was done by the draft. June 5, 1917, was Registration Day for all young men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one. 1863 registered in Highland county. The drawings for the draft were made in Washington, D. C. Richard Jones of Greenfield was Number One. The first quota asked from Highland county called for eleven men. Draft boards were later asked to send only 5% of their quota to Camp Sherman—this meant only one man from the county. Harry Lee Gadbury of Greenfield was the first man actually inducted from Highland county. He volunteered to fill the county's quota. He was later assigned to the camouflage service, an entirely new branch of the military service which had as its objective the disguising of position from the enemy. After the camoufleurs had completed their work a French landscape, viewed from the sky, looked like a no-man's land with shell holes, barbed wire entanglements, a small town in the distance, all cleverly concealing machine gun nests and field guns. Mr. Gadbury, who had gained distinction as a commercial artist, proved well adapted to this sort of work. He was soon commissioned a lieutenant.

87.

Company G

Greenfield boys served in every branch of service in the First World War; in the rank and file of the infantry; the signal and

engineering corps; on trucks and ambulances; in the heavy artillery and in military bands; on transports, submarines, destroyers and dreadnaughts; in the service of the air "they defied old Gravitation's immemorial law that had bound the foot of man forever to contact with the earth, they took the eagle path of glory climbing toward the stars, they played leap-frog with the clouds." They served on every field of battle, in every theatre of war. They belonged to many different companies, outfits and regiments whose identities are not linked with Greenfield. But *Company G* of the 166th Infantry, 42nd Division—the famous Rainbow Division—is Greenfield's own. It was organized in Greenfield, recruited in Greenfield, entered the service in Greenfield and, when the war was over, returned to Greenfield to be received in a wild and tumultuous homecoming. It is honored with a memorial tablet on the Public Square to those who died in the service of their country.

The original *Company G* was made up of Greenfield boys, eighteen from the Frankfort community and a number from New Petersburg, Leesburg, South Salem and other neighboring towns. It suffered many casualties as a unit in the American Expeditionary Force and there were many replacements from many different sections of the country but it remained, until the end, Greenfield's own company. *Company G* landed at St. Nazaire, France, on November 1, 1917. After training periods in several camps, it moved into the war zone in January, 1918. On February 11 and 12 it entered the trenches on the Lorraine sector. It suffered its first baptism of fire on February 13 and suffered its first casualty when Joseph White of Frankfort was killed in a heavy artillery barrage. After eleven days of continuous fighting, it was relieved by French troops but, with only three days rest, it entered the trenches in the Baccarat sector where Captain Don Caldwell and Lieutenant Robert Duncan were gassed. The Rainbow Division was in full charge of this sector and was the second American division to be entrusted with such a heavy responsibility. *Company G* spent one hundred and ten days in that sector without relief. In breaking up the German attack on Chalons, the company was under one of the most terrific bombardments of the entire war and several of its members were wounded and gassed. The company was located on the Chalons-Suippes road in that engagement known as the Champagne battle which opened on July 15. It was in this campaign that the Rainbow Division met and defeated the crack Prussian and Bavarian Guards in what has been termed one of the decisive battles of the war.

On July 28 *Company G* went into action in Belleau Woods at Chateau-Thierry in Soissons sector, the battle continuing through August 8. Captain Caldwell was shell-shocked and sent to the rear, Lieut. W. E. Eyler assuming the command. Robert Smart, Corporal David Gibson and Owen Barr were killed at Seringes. After a rest period at Bourmont, *Company G* advanced into the St. Mihiel opera-

tions, participating in the two day battle of September 11 to 13. It remained in that sector for ten days. On October 1, it entered the Argonne Forest and after ten days of reserve duty went into action on the Meuse-Argonne front. October 12 was a black day in the history of the Company. At one time it was surrounded on three sides and lost one hundred and four men in killed and wounded. On November 1, the Rainbow Division moved in to relieve the 78th Division in the drive on Sedan. *Company G* was the only American company to reach the outskirts of that city before the end of the war. En route to a night attack, it was met by news that the Armistice had been signed and would go into effect at eleven o'clock on November 11, 1918. Rev. W. L. Brown, pastor of the First Baptist church who served as a chaplain overseas, has left us a description of that first *Armistice Day*: "We heard some hours in advance that hostilities would cease at eleven o'clock, November 11, but it seemed too good to be true. But as the hour approached, the big guns began to die down like thunder after a big storm and then their roar ceased. It was a happy bunch of soldiers that realized what the calm meant. The German boys were a happy lot. They left the trenches, waving their hands to the Yanks and with bands playing."

Company G crossed into Germany with the Rainbow Division on December 2 and remained there until April 6, 1919, as a part of the Army of Occupation. On April 18 it sailed from Brest. It arrived at Camp Sherman on May 12 where it was mustered out on May 17 after a year and nine months of service. It left Greenfield with 143 men and returned for the big home-coming celebration with 119. Its casualties included forty killed in action or dead from wounds and disease and two hundred and seventy wounded or gassed. It had had over five hundred replacements. In the entire history of our American wars, few companies have had such a brilliant or bloody record. Of those who did not return with their comrades, we may say,

*"They shall not grow old as we who are left grow old,
Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn;
At the going down of the sun and in the morning,
We shall remember them."*

88.

"Home Fires"

Hundreds of Greenfield boys marched away to war gaily singing, "Keep the home fires burning." The people of Greenfield community buckled down to the task, not only of preserving the fires upon the hearthstones but of doing those things which would help in the winning of the war. Armies had to be fed. War gardens

were planted on every vacant lot. The war had to be financed. Citizens were grimly warned, "Lend it or lose it." The people of Greenfield chose to lend it. One Liberty Loan netted \$400,000, another \$570,000 more than one-half Highland county's entire quota of \$1,027,700. With a quota of \$70,000 of War Savings stamps the town bought \$75,200. Every appeal for funds was quickly oversubscribed. It was necessary to care for the sick and wounded in the hospitals and on the field of battle. The first appeal for Red Cross funds netted \$8,500, the second \$9,000. The people were asked to "give until it hurts." They gave, but no one complained that it hurt. The ladies of the town gave benefits, bazaars, dinners and sales to raise funds. They made hundreds of sweaters, mufflers, helmets, socks, trench caps, afghans and bandages. The morale of the boys in the camps and overseas was a matter of great concern. A War Chest was proposed for the purpose of providing all those little things which the Army could not and did not provide. Every citizen was asked to give one day's earnings out of each thirty-one days of labor. The campaign was inaugurated on July 15 with the ringing of bells and the blowing of whistles. People were grimly warned, "Come across or go across." They came across. \$43,000 were subscribed.

The departure of all its young men to war focused the attention of the community on the necessity of providing some means of home defense. There were many spies and saboteurs in the country. On March 22, 1918, a company of *Home Guards* was organized with Glenn Shrock as captain and a membership of one hundred and five. At about the same time, the *Redmond Home Guards* were organized by the colored citizens. High School boys, anxious to do their bit, organized a company of Cadets which continued to flourish for several years after the close of the war, under the efficient supervision of Captain A. D. Pitcher. A writer in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* severely criticized the conditions which prevailed at Camp Sherman. He aroused a great deal of local wrath when he stated, "The nearest town is Greenfield and it is a small community of scarcely more than a thousand or so inhabitants where conditions are no better than at Chillicothe, and besides Greenfield is thirty miles away." An indignant Chamber of Commerce called attention to the many inaccuracies in the statement—that there were numerous fine towns within a radius of thirty miles of Camp Sherman, that Greenfield was hardly more than twenty miles from the camp, that its population was between five and six thousand, that it had a high school building costing half a million dollars, that it had subscribed \$400,000 to the first Liberty Loan, as much as the combined subscriptions of Washington C. H., Hillsboro and "our good neighbor Chillicothe," and \$8,500 to the Red Cross. It added with hurt pride, "The *Enquirer* announces that the patriotic ladies of Cincinnati have donated 100 glasses of jelly to the hospital

at Camp Sherman while the ladies of Greenfield left 150 glasses on November 15 without advertising the fact."

By the first of January, 1918, Greenfield had begun to feel the pinch of war. The winter was the worst on record. Sub-zero temperatures prevailed. Several persons were frozen to death, birds came into farm houses, quail were found frozen in the snow drifts. It was necessary to blast the ice from the D. T. & I. bridge to Island Grove to save the bridge from destruction. The railroads were choked with traffic. Food and fuel were very scarce. Business houses were ordered to close on Mondays to conserve fuel. The *Republican* exhorted its readers, "Burn wood if you can; every stick of wood burned is a stick of dynamite slammed directly at the Kaiser." On March 31, 1918, Daylight Savings time went into effect to provide a longer period of daylight for workers. Sugar ration cards were issued on August 1, 1918. On September 1 a gasolineless Sunday was observed in Greenfield. The *Republican* dubbed it *Old Dobbin's Day* and commented, "Old Dobbin could travel along any of the county roads without the cut-out of some automobile giving him a case of nervous prostration." The people of Greenfield were sharply reminded of the war when three coach loads of German prisoners passed through the town on their way to Fort Leavenworth. The churches, schools, lodges and business houses proudly displayed their service flags. Several thousand people visited the War Trophy train when it stopped at Greenfield with an impressive exhibit of grenades, gas masks, guns and equipment captured on battle fields. During the latter part of 1918, the Spanish Influenza hit the town with devastating effect. The schools and places of amusement were closed for over a month. Soldiers died like flies from the malady at Camp Sherman. The home front was experiencing some of the horrors of war but they continued grimly to "keep the home fires burning."

89.

Home-Coming

After many rumors and delays, after a false report for a few hours touched off a premature celebration and created great rejoicing, the day of days finally arrived—not *Der Tag* the Kaiser was looking forward to but the day that the entire civilized world had been looking and longing for. Greenfield gave way to exultation, delight, ecstasy and triumph—the greatest spontaneous celebration in the history of the town. The first report arrived at 2:00 o'clock on the morning of November 11 but the night watchman, William Sulcebarger, insisted on corroborating the report before giving the prearranged signal. At 4:00 a.m he gave the old bell on the Town Hall a few taps. In a few minutes pandemonium broke loose. Bells were rung, whistles blew, guns were fired. The fire

truck raced through the streets with clanging gong. Under the direction of Captain Glenn Schrock of the *Home Guards*, preparations were quickly made for a big celebration. Mayor Ferneau issued a proclamation. Everybody was invited to a big barbecue to be held on the Public Square. Half a beef was cooked by the ladies of the W.R.C. in the church kitchens. At noon an immense crowd gathered on the Square for the feast. All day long bells were rung at short intervals and guns were fired by the *Home Guards*. A large wreath was placed at the foot of the Memorial Tablet which had just been dedicated the previous day, with its list of fallen heroes. An impromptu parade was formed by the *Home Guards* and other organizations. A hearse with a coffin, containing the remains of the Kaiser, was escorted to the Public Square where the Kaiser was removed from his coffin, strung up to an electric guy wire and riddled with bullets. Speeches followed. In the evening there were more speeches, more bells, more whistles and more noise.

Greenfield had an even bigger day when *Company G* came home from the war, May 15, 1919. When the train bearing the company, one hundred and nineteen strong, under the command of Captain Don Caldwell, arrived at the bridge, whistles, bells and guns let loose. The company, headed by the regimental band and escorted by the *Greenfield Home Guards*, the *Redmond Guards* and the *High School Cadets*, marched up Washington street ablaze with flags and bunting and under triumphal arches, to the Public Square where the boys were welcomed home by M. Irwin Dunlap. "Armies have marched, countermarched, bled and died since the dawn of time," he said. "Home-comings follow battles. The vanquished march home in humiliation and disgrace, the victors are received with paeans of praise and crowned with garlands of gratitude. Greenfield, peaceful and prosperous, its blood tingling with pride, heart attuned to peace, soul overflowing with joy, greets you with affectionate welcome and salutes you with undying love. Some of you are bruised and wounded, some of you will carry scars to the grave, but all have come out of the clouds of battle and the fires of hell with honor unstained, devotion unsullied, courage undaunted, valor unchallenged, hearts purified and manhood ennobled. Conscious of your sacrifice, we welcome you to the family circle. Welcome, thrice welcome, to the village of your birth or the village of your adoption."

Following the raising of the flag on the new flag pole, erected in honor of all of Greenfield's soldier boys, dinner was served to the company and their guests on the grounds east of the Town Hall. In the afternoon there was a grand parade and speeches. Forty-seven different organizations participated in the parade. One of the features was a float with a large gold star for the fallen heroes. Miss Lois Kreuzberg represented Columbia while Eloise

and Elizabeth Lee, daughters of Ora Upp, held white ribbons attached to the figures of doves hovering over the star. The car was driven by Mrs. Donald McClain. At 2:00 o'clock there were speeches by Colonel Hough and Chaplain Halladay of the Rainbow Division and A. B. Dunlap. Colonel Hough paid an eloquent tribute to Captain Caldwell and to Lieutenant Robert Duncan who, he said, "left here a boy but returned a man." He paid a special tribute to Private Spence who had been awarded the Belgian War Cross for carrying a wounded comrade from the field under a rain of shells.

A. B. Dunlap expressed the sentiments of the community when he said: "You will now lay off the khaki and the blue to be preserved as family heirlooms and as priceless relics of the part you paid in the redemption of the world. You will put on again the civil garb and take up the serious tasks that citizenship lays upon every true American. To your hands are committed the problems of the future. To you falls the mightier work of reconstruction, of rebuilding human society upon broader, freer, juster foundations. With you rests the fate of civilization, for with you rests the fate of America, and America is the trustee of posterity and of the race." At five o'clock the boys were served supper on the Public Square. The evening was spent in dancing in the Elks, Eagles and Redmen's halls. At 10:40 p.m., Company G entrained for Camp Sherman where, two days later, they were mustered out. Company G, and the entire Rainbow Division, have returned to Greenfield many times for their annual reunions.

90.

Votes for Women

At the beginning of the Twentieth century the people of Greenfield were exceedingly optimistic about the future growth of the town. They could point to the fact that Greenfield had had a 65% increase in its population in the preceding two decades. The editor of the *Greenfield Republican* envisioned a population of 6500 by 1910 and 30,000 by 1920. This prediction was destined not to be realized. Greenfield's population in 1900 was 3979. In 1910 it had increased to 4228 and in 1920 it reached 4344. The increase in these two decades was only nine percent. The census figures, however, do not give an entirely accurate picture of the size of the town. Many had settled in suburban areas outside the corporation limits. Even if Greenfield's growth was a source of some disappointment to her citizens, they could take some comfort in the fact that neighboring Hillsboro had actually decreased from 4535 to 4356 in these two decades, a loss of 179 in population. The county had also lost heavily in population. In 1900 it had reached an all-time peak of 30,982, largely due to Greenfield's growth. By 1920 it had decreas-

ed to 27,610, a loss of 3372 inhabitants. The fact was that the large industrial centers were expanding rapidly at the expense of the rural areas. That Greenfield had been able to hold its own was a matter of some gratification.

These two decades were marked by two amazing social movements which were reflected in Greenfield's own history—National Prohibition and Woman Suffrage which were incorporated in the Constitution of the United States as the Eighteenth and Nineteenth amendments. Both of these movements represented a century or more of consecrated work on the part of their advocates but the culminating struggle came in these two decades. The "Votes for Women" movement began, as an organized effort, in 1848. In July of that year, a convention was held in Seneca Falls, New York, to consider the lot of women. Its spark-plugs were Lucretia Mott, a Quaker, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, a Socialite. Largely through their efforts resolutions were passed demanding "that women enjoy equal rights in universities, trades and professions; the right to hold political office; the right to compete equally in marriage, to hold property and wages, make contracts, sue and be sued" and the right, then challenged, "to speak in public." It is difficult for us to realize today that women had none of these rights just a century ago under the common law of the land. In 1850 Susan B. Anthony became the acknowledged leader of the movement for Women's Rights and held that position until her death in 1906.

The movement was ridiculed and lampooned in the press and on the platform. But, under the grim impact of such leaders as Miss Anthony, one after another of these "demands" were granted by state legislatures. American suffragists, however, never adopted the "knock down and drag out" tactics of the British suffragists who rioted, broke windows and even went to jail for the cause. They carried on a determined but lady-like campaign and their tactics were far more effective with the American male than more vigorous action would have been. In 1920 the suffrage amendment, having been ratified by the necessary two-thirds of the states, became a part of the Constitution of the United States. The women of Greenfield cast their first presidential ballot in November, 1920.

Greenfield had its ardent suffragists but they never were unduly conspicuous. As far back as the Seventies we read of a public debate on the question in the Town Hall. The young ladies emerged victorious over their masculine opponents and were highly complimented by the presiding officer for the effective manner in which they had presented their arguments. Greenfield contributed an important leader to the suffrage movement in the person of Miss Wenona Marlin, a daughter of Vance Marlin. After her graduation from the Greenfield High School with the Class of 1888, Miss Marlin went to New York in search of a journalistic career. She became connected with the staff of *Everybody's Magazine* when it

was engaged in the expose of "Frenzied Finance" by Tom Lawson. Later she joined Harper Brothers and traveled widely in foreign countries for that firm. In 1912 she collected some of her travel experiences in a book which bore the title, *The Will o' the Wisp*. Miss Marlin joined the suffrage cause in New York, rode at the head of suffrage parades, addressed the crowds from the vantage point of a soap box in Columbus Circle and acted as lobbyist for the suffrage amendment in Washington, D. C. Later she became a teacher in the New York Schools. When she passed away a few years ago, she showed her interest in the old home town by leaving several thousand dollars to the Municipal Hospital and the First Baptist Church.

91.

National Prohibition

The temperance crusades of the Sixties and the Seventies were militant in character even when prayer and persuasion were substituted for axes and hatchets. The *Crusaders* were direct actionists. Their object was to close the saloons by bringing pressure to bear upon their owners and operators. They relied upon an outraged public opinion to accomplish this end. The *Murphy Movement*, however, focused its attention upon the drinker rather than upon the purveyor of liquor. Its object was to reform the drunkard himself. The *Woman's Christian Temperance Union*, formed in 1874, displayed plenty of militancy but it was particularly successful in the field of temperance education. The *Anti-Saloon League*, organized in 1893, marked the first successful venture of the forces of temperance into the field of practical politics. It was severely realistic in its approach to the whole problem of the method of dealing with the organized liquor traffic. It threw its strength against any candidate, whether Democrat or Republican, who refused to commit himself on the wet or dry issue. Politicians had to stand up and be counted. Their record of performance in the legislative halls was carefully scanned. Scant shrift was given to the duckers and the dodgers. Representing as it did the combined church and moral forces of the nation opposed to the open saloon, the *Anti-Saloon League* was able to wield tremendous political power. Under the shrewd leadership of Howard H. Russell and Wayne B. Wheeler, it eventually became the most powerful political bloc in the country, controlling state legislatures and even the Congress of the United States.

The League in its early years did not attempt the impossible. It was content to make haste slowly. Its first objective was the enforcement of temperance laws already on the statute books and the enactment of local option laws permitting each community to decide for itself the status of the saloon in its community. The Beal Local Option Law was finally enacted. Greenfield held its first local op-

tion election in October, 1902. It resulted in a victory for the wets by 24 votes. In 1903 the Beal Law was declared unconstitutional by a Wyandot county judge. In 1904, however, the State Supreme Court reversed the decision. In 1904 Sam Jones, the famous temperance advocate, appeared in Greenfield. He was quoted by the *Republican* as expressing "his opinion concerning Greenfield and her moral atmosphere which, in his estimation, would be highly improved by a thorough spring house cleaning." Soon thereafter another local option election was held. A Law and Order League, headed by W. L. Stinson, made a vigorous campaign. The League put out a daily paper called *The Bugle*. The opposition responded with *The Citizen*. When the smoke of battle had cleared away the drys had won by a majority of 136 in a total vote of 1086. Again in 1907 the drys were challenged by the wets but won by a majority of 90 out of exactly 1000 votes. Shortly after this election, Bub Powell was fined \$1200 and costs, his place declared a nuisance and placed under bond. Greenfield remained dry territory until the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment in 1933. A whole generation of young people grew up without having seen the open saloon.

By 1914 the *Anti-Saloon League* could report that there were fourteen prohibition states and that half the area of America was dry under local option. By 1918 twenty-nine states and two-thirds of the country were prohibition areas and the League had captured the U. S. Congress. On January 29, 1919, the Eighteenth Amendment became a part of the Constitution. The open saloon was succeeded by the speak-easy, the saloon which never closed. Citizens developed virtuosity in concocting gin and home brew out of denatured alcohol, canned heat, radiator fluid, juniper juice, glycerin, hair tonic, raisins and sugar. The resulting "hooch" was slow poison but those who drank it were in no hurry. "Put your thumb in the liquor," drinkers were advised, "if the nail stays on, the liquor is good." Beer baronies sprang up in every city, presided over by Al Capones. Hijacking, moonshining and bootlegging became highly profitable enterprises. Gangsters flourished. Little effort was made to enforce the law. Finally in 1930 a determined campaign was inaugurated to repeal the Prohibition Amendment. The *Anti-Saloon League* by that time had lost much of its one-time vigor. The repeal came in 1933. Greenfield had its troubles during the Prohibition era. At one time the local paper stated, "Statistics have it that there are sixty-two bootleggers in town." Demory Millikin, who operated a lunch stand in the old *Royal Theatre* building, was arrested, charged with the operation of a still in the basement of the theatre. The still was discovered when a fire broke out in the basement. Citizens were sometimes embarrassed when bottles began to pop in their basements or their suitcases began to leak. On the whole, however, the law was fairly well enforced in Greenfield.

92.

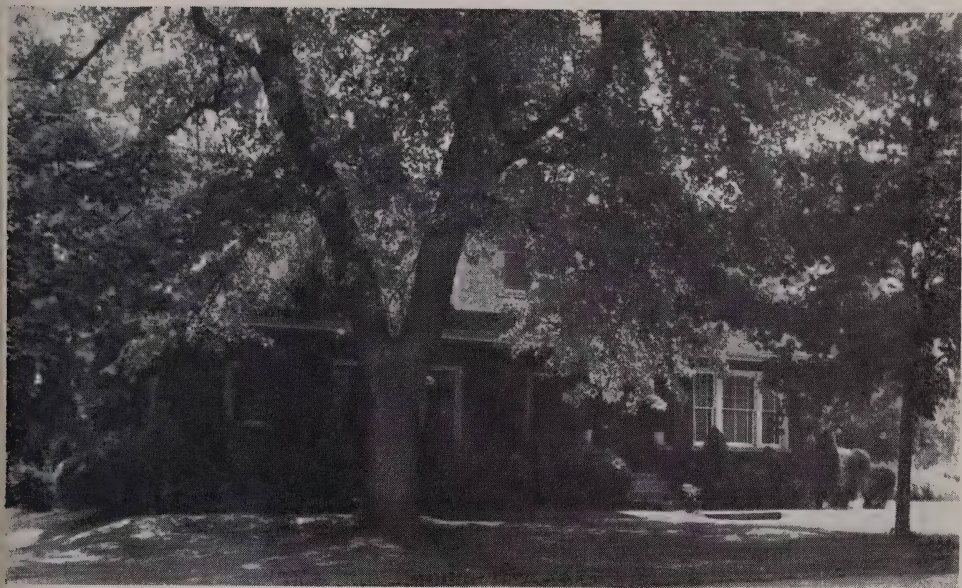
Mail Order Business

It is not generally known that Greenfield has a going concern with over seven thousand employees. Fortunately they do not all live in Greenfield or our housing shortage would be considerably greater than it actually is. They are scattered all over the United States. Most of them devote only a portion of their time to the concern but they are all an important factor in the prosperity of the firm. They are the agents who sell Wilknit hosiery direct to the consumers. In the early 1920's Dr. Leslie E. Wilkin was a practicing optometrist in Greenfield. He became fascinated with the idea of selling merchandise by mail. At first he tried to sell eye glasses, a line with which he was thoroughly familiar. Then he switched to hosiery because its cost of transportation was lowest in proportion to its selling price. He advertised extensively for house to house agents to sell his "Red Mill Hosiery." After receiving an inquiry in answer to the advertisement he would send a series of letters to the inquirers describing the method of solicitation and offering to send a full sales outfit of hosiery on receipt of a cash deposit. To the solicitors he offered liberal commissions and bonuses. In addition, he offered to give the agent an automobile when a certain sales quota was reached.

Basically, the business is still operated on the original plan, although it has expanded far beyond Dr. Wilkin's wildest expectations. The company has given away so many automobiles that it has actually lost count of the number. The firm today handles many different kinds of women's, men's and children's hosiery. It has agents in all parts of the country and some foreign lands. The business has naturally had its ups and downs. In 1933, in the year of the great depression, it almost went broke but it managed to hold on by the "skin of its teeth." It began at this time to purchase lists of names of prospective agents from "name brokers" who do a flourishing business along that line. The policy of advertising for agents was also continued. In 1935 Dr. Wilkin purchased and occupied the Masonic Temple building. In 1937 he installed his own dye plant which he placed in charge of his son, Lowell and Donald McWilliams. Hosiery, knitted according to his own specifications, is shipped to the plant where it is dyed according to the demands of the trade. During the war years shortage of material naturally reduced the volume of business but sales have made a decided come-back since the close of the war. Today the company operates its own printing plant. Its mailing system is a model of speed and efficiency. Letters are opened, stuffed, sealed and stamped by machinery.

About 1938 the Wilknit Company removed its shipping plant to Leesburg, employing forty workers under the management of

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Jacob Pearce Residence, 705 South Washington Street



H. Tennenbaum Residence, 340 South Street

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Pearl Patterson Residence, 807 Mirabeau Street



Dane Iseman Residence, 539 Spring Street

HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Wilson L. Moon Residence, 214 South Seventh Street



M. D. Iseman Residence, 134 South Street

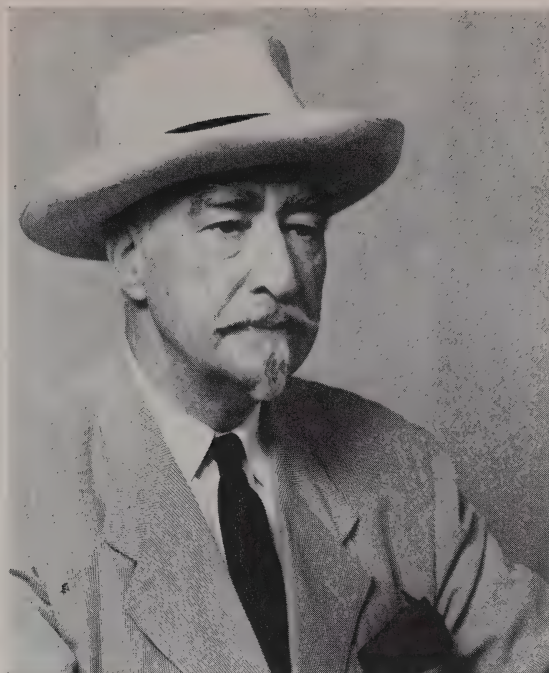
HOMES OF GREENFIELD



Harold L. Stewart Residence, Hillcrest Drive



Joseph B. Dillon Residence, 728 North Washington Street



Dean T. Waddell
President, Greenfield Historical Society
General Manager, Sesquicentennial



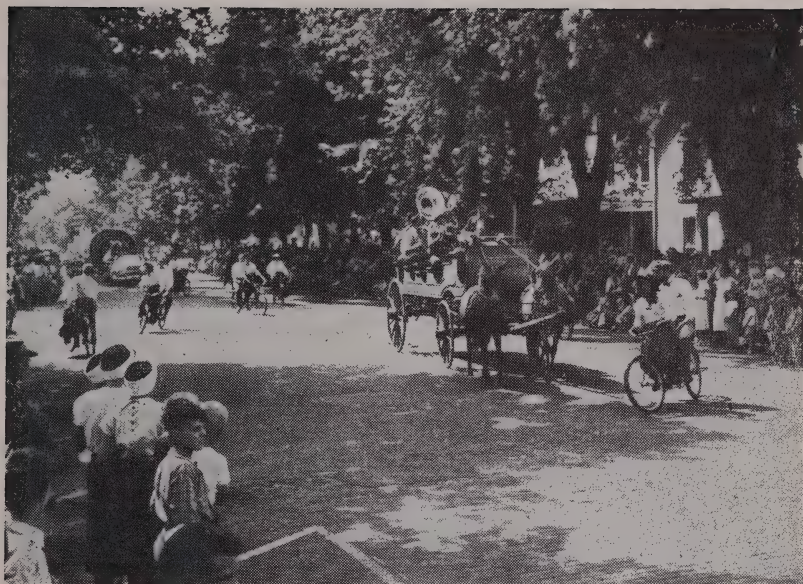
Left to right: James Kinnison, Orville Woodland, Walter Barr,
Ernest Detty, Elmer Stultz and Harley Baker.



Sesquicentennial

Above — General J. E. Hull

Below — Greenfield's Birthday Cake



**Parade of the Years
Early Band Wagon and Floats**



Parade of the Years
Indians and Covered Wagons

Paul Narcross. It occupied the A. K. Grandle building, the one-time site of Leesburg's basketball games. The firm does an annual business of over a million dollars. It employs two hundred persons in addition to its seven thousand agents. Its postage bill alone in 1939 amounted to \$162,000. This vast amount of mail matter is naturally reflected in the receipts of the Post Office of both Greenfield and Leesburg and has a direct bearing on their classification. Since the death of Dr. Wilkin in 1947 the business has been operated by his son Lowell. Inasmuch as the Wilknit Company's contacts with its agents and customers are entirely by mail, the company has received hundreds of thousands of letters from all sorts and conditions of people, from workers in the cotton fields of the South to the glamorous movie stars of Hollywood. One of the company's customers was the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, whose peregrinations no doubt increased her need for first class hosiery. The company maintains a "freak file" of unusual letters. For instance, one lady wrote, "If you have any good 98 cent full fashioned hosiery, please tell me the price."

93.

Crime and Punishment

Greenfield is a quiet and peaceful village. It is true that the police court on Monday morning is sometimes a sad commentary on our common human frailties. There are the usual cases of intoxication, speedsters and traffic violators; occasionally a stabbing or shooting with what might be termed "inconclusive results." Homicides have been few in number but they have usually been of a sensational character. The most sensational homicide committed within the corporate limits of Greenfield was undoubtedly the shooting of Ike Strider in a dark alley in the business district about the turn of the century. Ike was a notorious local character. Many people expressed a certain degree of sympathy for Carl Hirn who shot him. "Ike got what was coming to him," they declared. Everyone read with avid interest the unsavory details of the trial as they were published in the *Tri-County News*. Hirn was convicted and served, we believe, fifteen years in the Ohio Penitentiary. Highland county juries have always been extremely reluctant to impose the death penalty.

The most mysterious of all the murders committed in this vicinity was the famous Gindelsperger murder case. Alex Gindelsperger lived on a farm in Paint township, Ross county, south of town. One morning in 1896 he was found lying in his pig pen with his head badly crushed. He had apparently been attacked with an axe. His wife told a harrowing story of how he had been called out of the house by some men in the middle of the night. When he failed to return, she barricaded the door and spent a night of terror

waiting for the dawn. When she finally ventured out, she discovered his body in the pig pen where it had been thrown by his assailants. There were many, however, who did not accept Mrs. Gindelsperger's version of the murder. They pointed the finger of suspicion at the widow herself. The law enforcement agencies could find no evidence to connect her with the murder. They were equally unsuccessful in unearthing any evidence pointing to any one else. The case was dropped, much to the dissatisfaction of the people of the community. Eight years later the case was suddenly reopened with the arrest of Mrs. Gindelsperger and Carl Ballard, a Greenfield saloon keeper, who were charged with the murder. Mrs. Gindelsperger was placed on trial at Chillicothe. Little evidence was offered connecting her with the crime, but the unhappy widow was convicted of manslaughter. It was quite evidently a compromise verdict as the crime charged was anything but manslaughter. The upper courts promptly reversed the verdict. Mrs. Gindelsperger was not brought to trial a second time and the charge against Ballard was dropped. During the course of the trial, the defense had charged repeatedly that the crime had been committed by Joe Gindelsperger, son of the murdered man. Some years later Joe Gindelsperger, committed suicide by shooting himself.

On April 12, 1904, Alex Guy was at work in the fields of his little farm near South Salem when he heard his wife screaming. Going into the house, he found that a piece of plaster had fallen from the ceiling knocking over the lamp which had exploded and set fire to his wife's clothing. He threw a bucket of water over her, attempting to extinguish the flames, and then ran for help. Such, at least, was the story Alex told when his wife's burned and blackened body was found in their home. An investigation, however, did not bear out his story. The flames had not spread to the room. The plaster had been loosened by a chair or pick. The burns were superficial. She had a fracture at the base of the skull and three broken ribs. Alex was arrested and brought to trial. He was a big gorilla-like colored man, notorious for his brutality. He had threatened to put his family out of the house. A peace warrant had been sworn out by his wife. He had assured the justice of the peace that he would treat his family "with the greatest of animosity." He had apparently kept his word. On December 16, 1904, he was sentenced to the electric chair. "If dey wants to kill me," he said, "it's all right with me." His sentence, however, was commuted to life imprisonment. He spent the rest of his days in the Ohio penitentiary reading his Bible and praying in his cell.

Fred Holby, better known as "Pink," was Greenfield's "bad boy." He began a long criminal career with petty thievery and ended with murder. Altogether he served eighteen years in the Ohio penitentiary for a wide variety of crimes. Released from the

penitentiary he always returned to Greenfield. On the night of May 1, 1933, he was surprised by night officer Thomas Caniff and critically wounded Officer John Fugates, while robbing the West End Grocery on Seventh street. He shot and killed the officer. He was quickly captured at Thrifton by Richard Norton and a posse of citizens. In his first trial, the jury failed to reach a verdict. Brought to trial before Judge McBride, he was convicted of murder in the first degree. The jury, which deliberated only one hour and five minutes, made no recommendation for mercy. He was sentenced to die in the electric chair, the first time that the death sentence had ever been pronounced in the entire history of Highland county. Pink told his intimates that he would never die in the chair. He never did. Within forty-eight hours after the verdict, he committed suicide in his cell. There was no long stay in the death cell for Pink, no last meal, no last march to the chair. "A lethal dose of luminal taken with suicidal intent," was the verdict of Dr. Hoyt who had prescribed the medicine to quiet Holby's nerves. He had managed to hide some of the tablets from day to day. The record was marked, "Case closed due to decease of defendant."

The strangest case in the history of the Highland County Courts was the "double jeopardy" trial of Cecil Yankee. It attracted national attention, was commented on in *Time* and syndicated in Sunday magazine supplements. On March 20, 1947, Leroy Woodland, 74, a deaf, partly blind, old-age pensioner was brutally beaten to death with a crow-bar in his home in Higginsville on the outskirts of Greenfield. Cecil Yankee, who occupied a room in the rear of the house with Mabel Smith, was accused of the crime. The principal witness against him was Miss Smith. Yankee claimed that she was his common-law wife and could not testify against him but Miss Smith insisted, that, while they had planned to marry, "they just never got around to going to the courthouse." The jury failed to agree at the first trial. Yankee then withdrew his plea of "not guilty" and was sentenced by Judge George W. McDowell to life imprisonment.

In the penitentiary Yankee picked up a smattering of law. He learned that a prisoner can be sentenced to life only by a tribunal of three judges. With the aid of Miss Cecile Shapiro, a Columbus attorney, he was released on *habeas corpus* and remanded for trial. Miss Shapiro entered a plea of double jeopardy. It required the jury only seven minutes to return a verdict of guilty without recommendation of mercy. He was sentenced to be executed on March 8, 1948. Twice he was saved from electrocution on the eve of his execution. The case ran the whole gamut of the courts, including the Ohio Supreme Court and the Supreme Court of the United States. His plea of double jeopardy was rejected by all. Even the "Court of Last Resort," a self-constituted and unofficial body of criminologists, which has saved many convicted slayers, rejected

his plea. The Governor of Ohio refused to intervene. Yankee finally died in the electric chair three years after the commission of his sordid crime, thus bringing to an end *The Case of the Man Who Outsmarted Himself*, as Erle Stanley Gardiner would no doubt title it.

94.

Dog Days

For three decades Greenfield enjoyed the distinction of being the *Beagle Capital of the World*. The first beagle enthusiasts were W. J. Sulcebarger and his cousins Charles, better known as "Dutch," and Ed Sulcebarger. To this list we might add the name of Creight Simmons. They would take their dogs over to the old Rucker quarry at night and let them run to their hearts' content. Dutch and Ed began to raise beagles in the rear of their home at 223 Pine street. They adopted the high-sounding name of *Orangedale Kennels*. The name was suggested by the fact that their mother, Mrs. Jacob Sulcebarger, had a number of orange trees planted in wooden kegs which every spring were moved from the house to the back yard.

Beagle trials were first inaugurated at Hyannis, Mass., in 1890 but few were held until 1910. Back in 1916 the *Highland County Beagle Club* was organized with W. J. Sulcebarger as Secretary. It soon had a large membership from Illinois, Indiana, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky as well as Ohio. The first Greenfield trials were held in 1919. The members just took their dogs out into the country and, when they came to a likely spot and could secure permission, began the runs. Cary Middleton allowed the members of the club to use his farm near Fruitdale but it was not until the runs were over that the members discovered that they had been trespassing on Chris Iseman's land. The peculiar terrain and the lay of the ridges that separate the green valleys of bluegrass pastures and briar patches proved to be the ideal spot for running the beagle trials. The club rented some 500 acres for the trials and soon it was adopted for the international trials.

Greenfield was so centrally located for that part of the United States which takes beagling seriously that it became the international headquarters. In 1942 *Hounds and Hunting*, the national organ of the beagle clubs, was moved to Greenfield. Under the able editorship of Ike and Anna Carrel the publication tripled in size and the number of its pages increased to 208. In 1954 the magazine was purchased by a publishing company in Bradford, Pa., and moved to that city. It is still edited by the Carrels who continue to live in Greenfield.

In recent years the annual trials of the International Federation have grown to such an extent that Greenfield's hotel facilities have proved inadequate to take care of the crowds. The trials have been held in larger centers of population. The local trials are still largely attended and beagling is still a popular sport in Greenfield even though "every dog has his day" and the town no longer can boast that it is the *Beagle Capital of the World*.

95.

"The Land of Delight"

The Inquiring Reporter of the *Dragon*, while browsing in the school library, made an intriguing discovery which he shared with the rest of the high school in the issue of November 28, 1922: "We have recently discovered that one of our prominent and popular Juniors has a dark secret in his past which he has striven manfully to live down. He was once upon a time the hero of a juvenile fairy-story book. Think of it! In countless homes when the bed-time story hour arrives the exploits of our hero are read to breathless youngsters who thrill at the things he does and are influenced to better lives by his noble character. 'A certain dear little boy' is the way he is described. And who else could it be but Lowell? From the wonderful book we quote: 'Ladies first, always, boys' and 'Now is the time to go home—I hear the dinner bell.' How thoroughly characteristic of our Junior as we know him!

"One of the leading characters is Esther. Perhaps she, too, is a member of our school—who knows? In the story there is a villain of the deepest dye—a naughty boy—we have a feeling that he, too, is a student in our school. Could you imagine more delightful ingredients for a real honest-to-goodness story? We have probably given you only the vaguest idea of this really charming story but the main thing is not the story but the fact that a Junior of McClain High School was once upon a time the hero of a fairy-story book. Far be it from us to rattle the bones of anyone's dark and secluded past but, Friends, the book is right here in our own library and we have no means of preventing you from searching the shelves and enjoying a few delightful hours in the Land of Delight."

The Inquiring Reporter's unwonted delicacy did not prevent him from dropping a few hints to guide his readers. The Junior was none other than Lowell Dunlap, son of M. Irwin Dunlap, and the book *The Land of Delight* by Josephine Scribner Gates, a famous writer of children's stories. The scene was the Dunlap Pony Farm when Lowell was just seven years of age. The book is beautifully illustrated with photographs taken on the farm. Many Greenfield men and women, now well-advanced in middle

age, will recognize themselves in those pictures.

About the year 1907, M. Irwin Dunlap, Greenfield attorney, established his pony farm on the outskirts of Greenfield. At that time only five thousand Shetland ponies were registered in the United States. A large farm devoted exclusively to the raising of Shetland ponies was something of a novelty in those days. Mr. Dunlap imported only the purest blooded pedigreed stock. Within a few years he had between five and six hundred ponies always on hand. With Mr. Dunlap, the raising and breeding of Shetland ponies was not only a hobby but a business. He built up an efficient sales organization. His ponies were known and shipped to all parts of the United States. His extensive advertising campaign was directed particularly toward the children. He employed motion pictures and prize contests, the prizes being Shetland ponies. In many towns and cities merchants were persuaded to inaugurate sales contests. On October 15, 1915, six hundred children were entertained in the McClain high school auditorium with a picture show. At this meeting, the *Dunlap Signet Stars* was organized. Its object was to promote childhood chivalry. It had an inspirational creed, pins and insignia which appealed to the imagination of the child. Incidentally, it helped to sell Shetland ponies. The Dunlap pony empire, embracing some nine hundred acres of picturesque hills and fertile valleys, became one of the show places of Southern Ohio. In the course of the years the growth and expansion of Greenfield rendered the land too valuable for mere grazing purposes. Mr. Dunlap liquidated his business, sold his fine stock and devoted the land to other purposes. *The Land of Delight* became only a pleasant memory.

96.

"Antiques for Sale"

Half a century ago, the American people manifested very little interest in antiques. Some of the older people of course still clung to their heirlooms for sentimental reasons but the younger generation was not interested in such "junk." They wanted new and modern furnishings for their homes. Attics, haymows and washhouses were filled with discarded "junk." Today every town, city and hamlet has hung out its *Antiques for Sale* sign. Everybody apparently is collecting something — firearms, copper, pewter, paper weights, bottles, historic china and dolls as well as all kinds of household furnishings. It requires a lot of technical knowledge to qualify as an expert in this unique business. Greenfield for many years has had such an expert in the person of Mrs. Neal Waddell. People traveled half way across the continent to see her magnificent collection of antiques or to ask her opinion upon some rare bit of Stiegel glass or piece of bric-a-brac. Her clients included

movie stars, business men, dilettantes and real connoisseurs as well as the merely curious who dropped in "to assure you that Grandma or Aunt Hetty threw away one of those things just the other day" or that they had had an opportunity "to buy one of those glass dishes recently for fifty cents." A sense of humor is a great asset to a dealer in antiques according to Mrs. Waddell.

When Ann Amen came to Greenfield some forty odd years ago to teach in the schools, her Hillsboro friends were horrified at the idea. They were very much perturbed at the thought that she might marry some Greenfield boy and settle down in Greenfield — of all places! Their worst fears were soon realized. Ann fell in love with the town, married Neal Waddell and went to live in the old Waddell home on South Washington street. The house was filled with old family heirlooms and the lovely things which an earlier generation had gathered together. They appealed to her sense of beauty and fired her imagination. She set about diligently informing herself on the subject of antiques. The Waddells scoured the country seeking old things with which to adorn their home. Whenever an old house was to be demolished, they were always on hand to see what they could salvage — an old fireplace, a newel post, a balustrade or even a foot scraper or an ancient bootjack. They replaced their old home with a new and modern home of Colonial design, one of the biggest houses in town. Soon it, too, was filled to the overflowing with the spoils of many a foraging expedition.

Finally, Mrs. Waddell decided that the time had come to part with some of her treasures. She decided to have a "front porch sale." She sat down and wrote notes to her many friends scattered all over the state inviting them to come to her front porch sale. They responded in great numbers and were entertained with tea and cookies. Many departed bearing some bit of treasured bric-a-brac. The sale was a huge success. For three or four years, Mrs. Waddell had an annual front porch sale, usually for a period of ten days. Finally she decided to hang out her *Antiques for Sale* sign, utilizing her specialized knowledge gathered over a period of almost half a century. Until her recent retirement, antique enthusiasts made a beaten path to her door.

"Country auctions," according to Mrs. Waddell, "are a lot of fun." Under the spur of competitive bidding, many people will pay more for many things than they would in an antique shop. The triumphant glow which follows a successful bid, soon gives way to a dismayed feeling, "What am I going to do with that junk?" The old nickel and dime days are definitely a thing of the past. The lowliest occupant of a cabin in the hills has become cagey about antiques. After an auction in Leesburg some years ago a Hillsboro editor remarked that "some fool woman had paid \$750 for an old bottle." Mrs. Waddell cheerfully admits that she was

"that fool woman." And she adds, with some satisfaction, that the bottle reposes today in the priceless collection of early American glass in the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts. A few days before the auction, Mrs. Waddell had inspected the collection and had written to a wealthy client about several items in which she thought he would be interested, particularly an amethyst Stiegel bottle of old blown glass, circled by many minute stars. He wrote back giving the price he was willing to pay for each item. Of the Stiegel bottle he wrote, "The sky's the limit." Mrs. Waddell admits that that auction was "the thrill which comes once in a lifetime." There were others who wanted that Stiegel bottle. The thrill was accompanied by chills and fever as the bidding mounted higher and higher until it reached astronomical proportions. Even though her client had said that the sky was the limit, she felt that the sky might cave in on her at any moment. The bottle was finally knocked down to her for \$750. Her client paid the amount cheerfully. It was exactly what he needed to round out his collection.

Although Mrs. Waddell no longer is engaged in selling antiques, her interest has never waned. "Real collectors," she says, "get a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction out of their hobby. Many leave their collections to art museums as did the purchaser of the Stiegel bottle. Antiques broaden one's horizon, enlarge the vision and enrich the lives of many people. Love of antiques is an incurable disease. Personally, I don't want to be cured. I thank God every day for having taken up antiques as a hobby."

97.

Community Enterprises

The need of a hospital had long been felt. In 1918 a group of Greenfield citizens organized a stock company for the purpose of securing suitable quarters for this community enterprise. \$15,000 in stock was issued. The people of the town subscribed generously. It was operated at first as a private enterprise for profit but it soon became evident that there was no profit in operating a hospital in a small town. In 1926 the company was reorganized on a nonprofit sharing basis and the amount of the stock was increased to \$30,000. The historic Eckman residence, the "biggest house in town," more recently identified as the home of Dr. John Boggess, the Dentist, was purchased. It is said that the house had actually been built by Daniel Hull in 1859 as a Road House, its situation just outside the original town plat making it an ideal situation for the purpose he had in mind. Daniel Hull was one of the town's more colorful personalities in ante-bellum days. For some reason he changed his mind and sold the property to Judge Eckman.

Probably the little village of Greenfield offered fewer opportunities than the river boats plying between Cincinnati and New Orleans. As a professional gambler, he found the river boats a profitable outlet for his undoubted talents. Unfortunately for Daniel, a shot fired by a disgruntled fellow passenger brought to an untimely end his picturesque career.

The Eckman home was remodeled and converted into a hospital with eighteen beds. It was thrown open to the public on March 12, 1919. Two thousand visitors attended the open house. Dr. Robert J. Jones became the first President of the Greenfield Hospital Company. Associated with Dr. Jones were Dr. Herbert Willson, Dr. J. B. Glenn, Dr. W. C. Martindill, Dr. L. A. Mercer and Dr. M. M. McCullough. With the passage of the years, it became evident that the enterprise could not be financed through hospital fees alone. In 1933 the hospital board rented the building with full equipment to Mrs. Florence Bobo who carried it on as a private enterprise until 1941. The lack of hospital facilities was keenly felt during the early years of the war.

On June 15, 1942, the Board of Trustees met and offered to transfer the building, free of all obligations, to Greenfield as a municipal hospital. On November 3, 1942, a special election was held at which the question of issuing hospital bonds to the extent of \$22,100 was submitted to the electorate and carried by a vote of 1412 to 184. At the election on November 7, 1944, the proposal to levy a one mill tax for the support of the hospital carried by a nine to one ratio. After being completely remodeled and equipped, the new Municipal Hospital was opened to the public on January 14, 1945, with Miss Helen Yarnell as Superintendent and Mayor Forest Woodmansee, William E. Daugherty, Mrs. Paul Fairly, Ralph Roode and Arlie H. Craft as the first board of Hospital Commissioners. Greenfield had every reason to feel proud of its new hospital. It had 22 beds and eight bassinets. With its large airy rooms and wide corridors, it had more the atmosphere of a pleasant home than a hospital. Very active in keeping the hospital a going concern is the Women's Hospital Auxiliary. It has held fish fries, tag days, dances, entertainments, bazaars, rummage sales, donation days and what-not to raise money to purchase equipment for the hospital. It has been aided in this work by many local lodges and organizations. The collection and redemption of tax stamps has been an especially successful project.

* * *

In 1922 some of Greenfield's socially inclined citizens got together and organized the Country Club. The *Republican* gave the project its blessing with these words: "Golf will make the fat man lean, the decrepit sound, the old agile, the young strong. You can fish, hunt, lie to your heart's content around the club house hearthstone and be assured of an attentive audience. Our home town will

be bigger, brighter, better as a result of this movement." Five hundred shares of stock were sold at \$25 a share. Land was leased from M. I. Dunlap west of town, a fine golf course was laid out, a swimming pool and club house were built. It opened on July 20 with a big old-fashioned barbecue. To David Gray belongs the credit for the success of this big event. According to the *Republican*, "he neglected his wife and children and, with his own hands, chopped the hickory wood, built the fires and cooked the carcasses, prepared the sauces, squeezed the lemons, carved the watermelons and sliced the beef." For a number of years the Country Club was the scene of many happy social events but financial difficulties eventually resulted in its liquidation.

98.

The Invisible Empire

In the spring of 1923 many rumors were afloat in our community. It was bruited about that hooded men in long flowing robes had been seen on neighboring farms and that fiery crosses had been burned upon the hilltops. The *Invisible Empire* had invaded our community. The *Knights of the Ku Klux Klan* were riding our roads. The *Greenfield Republican* reported that a great conclave of the Klan was held at Chautauqua Park on the night of June 29, 1923. Many curious townsmen rode out to the Park. The roadway out to Spring Grove dairy was packed with cars of those who were curious to know what was going on. They reported that the grounds were guarded by Klansmen. Every car that entered the Park was carefully scanned and required to turn out its lights. There were no lights on the grounds except an occasional flashlight. An uncanny hush pervaded the Park. Some declared that there were more automobiles than they had ever seen at any of the Chautauqua meetings. The *Republican* conjectured: "It is supposed that the initiation and oath of allegiance of the *Invisible Empire* took place at the auditorium but no one heard a sound nor have we heard of anyone who cared to investigate after the initiation. Three crosses were burned, one large cross and two small ones. The large cross was said to be eighteen feet high. Some, who were supposed to be members of the Klan, when asked about it the next day disclaimed all knowledge of the affair."

Within a few weeks the Klan made a spectacular and highly dramatic public appearance. It was the last night of the Chautauqua. As usual, pledges were circulated among those present guaranteeing tickets for the next assembly. Twenty-two hooded Knights in flowing white robes gave the spectators a thrill by filing in from the darkness and taking their stand in front of the platform. The leader stepped forward and handed the presiding officer a letter which was opened, with due ceremony, and the contents

read. It expressed the wholehearted approval of the Klan for the Chautauqua and pledged the organization to purchase a hundred tickets to be distributed among worthy people who were financially unable to buy their own tickets. The Klansmen then filed out of the auditorium and disappeared into outer darkness.

Many people were deeply concerned lest the affairs of the Chautauqua should become inextricably intertwined with those of the Klan. Some bluntly predicted that there would be a "pay-off" soon. It came sooner than they anticipated. Under terms of a lease, signed September 19, 1923, the Board of Directors of the *Greenfield Tri-County Chautauqua* leased Chautauqua Park to the *Klu Klux Klan*, reserving the right and privilege of the use of the Park for a period of one month per year. The lease further specified that there should be no dance pavilion, no Sunday base ball, no Sunday motion pictures nor any similar attractions; the Park to be open to the public at all times for public park purposes, save and except such times as required for private meetings of the Klan. The Klan agreed to bear the expense of repairs, taxes and assessments, and to assume the present indebtedness of the Chautauqua which, it was stated, amounted to five thousand dollars. The lease was signed by P. P. Brush as representative of the local organization of the *Knights of the Ku Klux Klan*. No names of local citizens were signed to the lease.

We do not know how faithfully the Klan carried out the terms of the lease as the proceedings seem to have been enveloped in a veil of deep secrecy. We do not know whether the Klan actually made necessary repairs, paid taxes and other assessments. We do not know whether the Klan actually assumed and paid the five thousand dollar indebtedness of the Chautauqua. But it is a matter of record that, when the Chautauqua actually folded up, it had an indebtedness of some six thousand dollars and that beautiful Chautauqua Park was sold to pay this indebtedness. It was an unfortunate circumstance that Mrs. Lucy Welsheimer, when she presented the grove to the Association, firmly believing that it would always be used for legitimate public purposes, had given it without any strings attached.

The *Republican* reported a great gathering of the Klan at Chautauqua Park on the night of November 3, 1923. It was estimated that between two and three thousand of the Klansmen from all over Southern Ohio attended the Conclave. Preceding the meeting, a parade of six or seven hundred hooded and white robed men paraded through the streets of Greenfield. Many curious townspeople turned out to witness the parade. There were addresses and fireworks at the Park, open only to the members of the Klan. During the year 1924 no publicity seems to have been given to the activities of the *Invisible Empire* by the local press. No crosses were publicly burned, no threatening messages were

left and, apparently, no effort was made to censor the morals and manners of individuals. It was reported that the Klan was active politically, and that it had succeeded in electing some of its candidates. It was credited with the defeat of a Catholic as a member of the Board of Education. The Catholic Truth Society ran a series of advertisements in the Greenfield papers opposing the Klan.

There were numerous reports of the activities of the Klan in 1925. On May 24 the Klan invaded the town about midnight, set up and burned a fiery cross on the Public Square. No message was left with the cross. It seemed to be merely a notice to the public that the Klan was still active in this area. Some citizens who witnessed the incident reported that seven carloads of Klansmen participated in the burning of the cross. Others estimated the number as high as twenty-five. All agreed that the cross was burned without interference on the part of the night police. The following Sunday evening, May 27, neighboring South Salem was all agog with excitement. It was noted early in the evening that an unusual number of people were wending their way toward the Presbyterian church where a union meeting was scheduled to be held. In the audience were about a dozen white robed members of the Klan. The unusual interest in this particular service had been created by an announcement that the minister would discuss the question of whether the church could accept the principles advocated by the K.K.K. He took his text from the twelfth chapter of Romans, which deals with the Christian life and service. He justified the Klan on the basis of this chapter. Many of his auditors, however, could see no connection between Christian ideals and the reported excesses of the *Invisible Empire*.

It isn't quite clear when the *Invisible Empire* began to disintegrate, but the disintegration was rapid when once it had started. The solid core of honest and respectable citizens who had seen in the Klan a sort of glorified vigilante committee for the realization of high moral values began to suspect that the top flight leaders were using them for the realization of their own personal gain and political purposes. The previous records of those leaders could not stand the white light of publicity. Some grew tired of the folderol and mummery which had attracted them at first. Politicians began to understand that the endorsement of the Klan was "the kiss of death," politically speaking. They quickly repudiated such endorsements.

America has been swept by many strange and weird movements since the first witch was hung on Salem hill. But America has certainly seen no stranger movement than that of the *Invisible Empire* which claimed for itself the right to establish a government within a government, holding its own courts and enforcing its own laws. It established a certain pattern which Adolph Hitler and his Nazis afterwards established in Germany with cataclysmic

results. It had its own private army and its own private symbol — the *Fiery Cross* — which was far more spectacular than the Swastika of the Nazis. It had a catchy slogan — *One Hundred Percent Americanism* — although its activities were the very antithesis of the American way of life. It veiled its activities in mystery and secrecy, sometimes depending upon subtle fear to attain its ends, sometimes upon terroristic activities. It had spectacular propaganda devices — burning crosses, mysterious warnings, hooded and white robed men, secret conclaves. To some it appealed on high moral grounds, to others on racial intolerance and religious bigotry. To “practical” leaders who sold hate “at ten dollars a packet,” it was merely a huge profit-making machine. The Klan had its day, but it conclusively demonstrated that such movements cannot long endure in a democracy.

99.

“Local Boy Makes Good”

Greenfield has produced many men of distinction in many different fields of human activity. There have been many local boys who have “made good,” as the local papers used to express it. There was Dr. Ralph Waddell, for instance, who was the first dentist commissioned by the U. S. Navy and his brother, Donald W. Waddell, who had an Arizona town named after him. Ralph and Don were the sons of William, one of the six sons of John F. Waddell, a rugged individualist who always insisted upon spelling his name with a single “l.” Another member of this family, which has played a conspicuous part in the history of Greenfield for over a hundred years, is Chauncey M. Waddell, son of Dr. Edwin Waddell, another of John F. Waddell’s sons. Chauncey heads the Waddell Company, international financiers. His wife, Ann, is the daughter of the late Charles Evans Hughes, former Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Don’s career has ranged all the way from Wall Street to a development project in Arizona. After his school days in Greenfield, he entered the financial world as a teller in a Cincinnati bank, moved on to New York where he became a highly successful bond salesman with E. W. Hutton & Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange. In 1917 he formed the investment banking firm of Brandon & Waddell. The company prospered, establishing a highly enviable record for judgment and conservatism. One venture, however, plunged the firm into a veritable maelstrom of financial intricacies, the outgrowth of their agreement to underwrite a bond issue of \$3,125,000 for the Maricopa County Municipal Water Conservation District in Arizona. The firm had been misled by frightful miscalculations on the part of the engi-

neers and by the fact that there were several hundred thousand dollars of unpaid taxes.

Don heeded Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man, go West." He went West, hoping to bring order out of a chaotic situation. Eventually he succeeded in straightening out the difficulties that beset his company but found himself with 40,000 acres of Arizona land on his hands. Don rose to the situation. He became an Empire Builder. He used a part of his holdings to satisfy the bondholders, a part to settle back taxes and other obligations, a part to develop the land, which today "blossoms as the rose." The Santa Fe Railroad built a sixteen mile spur through the development project and named its principal station *Waddell*. A part of Don's holdings has been acquired by the Luke Air Force Base but he still retains 3800 acres as his own private ranch. All of his acreage is now in alfalfa, cotton and grain or is used for pasturage for 1,600 head of cattle. The Waddell home with its picture windows commands a breath-taking view of rolling green fields with majestic mountains in the background. Over this little empire presides a man with a dynamic personality, a towering, broad-chested "hunk of a man," who bears little resemblance to the skinny boy who roamed the streets of Greenfield sixty years ago.

"Hank" Durnell wanted to be a sailor. After he was graduated from the McClain High School, with no prospect of an appointment to Annapolis in sight, he decided to try to crash the back door. He enlisted in the navy, took a competitive examination and received a fleet appointment to the Naval Academy from which he emerged in 1925 as an Ensign. Captain Frank L. Durnell spent many years of his life in the service of his country. He married Fae Anna Harps, a Greenfield girl, made the circuit of the Pacific bases during which his family traveled some 27,000 miles with him through the Philippines, Guam, China and Japan. During World War II he was engineer officer on the USS Battleship *Colorado* which fought in the Southwest Pacific. On October 31, 1944, he took command of the USS *Bowie* at its launching in San Diego, California. He commanded the ship in action in the Western Pacific and helped to convoy the original landing force of Marines to Japan. His last assignment was the Terminal Island Naval Base where he suffered two heart attacks, was hospitalized and finally retired. He died at Long Beach at the age of 53.

Probably no Greenfield boy has ever had a more adventurous career than Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Odell, one of Ohio's pioneer commercial and military airmen. He began his career as a commercial pilot in 1927 shortly after graduation from McClain High School where he had won his letters in football and basketball. In 1929 he was one of the co-founders of the first CAA recognized airport in Chillicothe, Ohio. In 1941 he went to Canada and enlisted in the Bomber Ferrying Service, flying bombers from

Canada to England during the early years of the war. In June, 1942, he was commissioned first lieutenant in the U. S. Bomb Ferrying Division of the Air Transport Command. In 1943 he was assigned to *Operation Fireball* which operated the first ATC run from Miami, Florida, to Chabua, India. Later he was assigned to Natal, Brazil, and Accra, Africa, and from these locations he directed delivery and personally piloted much of the high priority cargo shipped via *Fireball*. Returning to the U. S. in January, 1945, he served as senior flight test and maintenance officer for the Atlantic Division of ATC until his separation from the service in August, 1946. As a civilian, he took over aircraft maintenance for the *Peruvian International Airways*. In May, 1948, he reentered the Air force and was assigned the special mission of flight testing experimental electronic equipment in the Caribbean area. Later he organized and commanded the 1856th Flight Check Squadron at Tinker, Oklahoma. In November, 1952, he was dispatched to Newfoundland where he spent two years with the Northeast Air Command. More recently he has been assigned as Commander of the 1700th FM Squadron in San Antonio, Texas.

When Dr. Robert C. Brown, native son of Greenfield, accepted a position with the Arabian American Oil Company fifteen years ago, he never dreamed that he was destined to play a stellar role in the stupendous Cinerama production of *The Seven Wonders of the Modern World*. He was sent to Dharhran in Saudi, Arabia to serve as chief physician and surgeon to the colony of American technicians and crews engaged in pumping black gold out of Arabian deserts. John Farrow, American movie director, selected Dr. Brown and his son Bobby and another American boy, Tommy Booth, to play the principal roles in the Arabian sequence of the picture. While filming this modern *Arabian Nights Entertainment*, they traveled all over Arabia, visited the King and Queen, and enjoyed privileges rarely extended to foreign visitors.

100.

Authors

No one has ever had the temerity to describe Greenfield as "a literary center." And yet a surprisingly large number of writers have been born or have lived within the corporate limits of the town or at least have been able to view the Town Hall steeple from a neighboring hilltop. The books written by Greenfield authors would fill Dr. Eliot's celebrated five-foot bookshelf several times over.

The pioneer period produced a number of distinguished writers. Otway Curry, who has generally been recognized as "the foremost poet of the pioneer period," was born in 1804 on the edge of the great green field in the forest from which Greenfield de-

rives its name. Dr. Samuel Crothers, pioneer preacher, wrote many antislavery books and pamphlets and was honored with a biography by Rev. Andrew Ritchie, the *Life and Writings of Dr. Samuel Crothers*. At a somewhat later period *John Wood's Diary* gave one of the most vivid accounts of the great trek of the Forty-Niners across the plains and mountains to the gold fields of California. Today it is a collector's item quoted at \$200 a copy. A grandson of Dr. Crothers, Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, won critical acclaim as an essayist in the grand tradition of Emerson and Lowell. He wrote two delightful volumes of essays, permeated with a subtle sense of humor, *The Gentle Reader* and *The Pardon-er's Wallet*. George Crothers, a great-grandson of Dr. Crothers, was the author of a text book in Latin widely used in medical colleges.

In recent days, Greenfield and its surrounding area has nurtured many writers whose verse has the real poetic touch. Frank Grubbs, who abandoned professional baseball to listen to the muse, has written over a thousand poems which have gained for him the title of the *Poet Laureate of All the Little Hamlets*. Maude S. Rea of South Salem has published a delightful volume of poems under the title, *Along the Way*. A. J. Dunlap, poet, lecturer, member of the Faculty of Omaha University and native son of Greenfield, has been dubbed the *Poet of the Plains*. His poems were syndicated in many American newspapers under the title, *The Old Home Town*, Greenfield, of course. Elsie Lockwood, who attended the Greenfield High School, has won many awards and honors for her lovely lyrics. Other poets whose verse has been published in newspapers, magazines and included in anthologies, are Arthur Dunlap, Margaret Plyley Murray, Mary Webster Yankee, Richard Kelley, Alice Gray Hartley, Jean Whitaker, Helen Kinnear and Dorothy Rohrer.

Among the writers of fiction, Rex Stout, who was born in the Walnut Creek neighborhood, is undoubtedly "tops." He is the creator of the great fictional character, Nero Wolf, and the author of more than a score of thrilling "whodunits." Elizabeth Hyer Neff, distinguished alumna of the Greenfield High School, has written for many national magazines and is the author of two best-sellers, *Altars to Mammon* and *Miss Wealthy, Deputy Sherriff*. David P. Allison, who was born in Greenfield on April 8, 1886, has written five novels. The best known is *Into the Harbor*. Charles K. Pulse, who began his legal career in Greenfield, is the author of *John Bonwell*, a swift-moving, historically detailed novel of the Ohio River valley in ante-bellum days. Robert S. Harper, a well-known "by-line" journalist and a native son of Greenfield, has written two historical novels, *Trumpet in the Wilderness* and *The Road to Baltimore*; also a notable volume, *Lincoln and the Press*, which received the Sigma Delta Chi award in Journalism.



**Parade of the Years
Bands, Bicycles and Bus Buggies**



Parade of the Years
Two of the Thirty-nine Floats



Through the Years
Pageant of Greenfield's Past



**Parade of the Years
Iron Horse and Fire Engine**

He has been commissioned to write the story of Ohio's Sesquicentennial.

Wenona Marlin, who traveled widely in her work on *Everybody's Magazine* and *Harper's*, has described her experiences in *Will o' the Wisp*. Clarence Kerr, pastor of the Glendale, California, Presbyterian Church, is the author of two inspirational volumes, *Our Christian Dead* and *God's Pattern in the Home*. Mack Sauer, former editor of the *Greenfield Republican*, has gathered some of his humorous articles together in *The Editor Squeaks* and *Ramblings and Rumbblings*. Nelle Waddell has published a volume of nostalgic reminiscences of her girlhood days in Greenfield in a volume with the suggestive title, *Sulphur and Molasses*. After recording his wanderings in all parts of the world in *Itchin' Feet: Around the World in Fifty Years*, F. R. Harris has written two volumes about a tiny speck on the map—his old home town. They have been published under the titles, *A Greene Countrie Towne* and *Hometown Chronicles*.

A few authors, who were denied the privilege of having been born within earshot of the old Town Clock, have nevertheless found excellent background material in Greenfield. Brand Whitlock, famous author and ambassador to Belgium in the desperate days of the First World War, wrote a delightful story, *The Preacher's Son*, and placed the scene in Greenfield. Josephine Scribner Gates glorified a lot of Greenfield boys and girls—and ponies—in *The Land Of Delight*. Violet Morgan has a lot to say about Greenfield in *The Folklore of Highland County*. No doubt Greene H. Buster drew some inspiration from his wife, Kate Patterson, a Greenfield girl, when he wrote *Brighter Sun*, a striking story of slavery in the Old South, the story of a man's struggle for freedom for himself and his family. In the graphic arts, Greenfield is well represented, particularly in commercial art. The list includes Harry Gadbury, Robert Cox, William Gray, Gene Eley and Edgar Blain.

101.

Organizations

The American people are a gregarious lot. They like to flock together. Will Rogers used to say that everyone he met was either on his way to a convention or coming from one. People really mean it when they sing. "The more we get together the happier we'll be." When the band plays, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here" there are some who confuse it with the national anthem. Like their fellow Americans, the people of Greenfield have always been "good jiners." They belong to a multiplicity of organizations, ranging all the way from fraternal lodges with elaborate rituals to simple social clubs whose keynote is informality. No one could

enumerate all of Greenfield's organizations. We will mention just a few.

The *Redmen* created quite a flurry in the first decade of the century. The Oetwau Tribe (83) was installed with impressive ceremonies in the Pythian Castle on May 1, 1901, by the Great Sachem, H. N. Clemons of Cleveland. The people of Greenfield were soon made aware of the presence of Redskins in their midst. On Monday, September 16, 1901, five hundred Redmen swept through the streets of the town in war paint and feathers with the scalps of their enemies dangling from their belts. The occasion was a great gathering of the tribes from all over southern Ohio at the fair grounds to smoke the pipe of peace. Fully fifteen hundred attended the pow-wow. In the course of half a century, the *Redmen* have vanished from our midst as completely as their predecessors who roamed the primeval forest.

The *Benevolent Protective Order of Elks* (717) was installed August 14, 1902. It soon had 130 active members. In 1911 the lodge purchased the Bell Building at public auction and proceeded to remodel the second floor for lodge and club rooms. It is today one of Greenfield's largest and most important organizations with an outstanding record in the field of civic service. Its Charity Ball is the big event of the social season.

Paint Aerie of the *Fraternal Order of Eagles* (1325) was instituted on Washington's Birthday, 1906. Fifty-nine charter members were initiated into the mysteries of the organization in the hall on the third floor of the old Smart Building. New club rooms were soon secured in the Hurd Building and here the lodge had its home until the spectacular fire on February 24, 1938, completely destroyed the building with the loss of two lives. New club rooms were secured in the Greenfield Printing & Publishing Company's building and dedicated on December 1, 2, and 3, 1939. One hundred and forty of its members served in the late war. On the fortieth anniversary of its founding in 1946, the Eagles were able to announce that they had reached their goal of one thousand members. In accordance with its slogan, "Equal Opportunity and Security for all Americans," the Eagles have been active in the fight for social welfare legislation, old age pensions, workmen's compensation and child labor laws. *Mother's Day*, now universally observed, belongs to Eagledom.

The Service Club is something new under the sun. It belongs exclusively to the Twentieth Century. In the beginning it was merely a luncheon club whose object was to bring together men of different occupations and in all walks of life for a pleasant social session once a week. It has developed into a world-wide organization which has become a tremendous factor in promoting peace, security and good will among all men. The *Greenfield Rotary Club* was organized in 1922 under the sponsorship of the Washing-

ton C. H. Rotary Club. Active in its preliminary organization were Walter A. Gray, Oscar Heidingsfeld, and Merrick Hitchcock of Washington C. H. The first regular meeting was held April 26, 1922. J. A. Harps was elected President, Frank W. Norton, Secretary and Charles M. Mains, Vice President. The charter was presented at a great banquet held in the high school gymnasium on May 23, 1922, with Frank C. Parrett of Washinton C. H. in charge of the installation. Two hundred Rotarians from various clubs attended the banquet. During its existence of more than a quarter of a century the Greenfield Rotary Club has been exceedingly active in promoting civic and youth activities in the community, fully justifying its motto, "Service Above Self."

Greenfield acquired another Service Club when the *Greenfield Lions* celebrated its Charter Night December 6, 1951, with a banquet in the McClain Cafeteria, under the sponsorship of the Leesburg and Sabina Lions Clubs. Judge Charlton Myers, a former resident of Greenfield and Immediate Past President of the *Marion Lions Club*, acted as Toastmaster. The charter was presented by J. A. Meyer, District Governor, and accepted by C. Everett Marcum, President of the local club. Lapel buttons were presented to 39 charter members by M. G. Harover, International Counsellor. The *Lions International Club* is the largest organization of the kind in the world with 11,024 clubs numbering 501,500 members.

The *Greenfield Chamber of Commerce* traces its origin to the *Business Men's Club* which came into existence in 1913 in an effort to lift the town "out of the mire and the mud." It has had a long record of substantial achievement in promoting the industrial and economic welfare of the town. It has received active assistance from the *Greenfield Junior Chamber of Commerce*, familiarly known as the "Jaycees," which was organized October 15, 1953, with John T. Stewart as its first President. The First World War gave birth to the *American Legion* and the *Veterans of Foreign Wars* which have played an important part in our community life. A V.F.W. Auxiliary was organized in 1945, and an American Legion Auxiliary in 1927. A *Parent-Teacher Association* has functioned more or less continuously since Superintendent Patterson's administration.

Among the almost endless array of social and literary clubs, church and school organizations, as well as national organizations such as the *Red Cross*, we note the following: Friday Club, 1911; Beta Sigma Phi, 1919; The Elite, 1920; History Club, 1924; Eastern Star, 1925; Mutual Improvement Club, 1927; Mothers Club, 1935; Dinsmore Club, 1935; Hobby Club, 1945; Business & Professional Women's Club, 1946; Greenfield Riding Club, 1948.

Our Oldest Enterprise

Greenfield has an enterprise which has been in continuous operation for 142 years and is still going strong. It has intimately affected the lives of every man, woman and child in the community. Without it we would have been almost completely isolated from the outside world. It is, of course, the United States Postoffice. We have become so accustomed to its activities that we rarely pause to reflect upon the very great part it plays in our lives. "As long as there are postmen," someone has said, "life will have zest." The Greenfield Postoffice was established June 25, 1813. The first Postmaster was Noble Crawford, the first Postoffice, *Traveler's Rest*. This first postoffice is still standing and is undoubtedly one of the oldest postoffice buildings in the Middle West. We do not know the salary of the first postmaster but government records show that Isaac Smith, the postmaster in 1825, received the princely sum of \$27.56 for his services. The receipts that year reached the amazing total of \$50. This amount might be contrasted with the 1954 receipts which amount to \$365,844.

The early mail was brought to Greenfield on horseback, later by stage coach and still later by train. Some day no doubt it will be delivered by airplane. The postmastership from the very beginning was considered a political plum. They changed with changing administrations on the theory "to the victor belongs the spoils." It is now, however, under Civil Service. The early postoffice was usually a general store. It changed its location with the change in postmasters. After the Town Hall was erected in 1876, the local postoffice was located in that building, until the advent of the new postoffice building. Mirabeau street long enjoyed the distinction of being the only street in the U. S. by that name. In 1908 Wilbur McWilliams wrote a letter addressed to himself at the "Corner of Washington and Mirabeau" streets and sent it to his brother Donald in Washington D. C. to mail. Although the name of Greenfield was omitted, the letter was promptly delivered.

In the course of 142 years Greenfield has had seventeen postmasters: Noble Crawford June 25, 1813; Isaac Smith February 11, 1819; Josiah Bell December 30, 1828; William Barnett July 26, 1853; Charles W. Buck June 2, 1855; Robert C. Kinkead March 26, 1861; Silas Irions April 26, 1866; Robert C. Kinkead May 26, 1880; Albert M. Mackerley April 6, 1886; Jeremiah Kerr March 20, 1890; Ulrich B. Newman April 17, 1894; John B. Elliot May 5, 1898; John L. Strange June 23, 1914; John T. Daniels February 9, 1923 (Died Dec. 7, 1925); Albert L. Daniels January 1, 1926 (Acting Postmaster); Joseph E. Walker June 22, 1926; J. Paul Watt June 16, 1934.

On July 1, 1928, Greenfield became a First Class postoffice

with receipts amounting to \$48,714.32. In 1931 the *Greenfield Republican* announced: "Greenfield handles a larger volume of Uncle Sam's mail than any town of its size in the Middle West." The receipts in 1937 reached \$64,349.14. In 1939 they zoomed to \$117,798.05, topping Chillicothe and all the smaller cities of Southern Ohio. These totals, amazing in a town of less than 5000 inhabitants, were largely due to the factories, and particularly to the Wilknit Hosiery Company which shipped immense quantities of hosiery by mail.

In 1937 the U. S. government appropriated \$85,000 for a new postoffice building. \$10,000 was set aside for a site. After an acrimonious exchange of views by interested parties, the old Freshour property on East Jefferson street was finally selected. A beautiful building of colonial design of native Greenfield stone was erected on the site. Much of the stone of the historic Freshour mansion went into the new building. The new postoffice was dedicated October 14, 1938, J. Paul Watt, the postmaster, presiding. The principal address was given by Thomas Jefferson Murray, Assistant Solicitor General for the P. O. department. There were also addresses by James G. Polk, congressman, Michael F. O'Donnell, President and Algy R. Murphy, Secretary of the Ohio Postmasters' Association. The Robert A. Smart Post No. 298 of the American Legion conducted the flag raising ceremonies while the McClain High School band furnished the music. Local participants in the ceremonies were John T. Mains, Mayor, John Z. Driver, President Chamber of Commerce, Rev. L. R. Wilson and Rev. Father Aloysius Leon.

103.

The Depression

The 1920's constituted a strange and hectic period. They began with the worst political scandals in the history of our federal government and ended with the most disastrous financial panic in the history of the American people. A considerable portion of the population was engaged in breaking the laws and the Ten Commandments. Some blamed it on the war, others on Prohibition. It was a period of easy money, easy virtue, easy divorce and easy come and go. Flappers rolled their stockings, raised their skirts, smoked cigarettes and kicked up their heels. The younger generation felt sorry for itself and insisted upon expressing its sorrow in hip-flask parties, flagpole sitting, joy riding, goldfish swallowing and jitterbugging. They described themselves as "the lost generation." Their elders set the pace by ignoring the time-honored conventions and flouting ancient taboos. It was the age of the blind tiger and the blind pig, of jazz and the marathon dance, of gangs and gangsters, of hoodlums and hooliganism. The Ameri-

can people were burning the candle at both ends but they insisted that "it shed a lovely light."

The American people were riding the crest of a great wave of artificial prosperity. Our factories were turning out numberless gadgets. Our farms were producing bumper crops. We sold our surplus crops to Europe on their promise to pay. They never did. We lent them immense sums for rehabilitation purposes. Most of it went for swimming pools, public buildings, and graft. We had to learn the hard way that the real American expatriate is the American dollar — when it goes abroad it never comes back home. We were amusement mad. We spent great sums for palaces of amusement. We built innumerable Tom Thumb golf courses where thousands of Americans got a great kick out of knocking a tiny ball into little holes, over barricades and tiny bridges and through drain pipes.

Industrialists were preaching the doctrine of waste. They told us that we should buy new things in order to keep the factories humming, then junk those things while they were still serviceable in order to buy more new things which would create additional purchasing power to buy more new things. Installment houses encouraged their patrons to buy things they didn't really need and couldn't afford. Banks loaned money on flimsy security. Politicians promised their followers "a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage." Billions of dollars were diverted from legitimate investment into speculation. Stock values ceased to have any relation to their dividend earning capacity. The inevitable happened. September 3, 1929, speculation reached its climax, then curled and crashed. October 29 was the blackest day in our financial history. Within a few hours billions of dollars in fictitious values were wiped out. Banks failed. Factories closed down. Millions of unemployed walked the streets. Veterans sold apples on the street corners. A popular joke of the period was the room clerk's query of every registrant, "For sleeping or jumping?"

For a year or two the depression, as far as the people of Greenfield were concerned, was just something we read about in the papers. And then, on July 2, 1930, the crash came. The *Highland County Bank*, which everybody had always regarded as strong as Gibraltar, closed its doors. Although its assets totaled \$1,625,522, with deposits of over a million dollars, it could not meet its current obligations because of frozen assets. Eventually it paid its depositors 45%. Building and Loan companies also suspended payments but were able, in the course of time, to meet their obligations. The local problem of caring for the unemployed was complicated by the return of many former Greenfield people who had gone to work in urban areas in boom times. Families doubled up. The school attendance reached its highest peak during the depression years. School authorities and the P.T.A. had

their hands full finding shoes and clothing and providing hot meals for children from homes where unemployment existed.

The revenues of both the municipal government and the schools were sharply curtailed by the non-payment of taxes. City employees and teachers were forced to take a cut of ten per cent in their salaries. Teachers were sometimes paid in script. In 1932 the schools were closed for a week at Thanksgiving to conserve fuel. The presidential election in 1932 resulted in the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt to the presidency of the United States. He had campaigned on the platform of "a new deal for the forgotten man." The New Deal included a Bank Holiday, the creation of innumerable alphabetical agencies, the Blue Eagle of N.R.A., the Wagner Labor Relations act, which placed Union labor leaders securely in the saddle, and the expenditure of billions of dollars for the purpose of relief or "priming the pump." Some of the measures were wise and beneficent, some were merely wasteful. Some of the billions were wisely expended, some were "poured down a rat hole." The word "boondoggling" was coined to describe the latter. The administration of all these new agencies resulted in the creation of a top-heavy bureaucracy. Just what would have been the ultimate fate of the New Deal, if it had been allowed to run its natural course, is a debatable question. A war with new and pressing problems intervened but at least it did solve the problem of unemployment.

104.

Second World War

Many Greenfield people, listening to the noonday news broadcast on Sunday, December 7, 1941, were startled and horrified by the tidings that came over the air. A great armada of Japanese bombers had swooped down upon *Pearl Harbor* and destroyed the entire American battle fleet. Many believed that the report was just another hoax, something on the order of the *Man From Mars* broadcast which had created a panic on the eastern seaboard a few months before. There had been no declaration of war. In fact, a conference looking to the adjustment of the differences between the two countries was proceeding in a satisfactory manner. Japan had sent a special envoy to that conference. Later broadcasts, however, confirmed the report. The fleet had been destroyed. Three thousand American boys had been murdered in cold blood. Three Greenfield boys were reported among the missing. In the course of time we learned that Woodrow Wilson and John A. Smith had been instantly killed on the battleship *Arizona* and that James Wise, Jr., had been horribly wounded.

Pearl Harbor was the worst naval defeat in our history. It also proved to be the worst disaster that ever befell its perpetrator.

It made up our minds for us. There was no longer any question as to whether we should join the war that had been raging for over a year. We were already in that war up to our necks. On October 5, 1937 President Roosevelt had declared: "War is a contagion, whether it be declared or undeclared. We are determined to keep out of war, yet we cannot insure ourselves against the disastrous effects of war and the dangers of involvement." On December 8, President Roosevelt appeared before Congress and asked for a declaration of war on Japan. It was promptly granted. Germany and Italy, allies of Japan, responded with a declaration of war against the United States. On December 11 we declared war on Germany and Italy. "We have nothing to fear but fear," the President declared.

We were not prepared for war. In fact, we have never been prepared for war in our entire history, but lack of preparation has never kept us out of any war. Disaster followed disaster. The Japanese invaded Luzon. General MacArthur and his army were forced to retreat into the Bataan peninsula where they held out in fox holes until April 9, 1942. Japan swarmed over Siam, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Burma, Guam and Wake. Singapore, the Gibraltar of the East, fell. New Guinea and the Solomon Islands followed. A carrier task force of the American Navy checked the Japanese drive on Australia. In Europe the Nazis had strengthened their stranglehold on France, Belgium and Holland and had started their drives on Stalingrad and Egypt. Plenty of "blood, sweat and tears" awaited the American armies. They had to fight a two-front war. They fought it almost single-handed in the Pacific, while furnishing three out of every five men on the Western front. To provide the sinews of war, America became "the arsenal of democracy."

Greenfield boys, at the call of the Selective Service Board, slipped away in the cold gray dawn of the morning. There was no fanfare attending their departure this time, no military bands nor martial music. When the Roll of Honor tablet was dedicated on July 27, 1943, it contained the names of six hundred and fifty Greenfield boys who had answered the call of duty. Mayor Forest Woodmansee presided on the occasion and Lieutenant-Governor Herbert made the principal address. Gold Star mothers were the guests of honor.

Greenfield boys again played their part in every branch of service and in every theater of war. They served on ships on all the seven seas. They hedge-hopped, dove and skipped in every type of bomber, and dropped their lethal loads. They fought in the jungles of the South Pacific, on the sands of the Sahara Desert, on the beachheads at Salerno, Normandy, Saipan and Tarawa, in the rockbound vastnesses of Okinawa, on the fertile plains and in the mountains of France and Germany. Their history is the many-

volumed history of the war itself. And when it was all over and they had done their bit, they came straggling back home one by one as they were released from the service, to doff their uniforms and to take their place in civilian life. There was no great Home Coming with triumphal arches, fluttering flags and blaring bands. War had become a grim undertaking. On the home front the average citizen also did his bit, planting Victory gardens, buying Victory bonds, subscribing to the *Red Cross* and all the many war drives. He pulled in his belt a few notches as there were many shortages of basic commodities — sugar, meat, shoes, clothing, gasoline. The ration book became an institution. Greenfield citizens found a little cheer when they saw a very pretty girl in *Stage Door Canteen* handing out packages of cigarettes to soldiers on a troop train with a smile and a pleasant, "Compliments of Greenfield, Ohio."

On May 8, 1945, President Truman proclaimed the unconditional surrender of Germany. "This is a solemn but glorious hour," he said. On August 14, 1945, the news of Japan's capitulation reached Greenfield at three o'clock in the morning. The Second World War with its frightful toll of human carnage had come haltingly to an end. Warren Wilson, night trick operator at the B & O, transmitted the first press association news flash sent from New York City to the *Greenfield Times*. It touched off the first V-J Day celebration in the whole wide world. Whistles, bells, auto klaxons and fire sirens brought the people pouring into the streets to join in a great spontaneous celebration. In the evening a more formal celebration was held on the Public Square with plenty of music by the high school band and brilliant speeches by leading citizens. The war was over at last. Now we could begin to prepare for the next one.

105.

Stars on his Shoulders

Memorial Day, 1946, was the most impressive *Day of Remembrance* within the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant. On that day Greenfield's own Lieutenant-General John Edwin Hull came home with three stars on his shoulders and the General Staff shield on his blouse, to say nothing of the Silver Star, the Distinguished Service Medal, the Legion of Merit insignia and the Order of the British Empire. He came to deliver the Memorial Day address and to pay tribute to the Greenfield boys who had fought and died in the greatest of all wars. It was eminently fitting that the tribute should be paid by Greenfield's greatest soldier. As a member of the General Staff, under the direction of General Marshall, General Hull had been classed by military experts with the half dozen

great generals who had planned and executed the strategy which brought World War II to a victorious conclusion. He is credited with being the major architect of the two great plans which broke the Nazi stranglehold on Europe—the invasion of North Africa and the invasion of France.

John Edwin Hull was born on a farm two miles west of Greenfield, May 26, 1895. He attended the district school a mile and a half from his home. His initials are still clearly visible, carved in the clay brick wall. He attended Greenfield High School during the years 1909 to 1913. The *Dragon*, during those years indicates that he played a prominent part in all school activities. He played the part of the Duke in the Senior production of *As You Like It*, and looked impressive in a long white beard and ducal robes. Most of the references, however, are to his prowess on the gridiron. He undoubtedly belongs on the high school's All-Time All-High-School football team. He was a member of the 1911 team and captain of the 1912 team both of which won the South Central Ohio championship, defeating most of their opponents by astronomical scores.

When it comes to the parting of the ways, every Senior class likes to indulge in prophecy. The Prophet of the Class of 1913, dipping twenty years into the future, certainly did not for see a great military career for Ed Hull, as his school mates called him. "He is living a typical hermit's life on a secluded farm in the hills," the Prophet wrote. "He is seldom seen in town and then he wears a long sober look. He is grumpy and hardly speaks to anyone. He lives only for his pipe." As far as the later career of General Hull is concerned, this might be termed a prophecy to end all prophecies.

After graduation from high school, General Hull matriculated at Miami University where he played every minute of every game for three years on the great football team which established Lou Little as one of the country's great coaches. He was graduated from Miami in 1917, receiving his diploma *in absentia* as he had already departed for the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison where he was commissioned Second Lieutenant on October 26, 1916. In World War I he rose to the rank of Captain. He participated in the Marne offensive, the action on the Vesle river, the St. Mihiel campaign and the Meuse-Argonne offensive. After the Armistice was signed, he marched into Germany with the Army of Occupation. When the order came for demobilization, he decided to remain in the army.

During the next twenty-one years, Captain Hull filled various military assignments, attended the Officer Training courses and was graduated from the Army War College in 1938. He steadily rose in rank. He was a member of the War Plans Division of the General Staff when Pearl Harbor precipitated us into another

war. He was seriously considered for the position of Chief of Staff afterwards assigned to General Marshall. When the General Staff was reorganized he became Chief of Operations. He held that position until he was transferred to England. Later he returned to the General Staff as Chief of Operations. In that position he probably traveled more widely than any American General has ever traveled. He shuttled back and forth across the seas, consulting with Commanders in every theatre of war, providing for the distribution of troops and supplies, coordinating the vast efforts of the American people to a single end — the winning of the war.

General Hull attended all the great world conferences. He sat in the councils, not of kings but of men far greater than kings. He met all the great figures of the war — Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Eisenhower, MacArthur. He performed the duties assigned to him with distinction, diplomacy and skill. He received very little publicity because of the highly secret character of his work. *Time* quotes him as having described himself as “the General that Nobody Knows.” When General Eisenhower became Chief of Staff, he asked General Hull to remain as Chief of Operations. He was later assigned as Commander of the Pacific Area because of the highly secret experiments which were being carried on in the South Pacific. The atomic tests were carried on at Eniwetok under his supervision, General Hull coordinating the work of the army, navy and air force in those experiments.

On September 18, 1953, General Hull again returned to his old home town, this time with four stars on his shoulders. He was enthusiastically greeted by thousands of people, accorded a grand parade and reception at which he was hailed by Governor Frank Lausche and other Ohio notables as Ohio's greatest military figure. Newspapers from coast to coast had just carried the tidings that he had been assigned by President Eisenhower to the supreme military command in the world today — Commander in Chief of All the Armies of the USA and the UN in the Far East. In that position, he followed such famous military men as General Matt Clark, General Ridgway and General Douglas MacArthur. In January, 1955, he reviewed the Thailand military forces in Bangkok and was decorated by the King with the *Most Exalted Order of the White Elephant*. He retired from the service on April 30, 1955.

No longer can General Hull describe himself as “the General that Nobody Knows.” He occupies an important niche in America's Hall of Fame. His long anonymity may be attributed to the fact that he has no flair for color, no desire for publicity. He would never wear a pearl-handled revolver as General Patton did or a grenade strapped to his chest in the manner of General Ridg-

way. He was content to do a workman-like job in a quiet, unostentatious manner.

106.

Time Marches On!

Many things have happened during the past half century which have not fitted into the design of these episodes. In 1901, for instance, Greenfield was invaded by the "one-arm bandit" which a local paper described as follows: "A certain contrivance has been placed in a number of business houses which is operated by dropping a nickel in a slot. For the nickel a piece of chewing gum is given. If the indicator stops at certain given places a number of checks is paid to the player." In the late Twenties the juke box appeared operated on the same principle as the slot machine. However, it dispensed popular tunes instead of chewing gum. Someone observed, "They took the slot machine and dressed it up like a lady." The slot machine provoked a lot of acrimonious criticism in Greenfield and plagued many city administrations. Mayor Coke L. Doster finally ruled that it was really a game of chance and ordered all the machines removed from public places. Coke Doster was a brilliant lawyer and a famous story teller in his time. One day in 1911 every newspaper from coast to coast carried the headlines, "Senator says 'to hell with public opinion'." The people of Greenfield were startled when they learned that the senator in question was none other than their own State Senator Coke L. Doster, who had made the remark in the course of a heated debate. Not a newspaper, however, reported that Mr. Doster had actually said, "To hell with public opinion when you know you are right." We had slanted news even in those days.

On November 18, 1904, Company L of the 7th Regiment Ohio National Guard was organized with Clarence Bond as Captain, W. E. Goodall, who had seen service in the Boer War in South Africa, as 1st Lieutenant and Joseph L. Caldwell as 2nd Lieutenant. In 1928 the state of Ohio purchased the site of the historic Norton home on the southeastern corner of Jefferson and Second streets and erected a fine armory for the use of the local company of the O.N.G. The Armory was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on September 26, 1928, when the keys were turned over to Captain Nelson E. Heaton, First Lieutenant Roy M. Smart and Second Lieutenant Edward F. Uhl. As a part of the dedicatory services, a banquet was held in the Masonic Temple after which the participants paraded to the Armory. H. M. Fullerton presided. Addresses were made by Colonel Simon Ross, Commanding Officer of the 147th Infantry, Lt. Col. Don L. Caldwell and Senator A. L. Daniels. Over a period of years, the Armory has been the scene of many social, military and athletic events.

In 1913 Greenfield experienced the worst flood in its history, when old Paint creek became a raging flood, overflowing its banks and inundating all the bottom land along the creek. The D T & I bridge was in imminent danger of being washed out but the town itself suffered little material damage, due to its location on rolling uplands high above the flood stage. With the telephone wires down and all the roads flooded, Greenfield was cut off from the outer world for several days. As the floods subsided Greenfield was filled with refugees from the high waters along the Scioto and the Ohio.

In 1914 Greenfield had its first municipal Christmas Tree. A large fir was erected in the center of the Public Square and decorated with colored lights and tinsel. Seven hundred and fifty bags of candy were presented to the children of the community who greeted the event with great enthusiasm. In succeeding years Greenfield has never failed to observe Christmas with a great party on the Public Square although not always with a Christmas tree. Once Santa Claus appeared in person in a sleigh drawn by real reindeer. On another occasion a hut was erected in the Town Hall park where Santa Claus held open court for the children. The celebration of Hallowe'en became a community event in 1926 when a big parade was held and prizes distributed for the best costumed participants. In the course of the years, the Hallowe'en celebration has become just another "old Greenfield custom."

On April 5, 1920, the enlarged Lyric Theatre was reopened under the management of S. T. Gray. It had little competition until the Rand Theatre was built in 1937 with a seating capacity of 385 persons. In 1946 the Rand was rebuilt and enlarged. It was reopened on January 22, 1947, with enlarged stage, modernistic appointments and 600 push-back chairs. It is one of the finest motion picture houses in Southern Ohio. It has been under the personal management of K. R. Roberts since it was built. In 1955 Mr. Roberts announced that he had secured a site west of town for Greenfield's first Drive-in-Theatre.

During the Twenties and the Thirties there was a recrudescence of the old-time baseball spirit in Greenfield. During this period Greenfield belonged to a number of minor leagues, notably the Western Ohio, the South Central Ohio and the KIO made up of teams from Kentucky, Ohio and Indiana. In 1927, under the management of Frank Doyle, it won the KIO championship in the final game, defeating Cheviot by a score of 8 to 7. In 1936, the Board of Education transferred a six-acre plot, originally purchased for a high school athletic field, to the town for the nominal sum of \$300. The plot was transformed into a Municipal Recreation Park. During the summer months, a Recreation Council provides a variety of games and other activities for old and young, climaxing the season with a grand celebration on *Labor Day* with fireworks,

games and bands which attracts thousands of spectators each year.

Death takes no holiday. Two of Greenfield's grand old ladies, who kept alive the traditions of an earlier and happier period, have passed on to their reward — Mrs. Lou Dunlap Watts, whose hundred fruitful years bridged the period between our own generation and that of the early pioneers and Miss Mary Storey, last survivor of a noted family of educators, clergymen and scholars. Of the latter, Frank Grubbs has written:

*"Like rare old book you are to me,
With pages filled with imagery
Of sweet delights and mystic lore
That only cultured mind can store;
The binding has outworn the years —
Its vellum parchment still appears
As freshly soft as when it came,
Bearing the imprint of your name."*

Barney McCourt, village hackman, no longer meets all the trains, delivering the mails, wrestling with the huge trunks of traveling salesmen and the scenery and luggage of the tank-town troupes in the days of the good old "Meller-drammers." In the forty-odd years he was on the job, he made sixty thousand trips, covering 90,000 miles. Chuck Willett, custodian of the school plant, no longer welcomes the tiny tots just entering Kindergarten and speeds them on their way when they go forth into the wide, wide world twelve years later. For many years he was as much a fixture of the school as the front entrance, the friend and confidante of several generations of children.

In 1926-27 the Dayton Power & Light Company provided Greenfield with natural gas service. Boulevard lights were installed on the principal thoroughfares and around the school grounds and turned over to Mayor John T. Mains on September 22, 1937. McClain played its first game under the floodlights on September 24, 1937, defeating Terrace Park by a score of 7 to 0. In 1935 the first steps were taken to provide Greenfield with a sewage disposal plant but it was not completed until August, 1938. On March 9, 1937, Greenfield had its first recorded earthquake. A distinct earth tremor, like the rumbling of a heavy truck, was felt at 12:45 a.m. On February 24, 1938, the Hurd building was completely destroyed by fire, the most spectacular blaze in many years. Lee Rickman and Carl Huff perished in the flames. In 1934 Greenfield was awarded first place in the Ohio traffic safety contest for towns of comparable size.

In 1945-1946 the Upholsters International Union unionized the AP&T Company and the Waddell Company. In 1946 B. L. Kay and Charles Roode purchased 102 acres on Route 41 and established the Greenfield Airport. In 1948 Eric Nickel, having lost a lot of sleep and several pounds of flesh rigging up, tearing down

and reassembling his antenna, finally invited the public into his radio shop to witness Greenfield's first television show. At the Alumni banquet in 1951, four generations of the same family, all graduates of the high school, were represented. This remarkable family group was headed by Clara Pommert (Coyner) of the Class of 1875 and included her daughter, Pearl Coyner (Hiser), long a teacher in the Greenfield schools, her grandson, Charles F. Coyner of the class of 1928 and her great-granddaughter, Marilyn Hiser of the class of 1951. Miss Hiser was attending her first banquet, Mrs. Coyner her seventy-sixth. On July 6, 1954, the first flying saucers were sighted flying over Greenfield by Cruiser-men Wilson and Hass. The visit of the men from outer space was confirmed by many citizens. In August, 1954, the first helicopter landed on the field of the Municipal Recreation Park. In February, 1955, the Town Council appropriated the sum of \$421,150 for the operation of the Greenfield Corporation for the current year. This tidy sum might be contrasted with the sum appropriated by the Town Council in 1860 to operate the town which had about one-third its present population. The total sum required to run the town in those days amounted to \$1,660.35.

The Nestor of Greenfield business men in 1955 is undoubtedly Louis H. Ashling. From the vantage point of his ninety-two years, he can look back on sixty-two years of merchantile activity in Greenfield. Born in Germany, he came to America and settled in Greenfield in 1893 and has been in business continuously since that date. A good citizen in every sense of the word, he has contributed generously of his time and means to the church, school and civic activities of the community. Among the business and professional men who began their business careers in Greenfield over fifty years ago, we nominate for Greenfield's Hall of Fame, Dr. Herbert Willson, Oscar Heidingsfeld, Walter Gray, R. R. Fernau and Scott Rooks.

In 1955 the Smart Block which still "wears her years as a queen wears her diadem," was fittingly crowned with a brand-new cornice. The oldest — it was built in 1853 — and still the best looking building in the business district is now the home of the Greenfield Furniture Company.

Anything can happen in Greenfield and usually does. Residents on Mirabeau street live on an exclusive thoroughfare, the only street of that name in the U.S.A. Ray Porter Graves has an even more exclusive address. In 1948 many newspapers throughout the United States published a photograph showing the entrance to our *Old Burial Ground* with a mail box bearing his name prominently displayed. Porter lives in a tool house converted into a comfortable "one-man concentration camp" in the old graveyard — and likes it. In 1948 Mrs. Edwin Parrett, former resident of the Lyndon neighborhood, was chosen *Queen for a Day* on a

radio program from 3,000,000 competitors and received prizes valued at \$35,000, the biggest radio haul in history. In 1938 Ralph Head, a clerk in the United Department Stores, having profited by the tuition of his boss, Hyman Tennenbaum, took the shoes off his own feet and sold them to a hard-to-please customer. In December, 1948, John Rooks finally received the civilian clothes he had mailed home from an induction camp in World War I. This startling bit of news was relayed to every corner of the globe through the columns of *Time*.

Preparations for Greenfield's great Sesquicentennial began two years in advance. On September 15, 1947, the Town Council, on the recommendation of F. R. Harris, set September 2, 3, 4 and 5 for Greenfield's one hundred and fiftieth birthday party. Dean Waddell was chosen to head the Committee on arrangements. On February 19, 1948, the *Greenfield Historical Society* was incorporated with Dean Waddell and three bi-lateral descendants of the Founder of Greenfield — Frank Depoy, Glenn Schrock and F. R. Harris — signing the application for incorporation. All arrangements for the celebration were delegated to the Society which chose D. T. Waddell as its President, George M. Waddell as Vice-President and a Board of Trustees consisting of Mayor J. W. Kelley, Leroy J. Bergen, Sarah B. Duncan, and Dorothy Lynch. Financial arrangements for the event were underwritten by 148 business and professional men who each contributed one hundred dollars to the fund. When a final settlement was made, \$85 was returned to each contributor.

In 1954 the Town Council, acutely aware of the importance of an abundant water supply in the future development of the town, acquired the Rucker Quarry property consisting of 39.6 acres and several other holdings along the old mill race. The land was acquired as a part of a long-range program for using the abandoned quarry ponds as a reserve water supply and to expedite the run-off of flood waters and the disposal of refuse. As a preliminary step in this new and important project, the picturesque old mill, built in 1849, was torn down in the summer of 1954.

Time Marches On!

107.

Sesquicentennial

Pasadena has its *Tournament of Roses*, Tampa its *Gasparilla*, New Orleans its *Mardi Gras*, London its *Coronation*. Greenfield's *Sesquicentennial* may have lacked some of the glitter and glamour of those supercolossal spectacles but it yields to none in human interest appeal. At least that was the verdict of the visitors who attended Greenfield's one hundred and fiftieth birthday party

on September 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1949. The event was celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance which such an occasion demands — fluttering flags, flaunting banners, marching men, blaring bands, dancing in the streets, parades and processions and pageants and a bigger crowd — proportionally — than even London could muster when a Queen was crowned. Over one thousand people participated in the planning, execution and presentation of the Sesquicentennial, the finest cooperative effort ever made by the citizens of Greenfield and the mythical County McArthur.

The event was memorialized by the President of the United States, by the Governor of Ohio and by the Congress of the United States. Every home in Greenfield overflowed with guests, every hotel within a forty-mile radius was booked solidly. The *Greenfield Daily Times* issued a special edition of 132 pages, one of the most remarkable achievements of small town journalism in the USA. Oldtimers returned from the four corners of the earth to drink again at the *Fountain of Perpetual Youth*. In preparation for the event houses were painted, lawns manicured, the main streets repaved and even the Town Hall had its face lifted with a coat of artificial stone covering up a previous coat of stucco which didn't stick.

Headquarters were established in a primitive log cabin on the Midway from Dean Waddell's summer home at Beech Cliff. The cabin had been taken apart and reassembled in every detail — logs, pole rafters, clap-boards, oakbatten doors, puncheon floor, shutters and latch string, an old stone fireplace with crane, iron and brass kettles, Dutch oven, tallow dips and a flint-lock musket resting on the antlers of a deer. The cabin had its own stake and rider fence and its yard was adorned with sunflowers, hollyhocks, cockscombs, a shock of fodder and a haycock. Our pioneer ancestors would have felt perfectly at home in such surroundings. In the rear of the cabin a rude stockade was built where those citizens who had failed to heed the ukase, "Grow a beard — or else!" were incarcerated, tried, convicted and fined without due process of law.

The Sesquicentennial festivities opened on Thursday evening, September 1, with the greatest banquet ever held by the High School Alumni Association. A portrait of F. R. Harris, the work of Mark Russell, was unveiled by Dr. James Hull. It was the gift of the Alumni Association to the schools of Greenfield where Mr. Harris had spent 35 years as High School Principal and Superintendent and twelve years as a pupil.

Friday, September 2, was designated *General Duncan McArthur Day* in honor of the founder of Greenfield. Many notables, including Governor Frank Lausche, Congressman James G. Polk and Greenfield's most distinguished citizen, General John Edwin Hull, late Commander of All the Armies of the UN and the USA in

the Far East, participated in the ceremonies. Dean T. Waddell, President of the Greenfield Historical Society, presided and introduced F. R. Harris as Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Harris gave the historical setting of the occasion and introduced the various speakers and distinguished guests seated upon the platform. In his initial remarks, he said, "If you remain in town over night, we cannot guarantee that your slumbers will not be disturbed by noise in the streets but I think we can guarantee that they won't be disturbed by the howling of panthers in nearby trees as were the slumbers of Duncan McArthur and his men when they camped on this very spot in 1796."

The principal addresses of the afternoon were made by General Hull and Governor Lausche. Both paid a fitting tribute to the pioneers who had laid the foundations for a deep and abiding civilization and had bequeathed to the present generation the heritage of a more abundant life. General Hull spoke as a man who had played an important part in the great drama of world history but still retained a deep affection for his old home town. Governor Lausche represented the great state of Ohio in the dedication of the *General Duncan McArthur Highway* which had been surveyed by General McArthur himself. It was a fine tribute from the present Governor of the great Commonwealth of Ohio to an earlier Governor. Quite fittingly the dedication ceremonies were in charge of another of Greenfield's distinguished sons, State Senator Albert Daniels. A bronze plaque commemorating the occasion was presented by the *General Duncan McArthur Chapter of the Daughters of the War of 1812*. Mrs. John T. Mains, as chairman of the plaque committee introduced Miss Margaret Connor, the Chapter's president, who made the formal presentation. Mrs. B. R. Duckworth, Sr., unveiled the plaque in the presence of the members of the chapter.

On Saturday afternoon, September 3, the *Sesquicentennial* reached its climax in the grand *Parade of the Years* under the able direction of Major Roger Donohoe. 50,000 people crowded the line of march. Every porch, every window, every balcony, even some of the housetops were crowded with spectators. Every street far out into the suburbs was parked solidly with the cars of visitors. The parade was sparked by a little German band in a very ancient bandwagon, a magnificent military band heading a battalion of marching soldiers and ten high school bands in nifty uniforms, with high-stepping, baton-twirling majorettes. The parade was headed by a whole cavalcade of ox-carts and Conestoga wagons, pack trains, pioneers and Indians on horseback and on foot and closed with an amazing procession of horseless carriages and "tin Lizzies" of the very earliest vintage. Airplanes and supersonic jets circled overhead.

The horse-and-buggy era was represented by buckboards and

buggies, phaetons, rockaways, chariotees, elegant barouches, carriages and surreys "with the fringe on top." There were hearses and sleighs and carryalls, a Bucket Brigade with hook-and-ladder wagon, fire engine and primitive fire-fighting equipment, the very first harvesting machine ever made and a replica of the B & O's first train with a dinky little engine and coaches filled with ladies in the costumes of the Fabulous Fifties. The Gay Nineties was represented by early bicycles and safeties, the Yellow Boy, the Rambler, the Columbian and "bicycles built for two" with a bevy of young ladies in flat straw hats, shirtwaists with big sleeves and young gallants in knickers, plaid Sox and turtle-neck sweaters. The automotive age had its latest models of every make of car, farm machinery and road-building equipment.

Thirty-nine beautifully decorated floats depicted historical, civic and industrial themes, representing an outlay of \$250,000. The purely decorative floats with lovely ladies in diaphanous robes were interspersed with those of such human interest appeal as Eliza crossing the ice, a buckeye cabin, three coons in a tree with hound dogs baying at its base, a fish pond with a Huck Finn fisherman actually pulling a fish out of the water. One float was decorated with 2300 sunflowers, another represented 1000 hours of manual labor. But the float which evoked the greatest enthusiasm was a many-tiered birthday cake with 150 candles and tiny children forming rosebud decorations. It was the offering of the *Greenfield Business and Professional Women's Club* and was awarded first prize.

Sunday was *Oldtimers Day* with union services at the Church of Christ in the morning, a great community picnic in the afternoon and Vesper services in the evening. It was marked by many family reunions. Monday was *Veterans Day* with ball games in the afternoon, fireworks at night and the biggest barbecue since old Father White turned the first spadeful of dirt for the construction of the B & O railroad away back in 1852. Between the major events the down-town streets became a Carnival with booths, exhibits, rides, slides and glides, death-defying acts, dancing in the streets and more formal balls in the school gymnasiums, the school garage, the armory and lodge halls.

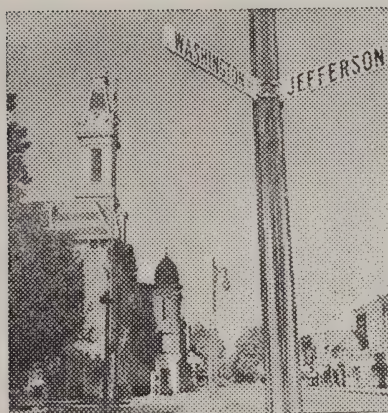
Over all these festivities the Sesqui Queen, Miss Barbara Ferguson, presided with her Court consisting of Miss Esther Miller, Miss Jean McBride, Miss Shirley Wilson and Miss Pat Miley. Every evening several thousand persons wended their way to the Municipal Recreation Park to witness a magnificent pageant, written and directed by Lillian Brown Gossett and presented on an immense stage with rustic settings by a cast of 425 persons, many of them descendants of the original settlers whom they portrayed. *Through the Years* was an exceedingly impressive historical pageant in twelve episodes, eight interludes and a Prologue in

which every neighborhood in the mythical County McArthur played its part. It was presented through the medium of music, drama, pantomime and tabeaues fully justifying the definition of a pageant as "a Festival to Almighty God, in Commemoration of Past Glory, in Gratitude for Present Prosperity, in Hope of Future Weal."

The Sesquicentennial is over but its memory lingers on. It was a fitting climax to Greenfield's one hundred and fifty years of rich and fruitful history. "A city belongs to an era but a town belongs to all the time which has elapsed since it was founded." Greenfield is proud of its heritage. It still remains a village although no one would now describe it as "a greene countrie towne." It is a village bursting at its seams with a half dozen prosperous suburbs on its outskirts clamoring for annexation. No doubt we will sometime take them into the fold—we do things in a rather leisurely fashion in Greenfield, Ohio. Our people are not obsessed by any delusions of grandeur. Our town is not destined to become a great industrial center with flaming forges and towering smokestacks. We like it as it is, a prosperous town which is able to provide its people with all the necessities and most of the luxuries of life. It is a pleasant place in which to live, with treeshaded streets, beautiful churches, schools and homes with velvet lawns and lovely gardens, its horizon bounded by the sweep of green-clad hills. It is particularly rich in "remembrances of things past." Greenfield is proud of that past and a people that is proud of its past can look forward with confidence and serenity to its future.

*"And so we close our little book,
Our Book of Yesterdays;
And sighing softly turn to look
Adown Tomorrow's winding maze."*

APPENDIX



INDEX and MAIN STREET

"MADE IN GREENFIELD"

This book represents a cooperative effort on the part of many Greenfield people. The records upon which the Chronicles were based and the photographs, which tell the same story more vividly than mere words, were furnished by Greenfield people. The writer of the Chronicles is a native son of Greenfield. The pen and ink sketches were drawn by Greenfield artists. The verse scattered through the book is the work of poets who were born or have lived in the Greenfield area. The book itself was designed and printed in Greenfield. Most important of all it tells the story of Greenfield which, to many hundreds of native sons and daughters scattered over the world, is still Hometown, USA. Whatever the merits of this volume, it bears the *Made in Greenfield* stamp.

INDEX

All references are to episodes

- Adams, Clifford 69
 Adams, Newton 69
 Agriculture 2
 Ah Hay 34
 Aikman, Rev. S. A. 56, 63
 Airplanes 64, 106
 Alkire, Prof. 63
 Allen, C. T. 19
 Allen, E. W. 19, 56
 Allen, Roland 78
 Allen, W. L. 19
 Alley, F. S. 27, 64, 75
 Allison, David 100
 A. P. & T. Co. See Industries
 American Legion 101
 Anderson, John 5
 Anderson, Margaret 19
 Anderson, Robert 50
 Anderson, W. H. 21
 Anshutz, G. G. 50
 Antiques 96
 Anti-Saloon League. See Temperance
 Antony, Rev. J. H. 63
 Armistice Day 87
 Armory 106
 E. L. Arnott Mfg. Co. See Industries
 Arnott, Eugene 66
 Arnott, John S. 27, 48, 56, 64
 Armstrong, Gerald 84
 Askew, Billy 18
 Ashling, L. H. 59, 106
 Ashling, Ray 78
 Athletics. See Sports
 Atlantic House 13
 Authors 7, 15, 65, 95, 100
 Automobiles 56, 57, 58
 Bailey, Robert 78
 Bainbridge, 60, 71
 Baldwin, Fay 46, 56
 Baldwin, Frank 26
 Baldwin Hall 8
 Baldwin, L. L. 7
 Ballard, Carl 93
 Ballentine, A. E. 86
 Bands, 11, 26, 56, 64, 69
 Banks, 2, 50, 56, 103
 Barton, Elder James 63
 Barr, Earnest 77, 78, 85
 Barr, Owen 87
 Barr, W. I. 43, 64
 Baseball. See Sports
 Beatty, Alexander 50
 Beatty, Clyde 60
 Beatty, Ersä 56
 Beatty, James 85
 Beghold, Carl 84
 Benner, Rev. L. 63
 Bell, J. J. 50
 Bell, William 5
 Bergen, L. J. 68, 106
 Bickett, Rev. G. W. 51
 Bicycles, 45
 Biehn, Harold 68
 Bills, O. D. 26
 Binder, Frederick 19
 Blackburn, C. H. 3, 4
 Blackburn, John S. 3
 Blackburn, Robert 4
 Blackburn, Thomas 21
 Blain, Edgar 100
 Blake, Grace 85
 Bland, Albert 69
 Blue Rock Quarries 68
 Bobo, Florence 97
 Boggess, Dr. John 97
 Bond, C. L. 106
 Bonner Family, 43, 44, 63
 Bonno, Gus 61
 Boyd, C. S. 19
 Boyd, Earl 61
 Boyd, John W. 9, 19
 Boyd, L. M. 26, 69
 Boyd, Ralph 69
 Boyd, Thos. M. 19
 Boyd, Tud 26
 Boyd, Tude 26
 Brafford, Carl 77, 85
 Brattin, James 61
 Braxton, Rev. G. B. 5, 12
 Bridwell, Al 61
 Briggs, Algernon 77
 Browning, Lynn 78
 Browder, Charles 48
 Browder, Thos. F. 43
 Brown, Ben 78
 Brown, Dr. R. C. 99
 Brown, Rev. W. L. 87
 Bruch, Walter 84
 Buckley, Daniel 19
 Buck, James 35
 Buck, Robert 84
 Buck, Samuel 35
 Buckskin 72
 Bumgarner, Curtis 84
 Burdsell, Rev. E. 63
 Bush, James 59
 Bussard, Donald 50
 Business College 75

- Buster, G. H. 100
 B & P W Club 107
 Byram, Robert 19
 Cable, Boone 38
 Cadwallader, Supt. 27
 Caldwell, Allen 19
 Caldwell, Don L. 86, 87, 106
 Caldwell, J. C. 19
 Caldwell, J. L. 50, 64, 106
 Caldwell, W. W. 50, 19
 Campbell, Rev. R. K. 6
 Caniff, Thos. 93
 Cannon, Wm. 19
 Carlisle, T. E. 72
 Carrel, Ivan W. 94
 Carter, Stanley 84
 Case, Chas. 26
 Case, Hannah 19
 Case, John 15, 26, 69
 Cemetery, 5
 Chamber of Commerce 101
 Chandler, Elizabeth 82
 Chestnut, John 31
 Chillicothe, 3, 69, 93
 Christopher, Harry 56
 Churches, 51, 63, 69
 Cincinnati, 4
 Circuses, 41
 Cleaveland, Chas. 77, 85
 Cleaveland, James 77, 78
 Cleaveland, Thos. 21
 Claggett, H. C. 72
 Clouser, Carl 49, 65
 Clubs, Literary 44
 Clyburn, Ralph 19
 Cole, C. W. 27
 Collier, John I. 70
 Collins, Casper 42
 Commencement, 6, 7, 8
 Cook, Rev. Leon 63
 Connor, Margaret 107
 Cork, Wm. 4, 14, 23, 26
 Cory, W. R. 50
 Country Club, 97
 Cox, Robert 100
 Coyner, Gwynn 54
 Crawford, Cora B. 75
 Craft, Arlie 97
 Crime 3, 93
 Crothers, Chas. Jr. 26
 Crothers, Ernest 15
 Crothers, George 15, 100
 Crothers, John 15
 Crothers, Dr. Samuel 100
 Crothers, Dr. S. D. 15, 51
 Crothers, Samuel M. 100
 Crothers, William 15
 Culp, Rev. Crawford 63
 Curry, Otway 44
 Daniels, A. L. 12, 73, 102, 106, 107
 Daniels, John T. 102
 Daugherty, W. E. 97
 D. A. R. 70, 91
 Daughters, War of 1812 107
 Davis, Anna 39
 Davis, Charles 21, 81
 Davis, John 78
 Davis, William 78
 Delong, W. W. 65
 Depoy, Earl 40
 Depoy, Frank 69
 Depoy, Luther 20
 Depression 103
 DeVoss, Lee W. 64
 DeVoss, Tom 77
 Dewey, Samuel 56
 Dickey, C. A. 50
 Dickey, H. L. 10, 17, 19, 31, 46, 50, 62
 Diggs, C. O. 50
 Dines, E. 10, 11
 Divorce 2
 Dogs 30, 35, 94
 Dolphin, Peter 19
 Donohoe, Roger 107
 Doster, Audleigh 80
 Doster, Coke L. 50, 106
 Douglas, J. N. 50
 Doyle, Blanche 85
 Doyle, Charles 61
 Doyle, Frank 61
 Doyle, Ralph 77
 Doyle, Thomas 84
 Dragon 77, 85
 Dress 31, 44, 45
 Driver, John 68, 102
 Duckworth, B. R. 82
 Duckworth, Mrs. B. R. 107
 Duncan, Robert 78, 87
 Duncan, Sarah B. 106
 Duncan, Wert 48
 Dunlap, Arthur B. 42, 81, 86, 89
 Dunlap, A. J. 100
 Dunlap, Lowell 95
 Dunlap, M. I. 45, 50, 81, 95
 Dunlap, Dr. Robert 56
 Dunlap, Samuel 4
 Dunlap, Walter 12, 46, 95
 Durnell, Capt. F. L. 99
 Dwyer, A. L. 50
 Dwyer, Kate M. 6, 7, 9
 Dwyer, Mark 5
 Eagles 101
 Earthquakes 106
 Eckman, W. H. 10, 17, 18, 20
 Edmondson, Edward 69
 Edmondson, Jesse 69
 Electric Lights, 47
 Eley, Gene 100
 Elks 101
 Elliott, Henry 48

- Elliott Hotel 43, 62
 Elliott, J. B. 56, 102
 Elliott, Capt. T. M. 20, 43, 56
 Ellis, Chas. 77, 78, 85
 Ellis, Jeanette 85
 Ellsworth, Rev. E. M. 63
 Emerick, Rev. Clair 63
 Evans, Dean 78
 Evans, Sarah 30
 Everhart, Rev. H. E. 63
 Fair, Greenfield 13
 Fairley, Paul D. 50
 Fairley, Mrs. P. D. 97
 Farnsworth, Walter 36
 Fellers, Nettie 17
 Ferguson, Barbara 107
 Ferneau, Austin 50
 Ferneau R. R. 106
 Finch, Isaac 5
 Fire Fighters 2, 46
 Football. See Sports
 Foulke, E. A. 69
 Fox, Clarence 78
 Frank, Abe 54
 Franklin House 5
 Frazier, Frank 77
 Free, J. N. 18
 Freer, Rev. C. A. 51
 French Circus 8
 Freshour, Abraham 30, 70
 Freshour, Hortense 70
 Freshour, James H. 70
 Freshour, Juliana W. 70
 Fruitdale 71
 Fugates, John 93
 Fullerton, Howard 78
 Fullerton, H. M. 56, 106
 Fullerton, John 50
 Gay Nineties 44
 Galbreath, Rev. R. C. 6
 Gadbury, Charles 19, 77, 78
 Gadbury, Harry 86, 100
 Gadbury, John 19, 48
 Gadbury, Samuel H. 19
 Ghormley, George 48
 Gibson, David 87
 Gibson, George 20
 Gindelsparger, Alex 93
 Glassner, Joe 84
 Glenn, Dr. J. B. 97
 Goldsberry, M. A. 19
 Goodall, W. E. 106
 Good Hope 71
 Gossett, Harley 78, 85
 Gossett, Lillian B. 59, 107
 G. A. R. 20
 Grange 101
 Grate, Don 4, 84
 Graves, Porter 106
 Gray, David 97
 Gray, Katharine 8
 Gray, S. T. 106
 Gray, Walter A. 101, 106
 Gray, William 100
 Griesheimer, John 84
 Grimes, Larry 23
 Grubbs, Frank 61, 71, 100, 106
 Guy, Alex 93
 Hafler, Jacob 48
 Hall, Frank 10
 Hamilton, Charles 61
 Hanawalt, Dr. David 61
 Harper House 62
 Harper, Mary 5
 Harper, Robt. S. 100
 Harps, Fae Anna 99
 Harps, J. A. 66, 50, 101
 Harps Mfg. Co. See Industries
 Harris, D. M. 14, 17, 32
 Harris, Mrs. D. M. 14
 Harris, F. R. 14, 29 to 41, 64, 75 to 85,
 100, 106, 107
 Harris, Harry A. 52
 Harris, Herbert 14
 Harris, Peter 19
 Hartley, C. C. 65
 Hartley, E. F. 65
 Harvey, Arnold 48
 Harvey, Emmitt 77, 85
 Hayes, F. L. 84
 Hayes, Father 5
 Hayes, Charles 5
 Head, Aaron 19
 Head, Clark 50
 Head, Ralph 106
 Heaton, N. E. 106
 Heaton, Pearl 61
 Heidingsfeld, Ben 40, 106
 Heidingsfeld, Oscar 50, 101
 Hennis, Hugh 54
 Henry, Edward 14
 Henry, William 78
 Henry, Virgil 85
 Hiatt, Harold 84
 Hiatt, John H. 19
 Hicraft Tool Co. See Industries
 High School. See Schools
 Hillsboro 9, 10, 46, 49, 58, 61, 65
 Hirn, Charles 19
 Hiser, Chas. F. 106
 Hiser, Marilyn 106
 Hiser, Pearl 106
 Hobart, C. M. 65
 Hoffman, Rev. V. W. 63
 Holby, Fred 61, 93
 Holmes, John 52
 Homes 51
 Home Guards 88, 89
 Home Talent 8, 40
 Hospital, 97

- Hucksters 5
 Hudnell, Joe 18
 Hudnell, June 18
 Hughey, W. P. 19
 Hull, Daniel 97
 Hull, Gen. J. E. 54, 78, 105
 Hull, Dr. James 84, 107
 Humboldt, 71, 72
 Hunter, Fred 61
 Hurd, H. H. 106
 Hussey, Frank 77
 Hussey, Melvin 77, 78
 Hyer, Mary 19
 Hyer, W. W. 19
 Industries, 2, 24, 43, 65, 66, 67, 68, 92
 Irwin, Admiral N. E. 52, 53
 Island Grove 42, 46
 Ittner, W. B. 80
 Jackson, R. S. 69
 Jaycees 101
 Jenkins, Kader 65
 Jentzen, Herman 69
 Johnson, John 52
 Jones, Augusta A. 5
 Jones, Dr. H. C. 6, 7
 Jones, Roland 86
 Jones, Dr. Robt. 54, 56, 97
 Jones, Rev. Roscoe 63
 Jury, M. 19
 Jury, Reece 50
 Keel, Rev. Chas. 63
 Keener, Lud 69
 Keller, William 65
 Kelley, "Little John" 54
 Kelley, J. W. 106
 Kelly, John 54
 Kelso, Fred 48
 Kengle, L. F. 46
 Kennedy, Wm. 50
 Kidd, Isaac 69
 Kidd, Chedester 52
 Kinkead, Robert 26
 Killoran, John 86
 Kilpatrick, Dr. W. B. 63
 King, J. B. 70
 Kingery, Ben 18
 Kisling, Alva 78
 Kisling, Ethel 78
 Kerr, A. J. 19
 Kerr, Clarence 100
 Kerr, Erk 56
 Kerr, Jeremiah 102
 Kerr, Robert 48
 Kerr, Thad 48
 Knedler, Chas. 38
 Kreuzberg, Lois 89
 Ku Klux Klan 98
 Lair, C. B. 50
 Langley, G. W. 46
 Leesburg 92
 Leonard, Edward 19
 Leonard, James 35
 Leon, Father 102
 Limes, L. O. 26, 69
 Lions Club 101
 Littler, Frank 19
 LeSourd, Rev. Marion 51
 Lloyd, Otto 78
 Lockwood, Elsa 100
 Logan, Jonathan 18
 Loggane, Edward 77, 78
 Loggans, Eph 77
 Lough, Bert 50, 56
 Love, Mary 20
 Love, Virginia 85
 Lovell, Mary Ann 3
 Lowe, J. P. 23
 Lynch, Dorothy 106
 Lyndon 71
 McAndrew, Dr. William 83
 McArthur, Gen. Duncan 107
 McBride, Jean 107
 McBride, Robt. 78
 McCann, Dr. Frank 14
 McCann, Phillip 23
 McClain, A. E. 21, 67
 McClain, Mrs. Donald 89
 McClain, E. L. 6, 8, 21, 56, 67, 79, 85
 E. L. McClain Mfg. Co. See Industries
 McClain High School. See Schools
 McClelland, J. M. 19
 McCorkle, Rev. G. K. 63
 McCormick, Edw. 26
 McCormick, P. F. 82
 McCourt, Barney 106
 McCullough, Dr. M. M. 97
 McGarraugh, Laura 6, 7
 McKell, Wm. 19
 McLean, Arthur 63
 McVey, M. A. 19
 McWilliams, Donald 78, 92
 McWilliams, Wilbur 102
 Macey, Billy 54
 Machin, Charles 78
 Mackerley, A. M. 70, 102
 Mader, John 19
 Mains, Chas. F. 67, 78
 Mains, Chas. M. 56, 67, 101
 Mains, John T. 67, 106
 Mains, Mrs. J. T. 107
 Mains, Martha 42
 Mains, Washington 50
 Marc, Henri 67
 Marcum, C. E. 84, 101
 Marks, Fred 5
 Marlin, Wenona 90, 100
 Martindill, Dr. W. C. 97
 Martin, L. S. 19
 Martin, J. P. 46, 47
 Massie, John 69, 19

- Matthews, Luther 65
 Maurey, Rev. A. L. 63
 Memorial Day 20, 70
 Mercer, Dr. J. A. 97
 Mercer, Gladys C. 50
 Merson, Dr. U. H. 19
 Milburn, Carrie 85
 Miley, Pat 107
 Milligan, Hugh 3
 Millikan, Demory 91
 Miller, D. O. 56
 Miller, E. H. 50, 19
 Miller, Esther 107
 Miller, J. A. 50
 Miller, J. M. 49
 Miller, Robert 84
 Miller, R. H. 50, 19
 Mills, Harvey 60
 Milner, Pete 1
 Minich, Dr. Paul 1
 Mitchell, Flora 20
 Mitchell, Frank 61
 Mitchell, Rev. F. G. 63
 Mitchell, Mike 61
 Moehlenpage, W. H. 56
 Moler, W. G. 27
 Moore, Eugene 61
 Morgan, Violet 100
 Moritz, Edgar 78
 Morrow, J. P. 19
 Motion Pictures 59, 106
 Mossbarger, Roy 84
 Murray, James 19
 Myers, Charlton 101
 Myers, William 54
 Neff, Elizabeth H. 7, 100
 Nelson, Charles 4
 Nevins, Henry C. 72
 Newell, Rev. John 63
 Newman, U. B. 102
 New Martinsburg 25
 New Petersburg 71
 Newspapers 49, 65
 Nickel, Eric 106
 Nippert, Ben 61
 Norris, Rev. Franklin 63
 Norton, Amy 19
 Norton, C. C. 19
 Norton, Edward 19
 Norton, Frank 19, 26, 101
 Norton, Richard 93
 Normal School 83
 Norvell, Rev. S. B. 63
 O'Brien, Wm. 32
 Odell, Lt. Col. C. F. 99
 Ogle, Fletcher 69
 Oklahoma 43
 Opera House 10, 11, 38, 39, 40
 Organizations 44, 74, 101
 Orr, Jess 32
 Oxley, Brent 78
 Paint Creek 23, 30, 31, 35, 42, 46, 72, 73
 Parker, W. T. 19, 26
 Parrett, Mrs. Edwin 106
 Parrett, W. E. 19
 Patterson, C. R. 58
 Patterson, E. W. 28
 Patterson, Fred 58, 61
 Patterson, Kate 100
 Patterson, Samuel 48, 58
 Payne, J. B. 27
 Pearson, F. W. 50
 Phillips, Rev. B. W. 63
 Pike, S. O. 19
 Politics 22, 25
 Pommert, Clara 106
 Pommert, W. H. 50
 Pony Farm 95
 Poppleton, W. E. 62
 Porter, E. P. 82
 Post, Audrey 78
 Post Office 102
 Powell, Bub 25
 Powell, Minnie 25
 Powell, Scott 25
 Power, Tyrone 59
 Praying Crusade 9
 Presidents 22
 Price, C. W. 50, 66
 Price, George 64, 69
 Price, Henry 48, 69
 Price, Jerry 26, 69
 Price, Ralph W. 26, 56, 64, 69
 Price's Band. See Bands
 Pricer, Bert 52
 Probst, W. 51
 Prohibition 91
 Pulse, Chas K. 100
 Putnam, John 46
 Quarries 36, 68
 Rains, Daniel 18
 Rains, Ned 18
 Ransford, Rev. W. E. 63
 Ravenaugh, Pearley 62
 Ravenscraft, H. G. 19
 Railroads 2, 14, 17, 42
 Rainsboro 71
 Rea, Maude S. 100
 Redmen 101
 Renick, J. B. 36
 Ray Rhinehart 78
 Rickey, Branch 61
 Roads 2, 57, 74
 Roberts, K. R. 106
 Robinson, Howard 84
 Robinson, Mrs. L. T. 19, 21
 Robinson, Wm. 26
 Rocky Fork Lake 73
 Rogers, Joseph 19

- Rohrer, Rev. Freeley 63
 Roode, Charles 106
 Rooks, John 106
 Rotary Club 101
 Roten, Addie 20
 Round Top 71
 Roush, Peter 51
 Rowe, Elmer 18
 Rowe, Isaiah 18
 Rowe, Lewis 18
 Rowe, Maurice 18
 Rowe, Samuel 18
 Rucker, G. I. 2, 14, 36
 Rucker, Geo. W. 46
 Russell, Mark 107
 Sauer, Mack 65, 100
 Saxon, L. P. 26
 Schools 6, 7, 27, 28, 32, 33, 48, 75-85
 Schwartz, Andy 48
 Sellers, James 48
 Sellers, John H. 18, 19
 Sesquicentennial 106
 Seward, Rev. Alee 12
 Sexton, Luther 61
 Shady, Rev. J. E. 63
 Shaffer, Wendell 50
 Shannon, Harry 39
 Shimp House 11
 Shimp, M. B. 19
 Shimp, Wm. A. 65
 Shoemaker, James 54
 Shook, Rev. K. E. 63
 Shrock, Glenn 42, 69
 Shrock, Pat 14
 Simmons, Creight 94
 Simpson, John 19
 Skeen, W. O. 67
 Slavens, A. L. 56
 Slavens, Charles 78
 Slot Machines 106
 Smalley, Harry 48
 Smart, A. J. 50
 Smart, Robert 87
 Smart, Roy M. 106
 Smith, Dr. I. N. 56
 Smith, John A. 104
 Smith, Paul 84
 Smith, William 63
 Snider, Rev. Charles 63
 Society 44
 Soldiers' Monument 70
 South Salem 5, 71, 98
 Southward, Thomas 4
 Spanish American War 52, 53
 Sports 4, 30, 48, 61, 75, 76, 77, 78, 82, 84, 106
 Sprung, Rankin 26, 49
 Squier, Dud 4
 Starn, Roy 78
 Staub, Charles 82
 Stephenson, Glendon 84
 Stewart, J. T. 101
 Stoneburner, Charles 61
 Storey, Joseph 26
 Storey, Mary 106
 Storey, Rev. Robert 27
 Stout, Rex 100
 Strain, A. M. 7
 Strain, Mary 65
 Strain, S. M. 56, 57
 Strain, S. W. 19
 Strange, John L. 49, 102
 Strange, J. W. 86
 Strange, Virginia 85
 Street Carnival 60
 Strobel, Charles 19
 Stroup, Robert 84
 Styerwalt, O. E. 69
 Styerwalt, Raymond 69, 78
 Sulcebarger, Chas. 37, 86, 94
 Sulcebarger, Edward 94
 Sulcebarger, Jacob 38
 Sulcebarger, W. L. 89, 94
 Sun Mfg. Co. See Industries
 Swiggard, David 18
 Swiger, Mrs. Helen 14
 Tapatco. See Industries
 Taylor, Mary 44
 Telephone 43
 Television 106
 Temperance 9, 15, 25, 69, 91
 Tennenbaum, Hyman 106
 Thoroman, Clem W. 50
 Town Hall 6, 10, 11, 12, 30
 Townsend, Miles 69
 Townsend, Reed 69
 Tramps 37
 Tulleys, Dr. E. J. 69
 Uhl, Edward 84
 Uhl, Emil 54
 Uhl, William 84
 Unger, Elmer 64
 Upp, Ora 89
 Unions 106
 United States Shoe Corp. See Industries
 Valentine, Grace 40, 59
 Veach, Rev. F. E. 63
 Veterans, Sons of 20
 V. F. W. 101
 Waddell Company. See Industries
 Waddell, Ann 96
 Waddell, Chauncey 99
 Waddell, Dean M. 8
 Waddell, Dean T. 39, 68, 106, 107
 Waddell, D. W. 99
 Waddell, George 106
 Waddell, Harry 4, 45
 Waddell, John M. 19, 24, 43, 50, 56, 57, 73
 Waddell, Lew P. 68

- Wadden, Louise 78
Waddell, Neal P. 68
Waddell, Nelle 29, 50
Waddell, Dr. Ralph 99
Waddell, Wm. E. 4, 59
Walker, Jos. E. 102
Ward, Rev. H. S. 63
Ware, Lynn 77
Warner, James 72
Warren, F. W. 27, 75
Washington C. H. 44, 48, 61, 78, 83, 101
Waterloo Wonders 84
Water Works 46
Watt, Claude 78
Watt, J. P. 102
Watts Homer 84
Watts, Louise D. 5, 20, 106
Waverly 61
Wehrley, Rev. W. H. 63
Weller, Frank 49
Welsheimer, Mrs. Lucy 64
Wickersham, Frank T. 49
Wickersham, J. H. 70
White, Jacob 35, 43, 64
White, Joseph 87
White, O. A. 65, 74
Wilkin, Lowell E. 92
Wilknit. See Industries
Willett, George 106
Willson, Dr. Herbert 52, 97
Wilmington 5, 61, 78
Winfough, Glenn 78
Wilson, James 26
Wilson, Rev. L. R. 102
Wilson, Shirley 107
Wilson, Warren 104
Wilson, Woodrow 104
Wise, James, Jr. 104
Wolfe, Charles 19
Wolfe, Henry 19
Woodmansee, Forest 78
W. C. T. U. See Temperance
Woman Suffrage 90
Woodland House 46
World War I 86, 87, 88, 89
World War II 104
Wright, John V. 50
Yankee, Cecil 93
Yarnell, Helen N. 97
Yarnell, J. M. 6
York, G. B. 19, 43
York, W. J. 19, 43
Young, Frederick 50
Young, G. H. 7
Zinnecker's 19
Zollicoffer 14, 30

MAIN STREET 1897

- ATTORNEYS — N. P. Clyburn, H. L. Dickey, L. Heiskell, M. I. Dunlap, A. M. Mackerley
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- HARNESS — Ashling & Letsom, W. H. Griffith, Scott Mitchell, S. C. Murray
- HOTELS — Elliott House (J. Wagner), Harper House (C. M. John)
- ICE CREAM PARLOR — George W. Reed
- INSURANCE — W. H. Anderson & Son, Frank Free
- JEWELERS — M. O. DeVoss, A. M. Mackerley, A. B. Wilson & Brother
- JUSTICE OF THE PEACE — Joseph Irons
- LIVERY — R. H. Ankrom, F. A. Bishop & Company, George T. Day & Company
- LUMBER — W. I. Barr, S. L. DeVoss, Ferneau & Simpson, Greenfield Lumber Company
- MARBLE WORKS — F. J. Blaine
- MEAT — D. O. Mathews, John R. Smith
- MILLINERY — DePoy Sisters, Mrs. L. C. Pearce, Sadie Price, Annie Pommert, Mrs. G. P. Strider
- NOTIONS — Roush Brothers
- PAINTERS — J. T. Harrison, J. B. Juvenile
- PHOTOGRAPHERS — J. B. Heid, E. J. Price & Son
- PHYSICIANS — R. S. Dunlap, E. J. Martin, F. B. McCann, W. G. Rogers, I. N. Smith, W. H. Willson, J. L. & F. L. Wilson
- POULTRY — H. W. Wolfe
- REAL ESTATE — Merrill & Mackerley
- STOCK DEALERS — D. M. Coyner, Stinson & Black
- STONE & LIME — Rucker Stone Company
- STONE MASONS — John Huffman, L. Touchstone, Raines & Butler, Hall & Hackley
- TAILORS — Jacob Hafler, R. C. Kinkead, Agent, R. S. Schwartz
- TIN SHOPS — G. W. Langley, N. C. Oxley
- UNDERTAKERS — William Clouser, J. M. Murray & Son
- VETERINARIAN — Luther Matthews, F. E. Murray

MAIN STREET 1955

- ATTORNEYS**—Sarah C. Duncan, Clarence Fox, J. S. S. Riley, Robert J. Smith
- AUTO ACCESSORIES**—Western Auto, Moore's, Slagle & Kirk
- AUTO AGENCIES**—C & W Motor Sales, Dillon Chevrolet, Ralph Kerns, Motor Inn Garage, Davis Pontiac-Buick, McClain Used Cars, Smitty's Auto Sales, Lee West
- BARBERS**—Wendell Fetherlin, Fred Wagner, Aaron Spargur, Charles & George Zinnecker, Barr Brothers
- BEAUTY SHOPS**—B & M, Beulah's, Charm House, Classic Beauty, Libby's, Maxine's, Midway, Velma's, Greenfield Beauty Shop
- BILLIARDS**—Daniels Brothers
- BOOKS**—Gossett Book Store
- CHIROPRACTORS**—Lew Smith, E. E. Noble
- CLEANERS**—Allen M. Johnson, Smith's, Greenfield Cleaners, Model
- CLOTHING**—Orlando's, United Department Stores, Shirley Shop, Ennis Mens Shop
- COAL & LUMBER**—Thrifty Coal Company, Greenfield Lumber Company (John Mertz), H. D. Block
- DAIRIES**—Spring Grove, Med-O-Pure
- DECORATING**—Badgley Decorator Supply, W. R. Coleman, Kenneth McCoy, Wesley Harewood
- DENTISTS**—R. W. Hull, Charles C. Pheanis, Jack C. Weinrich
- DRUGGISTS**—Corner Rexall (Wilbur Seilkop), D. P. Philips, Harold Stewart
- ELECTRIC SUPPLIES**—Hamilton Electric Company, H. E. McCarter
- EXPRESS COMPANY**—Railway Express Company
- FEEDS, SEEDS**—Farm Bureau, Greenfield Grain & Hay Company (Maple Iseman), Murphy Milling, Tri-county Farm Service, C. A. Kenworthy, C. C. Norton's Sons
- FERTILIZERS**—Greenfield Fertilizer Company, Cameron Implement Co.
- FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS**—Peoples National Bank, Modern Finance, Welfare Finance, Greenfield Credit Bureau, Fidelity Building & Loan, Home Building & Loan
- FLORISTS**—Handley's, Community Greenhouse, Shockey's
- FUNERAL HOMES**—Murray's, Walker's, Strueve's
- FURNITURE**—Greenfield Furniture Company (Leroy Brizius), Hillcrest Furniture Shoppe, V. W. Kersey & Son, Rooks
- GARAGES**—H. W. Elliott & Son, George Ralph, Starley Rickman, Saul's
- GAS SERVICE**—Dayton Power & Light Co., Thomas Gas Service, Woody's Bottled Gas Service
- GROCERIES & MEATS**—Collins & Sons, Melvin Davis, Delicatessen, Eavey's, Jamra's, McNeil's, Pete's, E. L. Rooks, Sammy's, South Street Market, Uhl's, C. H. Wolfe, Krogers (Charles Gregg), A & P.
- HARDWARE**—L. H. Ashling, Cusins & Fearn, Jones Hardware
- HATCHERY**—Kay's
- HOMES FOR CONVALESCENTS**—Buckingham's, Scroggie's
- HOTELS**—Elliott, Harper
- ICE CREAM**—Dairy Queen (Arlie Craft), Penny's
- INSURANCE**—Sarah J. Anderson, Alfred Baxla, W. A. Gray, C. T. Hiser, Charles M. Uhl, Mrs. H. I. Gray
- JEWELERS**—D. E. Bussard, Wise Jewelry
- JUNK**—Charles Cohen
- LAUNDRIES**—Dwight Staats, Lebanon, Kenny's Automatic
- MOVERS**—White Transfer & Storage
- PRINTERS**—Greenfield Times, The Greenfield Printing & Publishing Company
- PHOTOGRAPHERS**—L. A. Smith

PHYSICIANS — Albert Borreson, J. Martin Byers, L. R. Cornelius, Walter Felson, J. B. Glenn, W. C. Martindill, W. H. Willson, Kenneth Upp, Glenn B. Doan

PLUMBERS — Chas. DeBoard, B. E. Donohoe, C. N. Shadrach, Walter Skeen, C. A. Weller

POULTRY — Hester & Sons, L. M. Park

RESTAURANTS — Pearce's, Blackwell's, Tom Davis, Cowgill's, Jimmy's Rendezvous, Pad Cafe, Diamond Grill

REAL ESTATE — R. M. Leslie, W. J. McNeil, Ross Realty

SERVICE STATIONS — Cross Brothers, Pure Oil, Shad's Service, Sohio, Watson's Sinclair, Johnny Woods

SHOES — S & S Bootery, Block's

TAVERNS — Ada's Place, Doc's Place

TAX CONSULTANTS — W. P. Curren, Roy W. Gray

TAXI CABS — City Cab Company, Veteran's Taxi Company, Bell's

THEATRES — Rand, Lyric

TOYS — Sarabella Toys

VETERINARIANS — K. K. Burriss, D. L. Smathers

WELDING — Greenfield Welding & Machine Co.

WINES — Greenfield Wine Store

